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CEDARMERE, HOME OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

HISTORIC LONG ISLAND

BY

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"WASHINGTON: THE CAPITAL CITY" AND
"NEW YORK OLD AND NEW"

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Contents

Chapter.		Page.
I.	Ancient Long Island	13
II.	The Five Dutch Towns	23
III.	The Puritan Colonies	38
IV.	A Period of Storm and Stress	51
V.	The Reign of Stuyvesant	67
VI.	Dutch Days and Ways.	81
VII.	A Change of Rulers	99
VIII.	The Later English Governors	121
IX.	The Revolution and After	143
X.	When Brooklyn Was a Village	165
XI.	The Whalers of Suffolk	187
XII.	Queens and Its Worthies	206
XIII.	The Second War With England	226
XIV.	The Island in the Civil War	241
XV.	Making the Greater City	264
XVI.	The Higher Life of Brooklyn	291
XVII.	Some Island Landmarks	312

Illustrations

	Page.
Cedarmere, Home of William Cullen Bryant	*Frontispiece*
The Town Pond at Easthampton	facing 18
Old Mill at Bridgehampton	" 28
Gardiner's Bay from the Bluff—Shelter Island	" 40
View near Southampton	" 52
The Main Street—New Suffolk	" 62
Paradise Bay—Shelter Island	" 74
Broadway—Flushing	" 84
The Whip Mill at Babylon	" 96
Oystermen of Great South Bay	" 106
View on the River at Patchogue	" 118
The Beginning and the End—Port Jefferson	" 128
Between Cold Spring and Northport	" 140
Near the Fish Hatcheries—Cold Spring	" 150
The Meeting House Pump—Westbury	" 162
A Bayshore Bit	" 172
The Park and Water Tower—Riverhead	" 184
Babylon from the Great South Bay	" 194
The Trout Stream—Sunken Meadow	" 206
Avenue of Locusts—Oyster Bay	" 216
The Merrick Road in Winter	" 228

PAGE.

LYNNCLYFFE—GOOD GROUND . . . . facing 238

THE WEST SHORE—HUNTINGTON HARBOR . . " 250

OLD HOME OF RUFUS KING AT JAMAICA . . " 260

QUAKER MEETING HOUSE IN FLUSHING . . . " 272

THE YOUNGS HOMESTEAD AT OYSTER BAY . . " 282

THE VANDERVEER HOMESTEAD IN FLATBUSH . . " 294

VIEW BETWEEN MANHANSET AND ROSLYN . . " 304

THE PYRAMIDS—MONTAUK . . . . . " 316

FOREWORD

The history of Long Island is in epitome the history of the nation. Dutch and English joined in its settlement, and ruled it by turn during the pre-Revolutionary period. Through the French and Indian wars the island contributed largely to the colonial forces, both in men and in provisions; and it bore its part and a worthy one in the struggle for independence. No less honorable was its record in the second war with England and in the contest for the preservation of the Union.

But the distinctive fact in the island's history is that it has been from the first a land of homes and home-makers. The Dutch and English pioneers had no other thought than to rear in a new land new hearthstones for themselves and their children, and so strong and abiding speedily became their love of the pleasant country to possess which they had crossed the seas, that all over the island one will find men and women still holding the rich acres whereon their ancestors settled upward of two centuries ago. Later times and changed conditions have brought in another and larger army of home-makers. The Long Island railroad was built to Jamaica in 1836, and four years later extended to Hicksville and thence to Greenport. Since that time the growth of the island in population and wealth has been steady and some sections marvelously rapid. The chain of hills on the north side is rapidly being covered with the homes of a refined population; but the greatest transformation has been wrought along the south shore, and where, thirty years ago, was nothing save a wilderness of uninhabited salt meadows and sand beaches and pine and scrub oak plains, is now a chain of thriving and prosperous villages, and of splendid homes and hotels.

Set opposite the great city of which its westward reaches now form a part, the island's past shapes its future. Made

easier of access by the bridges and tunnels building and to be built, the residents of over-crowded Manhattan are, with the passage of the years, to turn to it in steadily increasing numbers as offering the most inviting and available sites on which to build their homes. Another decade will see a doubling of its population; and to this increase the man of large means, and the modest wage-earner will each contribute his share. The present work has, therefore, a double purpose. It aims to give attractive form to the island's wealth of historic associations; to sketch its varied and active life in the present; and to make clear the part it is to play in the future. The reader who dips into its pages will make acquaintance with the interesting and unfamiliar existence of the Indians who ranged the island before the coming of the white man; with the peace-loving burgher and the liberty-loving Puritan who next claimed it for their own; with the homes and ways of these pioneers; with Kieft and Stuyvesant and the rest of the long procession of Dutch and English governors who ruled it "in good old colony times;" with Washington and the other men of might and valor who waged and won the fight for freedom; with the island's quickening life in the middle years of the last century; with the divers activities which now make it one of the most attractive of New World communities, and with the forces that are to keep it in the years to come, as in those that are gone, a land of homes and home-makers.

The task is one that might well command an abler pen, but if the writer succeeds in kindling a wider and livelier interest in his subject he will feel that his labors have had abundant reward.

Ancient Long Island

THE Indians whom the first white men found dwelling on Long Island belonged to the Mohegan nation, but were split into a dozen tribes. The most numerous and powerful tribe in the westward reaches of the island were the Canarsies, who were also the first Americans to greet Henry Hudson and his men. The former tells us in his journal that when he came to anchor in Gravesend Bay on the 4th of September, 1609, the Canarsies hastened to board his vessel and give him welcome. They were clad in deer-skins, and brought with them green tobacco, which they exchanged for knives and beads. Hudson further records that when they visited him on the second day some wore "mantles of feathers," and others "divers sorts of good furs"; and he adds that they had great store of maize or Indian corn, "whereof they make good bread," and currants, some of which, dried, his men brought to him from the land, and which, he says, were "sweet and good."

A party from Hudson's ship landed on the second day in what is now the town of Gravesend, where they found "great store of men, women and children," dwelling in a country full of tall oaks. "The lands were as pleasant with grass, and flowers, and goodly trees as ever they had seen, and very sweet smells came from them." But another landing on the third day of some of Hudson's crew had tragic issue. John Colman, an Englishman, in some manner gave mortal offense to the Indians, and in the fight that followed he was killed by an arrow shot in the throat, while two of his comrades were wounded. Colman was buried on Coney Island, and his fellows hastily sought the shelter of their ship, which next day weighed anchor and pushed northward into the Hudson.

Ancient Long Island

Seventy years after Hudson's landfall, the Labadist missionaries, Dankers and Sluyter, visited Long Island, and their journal, recently discovered, affords an interesting glimpse of the Canarsies, when the latter had been half a century in contact with white men. The Labadists with a friend named Gerrit were walking near what is now Fort Hamilton when they heard a noise of pounding, like threshing. "We went to the place whence it proceeded," runs their journal, "and found there an old Indian woman busily employed beating beans out of the pods by means of a stick, which she did with astonishing force and dexterity. Gerrit inquired of her, in the Indian language, how old she was, and she answered eighty years; at which we were still more astonished that so old a woman should still have so much strength and courage to work as she did. We went thence to her habitation, where we found the whole troop together, consisting of seven or eight families, and twenty or twenty-two persons. Their house was low and long, about sixty feet long and fourteen or fifteen wide. The bottom was earth, the sides and roof were made of reeds and the bark of chestnut trees; the posts or columns were limbs of trees stuck in the ground and all fastened together. The ridge of the roof was open about half a foot wide from end to end, in order to let the smoke escape, in place of a chimney. On the sides of the house the roof was so low that you could hardly stand under it. The entrances, which were at both ends, were so small that they had to stoop down and squeeeze themselves to get through them. The doors were made of reed or flat bark. In the whole building there was no iron, stone, lime or lead.

"They build their fires in the middle of the floor, according to the number of families, so that from one end to the other each boils its own pot and eats when it likes, not only the families by themselves, but each Indian alone when he is hungry, at all hours, morning, noon and night. By each fire are the cooking utensils, consisting of a pot, a bowl or calabash, and a spoon also made of a calabash. These are all that relate to cooking.

They lie upon mats, with their feet towards the fire upon each side of it. They do not sit much upon anything raised up, but, for the most part, sit upon the ground, or squat on their ankles. Their other household articles consist of a calabash of water, out of which they drink, a small basket in which to carry their maize and beans, and a knife. The implements are, for tillage, merely a small sharp stone; for hunting, a gun and pouch for powder and lead; for fishing, a canoe without mast or sail, and not a nail in any part of it, fish-hooks and lines, and a scoop to paddle with in place of oars.

"All who live in one house are generally of one stock, as father and mother with their offspring. Their bread is maize pounded in a block by a stone, but not fine; this is mixed with water and made into a cake, which they bake under the hot ashes. They gave us a small piece when we entered, and although the grains were not ripe, and it was half-baked and coarse grains, we nevertheless had to eat it, or at least not to throw it away before them, which they would have regarded as a great sin or a great affront. We chewed a little of it and managed to hide it. We had also to drink out of their calabashes the water, which was very good. . . . We gave them two jews-harps, whereat they were much pleased and at once began to play them, and fairly well. Some of their chiefs—who are their priests and medicine men and could speak good Dutch—were busy making shoes of deer-leather, which they render soft by long working it between their hands. They had dogs, besides fowls and hogs, which they are gradually learning from Europeans how to manage. Toward the last we asked them for some peaches, and their reply was, 'Go and pick some,' which shows their politeness! However, not wishing to offend them, we went out and pulled some. Although they are such a poor miserable people, they are licentious and proud, and much given to knavery and scoffing. When we inquired the age of an extremely old women (not less than a hundred one would think), some saucy young fellows jeeringly answered, 'Twenty

years.' We observed the manner in which they travel with their children, a woman having one which she carried on her back. The little thing clung tight around her neck like a cat, and was held secure by a piece of duffels, their usual garment."

One would have to search far for a more vivid and admirable description of aboriginal life. When it was written the Canarsies were already a dwindling people, and another century saw their complete extinction. Originally they held dominion over all the land now included within the limits of Kings County and a part of the town of Jamaica. Eleven other tribes, at the time of the white man's coming, were habited on Long Island. The Rockaways occupied the southern part of the town of Hempstead, a part of Jamaica and the whole of Newtown, the seat of the tribe being at Far Rockaway. The Merrikokes or Merrics held what is now the northern part of the town of Hempstead. The Massapequas ranged from the eastern boundary of Hempstead to the western boundary of Islip and northward to the middle of the island. The Matinecocks claimed jurisdiction of the lands on the north side of the island east of Newtown as far as the Nesaquake River, while the Setaukets, one of the most powerful of the twelve tribes, held sway from Stony Brook to Wading River, and the Corchaugs, another numerous tribe, from Wading River to Orient Point. The Manhansets, who could bring into the field 500 fighting men, possessed Shelter, Ram and Hog Islands. The Secatogues were neighbors of the Massapequas on the west, and possessed the country as far east as Patchogue, whence the lands of the Poose-pah-tucks extended to Canoe Place. Eastward from the latter point to Easthampton was the land of the Shinnecocks. The Montauks had jurisdiction over all the remaining lands to Montauk Point and including Gardiner's Island.

There now survive remnants of only two of these tribes. A short drive from the railway station at Mastic along a sand and shell road takes one to Mastic Neck and to the reserva-

tion of the Poose-pah-tucks, reduced in these latter days to less than two score souls. The reservation itself is a plot of 170 acres, partly under cultivation and owned by the Indians in absolute commonwealth. A church, a school house and several small cottages are scattered about over the fertile slopes, affording a sharp contrast to the mansions of the summer sojourners, whose turrets and gables are seen beyond the Forge River, reaching down to the sea. The reservation was conveyed to the forefathers of its present occupants by the lord of Smith's Manor in the following deed:

"Whereas, Seachem Tobacuss, deceased, did in his Life Time, with the other Indians, natives and possessors of certaine tracts of Lande & Meadow on ye south side of ye Islande of Nasaw, given for valuable consideration in sayd deedes, Did Bargin, sell alinate & confirm unto mee and my assines to have hold and enjoye for ever all their right, titel & interest of; Bee it known unto all men that the intent sayd Indians, there children and posterryte may not want sufesient land to plant on forever, that I do hereby grant for mee, my Heires and assines for Ever, that Wisquosuck Jose, Wionconow, Pataquam, Steven Werampes, Penaws Tapshana, Wepshai Tacome and Jacob, Indian natives of Unquachock, there children & ye posterryte of there children for ever shall without any molestation from mee, my heires or assines, shall and may plant, sowe forever on the conditions hereafter expressed, one hundred seventie and five acres of Land, part of the Lande so solde mee ass is aforesayd; and to burn underwood, alwaes provided that ye said Indians, there children or posterryte have not any preveleg to sell, convaye, Alinate or let this planting right, or any part thereof, to any persun, or persuns whatsoever; but this Planting rite shall descende to them and there children forever; and that ye herbidg is reserved to me and my heirs and assines, when there croops are of & thaye yealding & paying, as an acknowledgement to mee and my heires for ever, Two yellow Eares of indian corne, In testimony whereof I have

to these present sett my hande and seale at my manner of St. George's, this second daye of July, Anno Domey Don, 1700.

WILLIAM SMITH."

The two ears of yellow corn mentioned in the deed was annually carried to the manor house until about twenty-five years ago when the custom was allowed to lapse. The present chief of the Poose-pah-tucks, whose blood has become so mixed with that of negroes as to make it doubtful if any pure-blood Indians survive, is "Mesh," otherwise known as "Deacon" Bradley, a lineal descendent of Tobacus, and a man of force of character and of influence with his people. Another leading member of the tribe is David Ward, son of Richard Ward, who for half a century, and until his death early in 1902 was its chief. "Our tribe in the old days," said he to a recent visitor, "possessed riches both in lands and seawan—that is, Indian money—the wampum, or white, and the paque, or black currency of the tribes. The former was made from the stock or stem of the periwinkle, quantities of which are to be found about here, and the latter cut from the purple heart of the quohaug, or hard shelled clam. So rich was the island in this money that throughout the State it was known as Sea-wan-haka, or Island of Shells, and was the object of repeated invasions by the mainland tribes who coveted this wealth. Time was when the Indians on the reservation lived in wigwams, but with the coming of outsiders and the intermarriage of negroes and Indians the remnants of the tribe took to the white man's mode of shelter. We are ruled by three trustees under the chief, who is first deacon of our church. Every June we have a reunion, for many of our people are scattered; and thus our tribal interest is kept up and our people held together."

David Ward's cottage on the reservation is in the centre of a large tract of ground, which he cultivates in summer. He is known as the best hunter on the reserve. Deer, fox, rabbit, grouse, partridge, quail, raccoon, opossum, mink and muskrat abound in the neighborhood, and in the winter season the In-

THE TOWN POND AT EASTHAMPTON.

dians exist on the fruits of rifle and trap. Poverty reigns, but none is too poor to own a rifle and a well-trained setter.

Three miles west of Southampton village the level moorland rises into the hills of Shinnecock, so named from the Indians who were the original owners. In 1703 the Shinnecock region was leased back to the Indians by the settlers who had previously purchased the lands from the tribe and was used as a reservation until 1859, when the hills were sold to a local corporation, and the remnant of the tribe took up their abode on the Shinnecock Neck, where they still live to the number of about two hundred. These are a mixture of Indian and negro, the last full-blooded member of the tribe having died several years ago. The women till the soil and find employment among the cottagers and villagers, but the men hug the shady side of the house or hill, smoke, watch the women at work, and say nothing. The government furnishes them with a school master and a preacher, but small influence have they to win the Indian from his contempt of labor, his pipe and his taciturnity. The only thing taught him by the white man for which he has a liking is a keen relish for strong drink, and when in his cups he is said to be an ugly customer. In the main, however, the Shinnecocks are a silent and inoffensive people, gradually fading off the face of the earth.

Yet life among them has not been without its moving tragedies. At the close of a summer's day seventy odd years ago a small sloop coming from the northward anchored near the shore of Peconic Bay. The only persons on the sloop who could be seen by the Indians fishing close at hand were a white man and a negro. After darkness had settled over the bay a light flickered from the cabin windows of the sloop, and a voice, that of a woman, was raised in song. In the early morning hours a noise was heard in the direction of the boat, and a woman's screams floated out over the water. Then the listeners on shore heard the sound of the hoisting of an anchor, and a little later in the early morning light the sloop was seen speeding out to

sea. Just before it disappeared a man standing in the stern threw something white overboard. Among the watchers on shore was one Jim Turnbull, an Indian known as the Water Serpent. After a time Turnbull swam out to the object still floating on the water. As he drew near he saw it was the body of a woman lying face downward. When Turnbull turned the body over he recognized the face at a glance. The woman's throat had been cut and a dagger thrust into her heart. Then he conveyed the body to the beach, and, aided by his companions, buried it near the head of Peconic Bay. The following day the Water Serpent disappeared. He was absent for several weeks, and when he came back to the Shinnecock Hills gave no hint of his wanderings. Years later, however, when he was about to die, his lips opened and told a fearful story.

During a winter storm a few months before the murder in Peconic Bay the Water Serpent and several other members of his tribe had been wrecked on the Connecticut shore. The Water Serpent, alone escaping death in the waters, was found lying unconscious on the beach by a farmer named Turner, who carried him to his home near by, where the farmer's daughter, Edith, a beautiful girl, nursed him back to health. An Indian never forgets a kindness, and the Water Serpent was no exception to the rule. He did not see his young nurse again until he found her body floating in the waters of Peconic Bay. Following his discovery, he quickly made his way to the home of the girl, and learned that she had eloped with an Englishman. Two of the girl's brothers went with him to her grave, opened it at night, and carried the body away for burial beside that of her mother. The Indian, who had seen the Englishman and remembered his face, took up the search for the murderer, and finally traced him to a farm house near Stamford. One day the Englishman was missed from his usual haunts. Months afterwards his body was found in a piece of woodland—a dagger in his heart. It was the same dagger the Water Serpent had found in the heart of Edith.

The Five Dutch Towns

THE Dutch Netherlands at the beginning of the seventeenth century boasted the freest and most progressive people in Europe, a people who led their neighbors in commerce, the fine arts and scholarship, and in the development of the political ideas which have had fruition in the democracy of modern days. They were also a race of daring sailors, and at the time when the first English colonies were being planted in America, Dutch ships were finding their way to every corner of the Seven Seas. One of the tasks which drew these rovers forth was the search for a northern route to China; and it was in quest of such a route, that in the spring of 1609, Henry Hudson, an English captain in the employ of the Dutch East India, sailed from Amsterdam in the little ship *Half Moon,* with a crew of sixteen or eighteen sailors. He reached the Penobscot in mid-July, and thence sailed southward to the Delaware, but presently turned northward, and on the 4th of September, as has been told in another place, anchored in Gravesend Bay. There he tarried for the space of three days, and then pushed through the Narrows and up the river which bears his name, until the shoaling water warned him that he was at the head of navigation, near the present site of Albany. He knew now that the way he had chosen led not to India, and so, dropping down the river, he sailed out through the Narrows and headed for Europe.

Hudson had failed to find the new route to China, in further quest of which he was to perish grimly among the frozen waters of the north; but the voyage of the *Half Moon* had fruitful issue in the opening of a new land to settlement and civilization. Hudson's glowing accounts of the great stores of fine peltries he had seen in the possession of the Indians during

his voyages up and down the River of Mountains found eager listeners among the Dutch merchants, who at that time yearly dispatched a hundred vessels to Archangel for furs. A country where these articles were to be had without the taxes of custom-houses and other duties was one not to be neglected, and during the next four years sundry merchants of Amsterdam sent ships to the Hudson to barter blue glass beads, and strips of red cotton for the skins of beaver and otter and mink. The year 1613 found four small houses standing on Manhattan Island, and Hendrick Christaensen plying all the waters near at hand in quest of skins. A twelve month later his employers sought and obtained from the States General of the Netherlands a monopoly of the fur trade during the time that might be required for six voyages; and before this privilege expired they were granted, under the name of the United New Netherland Company, the exclusive right of trade along the coasts and rivers between the Delaware and Cape Cod.

The monopoly thus granted expired in 1618, but its holders continued their trade for several years longer under a special license. Then, in June, 1621, the States General granted to the newly formed West India Company exclusive jurisdiction over Dutch trade and navigation on the barbarous coasts of America and Africa. Its charter clothed the West India Company with well-nigh imperial powers. It was authorized to appoint and remove all public officers within its territories, administer justice, build forts, make treaties with subject peoples, and resist invaders. Branches or chambers of the company were established in the several cities of Holland, and these branches, while subject to a central board, sometimes known as the College of Nineteen, had severally assigned them specific territories, over which they exercised the right of government, and with which they possessed the exclusive right to trade.

New Netherland, as the Hudson river country had now come to be known, fell under this arrangement to the Amsterdam branch of the company, which at once proceeded to organ-

ize a government for its provinces. The chief executive officer was styled director-general, and the first person chosen to fill this office, in 1623, was Cornelius Jacobsen May. The same year brought to the province the ship *New Netherland* with the first party of permanent colonists. Some of these were put ashore at Manhattan, and others were carried to Fort Orange, within the present limits of Albany, while yet another party settled on the shore of Long Island where now is the Brooklyn navy yard. Most of the newcomers were Walloons, natives of the southern Netherlands, whom Spanish persecution had driven into Holland, where the West India Company had secured them as colonists.

And thus the first white settlers came to Long Island. However, the first recorded grant of land within the present limits of Brooklyn was not made until 1636, when William Adriaense Bennett and Jacques Bentyn purchased from the Indians a considerable tract at Gowanus, and began a settlement. The following year Joris Jansen de Rapalje, a Huguenot who had married Catelyna Trico of Paris, and had resided at Fort Orange and at New Amsterdam, bought a farm on the Waal-boght, which name, later corrupted into Wallabout, had been given to the present site of the Navy Yard. Rapalje died in 1665, but his widow lived on at the Waal-boght—the mother of Brooklyn—and there in 1679 the Labadists missionaries, Dankers and Sluyter, found her with her eleven children and their descendants, who then numbered one hundred and forty-five. They describe her as devoted with her whole soul to her progeny. "Nevertheless she lived alone, a little apart from the others, having her garden and other conveniences which she took care of herself." When, in 1688, Governor Dongan wished to establish the fact that the first settlements on the Delaware were made by the Dutch he made use of the evidence of the widow Rapalje, who, describing her arrival in 1623, told how, "Four women came along with her in the same ship, in which the Governor Arian Jarissen came also over,

which four women were married at sea," and afterwards with their husbands were sent to the Delaware. A few years later she made a second affidavit at her house "in ye Wale," wherein, recalling the Indian war of 1643, she pleasantly alluded to her previous life with the red men, for three years at Fort Orange, "all of which time ye Indians were all as quiet as lambs and came and traded with all ye freedom imaginable."

A public ferry across the East River was established in 1642, and soon a number of houses sprang up about the Long Island landing at the present foot of Fulton Street. Southward from The Ferry, as this settlement was called, stretched a line of bouweries, while Wouter van Twiller, who in 1633 succeeded Minuit as director-general of the province, had taken title to the promontory at Roode-Hoek or Red Hook, so called from its rich red soil. Following the Indian war of 1643, another settlement was begun between the Waal-boght and Gowanus Bay, in the vicinity of what are now Fulton, Hoyt and Smith Streets. The most desirable portions of this new territory, formerly used by the Indians for their maize-fields, were taken up by Jan Evertsen Bout, Huyck Aertsen, Jacob Stoffelsen, Pieter Cornelissen and Joris Dircksen, and when, in 1645, the West India Company recommended that its colonists should establish themselves "in towns, villages and hamlets, as the English are in the habit of doing," Bout and his fellows, acting upon this advice, promptly notified the director and his council that they desired to found a town at their own expense. This they called Breuckelen, after the ancient village of that name on the Vecht, in the province of Utrecht. The director and his council without delay confirmed their proceedings in the following grant, which bore date June, 1646:

"We, William Kieft, Director General, and the Council residing in New Netherland, on behalf of the High and Mighty Lords States General of the United Netherlands, His Highness of Orange, and the Honorable Directors of the General Incorpo-

rated West India Company, To all those who shall see these presents or hear them read: Greeting:

"Whereas, Jan Evertsen Bout and Huyck Aertsen from Rossum were on the 21st of May last unanimously chosen by those interested of Breuckelen, situate on Long Island, to decide all questions which may arise, as they shall deem proper, according to the Exemptions of New Netherland granted to particular colonies, which election is subscribed by them, with express stipulation that if any one refuse to submit in the premises aforesaid to the above-mentioned Jan Evertsen and Huyck Aertsen, he shall forfeit the right he claims to land in the allotment of Breuckelen, and in order that everything may be done with authority, We, the Director and Council aforesaid, have therefore authorized and appointed, and do hereby authorize the said Jan Evertsen and Huyck Aertsen to be schepens of Breuckelen; and in case Jan Evertsen and Huyck Aertsen do hereafter find the labor too onerous, they shall be at liberty to select two more from the inhabitants of Breuckelen to adjoin them to themselves. We charge and command every inhabitant of Breuckelen to acknowledge and respect the above mentioned Jan Evertsen and Huyck Aertsen as their schepens, and if any one shall be found to exhibit contumaciousness toward them, he shall forfeit his share as above stated. This done in Council in Fort Amsterdam in New Netherland."

Meantime, other families following the coast line, had in 1636 founded a settlement to which they gave the name of Amersfoort, in memory of the ancient town in Utrecht where Olden Barneveld was born, and which thus became the germ of the modern Flatlands. Sixteen years later a third settlement called Middelwout or Midwout (the present Flatbush) arose midway between Breuckelen and Amersfoort, and about the same time another band of colonists took up their abode at a point on the coast, to which, moved by love for the fatherland, they gave the name of New Utrecht. Finally, in 1660, the village of Boswyck (now known as Bushwick) was planted be-

tween Newtown and Breuckelen. New Utrecht and Boswyck were given schepens in 1661, but at first had no schout of their own, being subject instead to the jurisdiction of the schout of Breuckelen, Amersfoort and Midwout. Thus came into existence the five Dutch towns of Kings County. "The axe rather than the plow," we are told, "first gave employment to the settlers. To those who in the Netherlands had toiled to reclaim their land from the ocean, this must have been unaccustomed, but it could not have seemed like hopeless or discouraging work. They were now to cultivate a wilderness that had never been plowed or planted before, but these men brought to the task the energy they had gained in their labor among the dikes and dunes of Holland, and because they came of a stalwart race, they were not afraid of work. Soon under their careful cultivation the beautiful garden and farming land of Kings County bore rich harvests. The plantations and farms, besides their ordinary farm produce, cultivated great fields of tobacco. Some of the best exported from the American colonies grew on the plantations about the Waal-boght. Later it is recorded that cotton was successfully raised in Breuckelen, although only for home use to be woven with native wool."

The head of every family was a farmer, and a good one. "One rarely saw old and dilapidated outhouses or broken fences. The barns of the Dutch farmers were broad and capacious. There were beams across the second story, supporting poles on which the hay was piled, and the granary was usually boarded off in one corner. A horse stable also formed part of the barn, and several pairs of horses and generally a pair of mules were owned by every farmer. Near the barn stood the wagon-house, in the loft of which were sheltered the farmer's tools. Corn cribs, filled in winter with cobs of golden corn, formed the outer compartments of this building, and the wagons were in the open central space. A frame work, consisting of four heavy corner posts and a thatched straw roofing, which could be raised or lowered upon these corner posts, was called by the

OLD MILL AT BRIDGEHAMPTON

farmers a barrack. One or more of these barracks was in every yard for the straw and hay, and served to relieve the overcrowded barns in seasons of a bountiful harvest. There were also rows of haycocks of salt hay from the meadows, of which every farmer owned a certain share, and which was highly valued. In the late autumn long rows of corn stalks were stacked higher than the fences for the use of the cows in the cattle-yard, and the great golden pumpkins which grew between the rows of corn were laid along the sunny sides of the corn cribs to ripen. Thus on all sides there were signs of peace and plenty. The returning seasons rarely failed to bring the farmer an abundant return for the labor he had bestowed upon his land. The smooth fields, under the careful cultivation of their respective owners, were never taxed so as exhaust their fertility. They were judiciously planted with a view to changing crops and they were enriched as the experienced eye of the farmer saw what was needed. Though the life was quiet and uneventful, yet the farmer had a peaceful, happy home, free from the cares which fill modern life with turmoil and disquiet."

Negro slavery was introduced on Long Island, in 1660, but from the first a kindly feeling seems to have existed between the owner and the slave. "If a slave was dissatisfied with his master, it was common for the latter to give him a paper on which his age and price were written, and allow him to seek out some one with whom he would prefer to live, and who would be willing to pay the stated price. A purchaser found, the master completed the arrangements by selling his discontented slave to the person whom, for some cause best known to himself, he preferred. The slave spoke the language of the family, and Dutch became the mother tongue of the Kings County negroes. It was considered in early times a sign of a well-to-do farmer to have a large family of colored people in his kitchen. The elder members of these families had been so thoroughly drilled in the work required of them that they were almost invaluable to the master and mistress. There were always small boys of every

age to do the running of errands, bring home the cows, and call the reapers to their meals; and there were colored girls of every age to help or hinder, as the case might be, in the various household duties. In most of the old Dutch houses there were small kitchens in which these families of colored people lived. They were not so far from the house as the slave-quarters on a Southern plantation, but the building was a separate one annexed to the main kitchen of the house. Thus the negro race for more than a century and a half formed part of the family of every Dutch inhabitant of Kings County. Speaking the same language, brought up to the same habits and customs, with many cares and interests in common, there existed a sympathy with and an affection between them and the white members of the household such as could scarcely be felt toward those who now perform the same labor under widely different conditions."

Long Island's early settlers were not, however, exclusively bound to slave labor. There were also indentured apprentices and servants. An indenture paper, by which a young girl from Queens County was bound out to a family in Flatbush, is still extant. "The master shall give unto the said apprentice," runs this old document, "a cow, a new wrapper, calico, at five shillings per yard, a new bonnet, a new pair of shoes and stockings, two new shifts, two new petticoats, two caps, two handkerchiefs, and her wearing apparel," the last, doubtless, referring to the garments in which she was clothed during her period of service. The copy of another indenture now before the writer, binds a girl of twelve, with the consent of her parents, until she reach the age of eighteen. "During all of which time," it is set down, "the said Lydia her said master shall faithfully serve, his secrets keep, his lawful commands everywhere readily obey. She shall do no damage to her said master nor see it done by others, without letting or giving notice thereof to her said master. She shall not waste her said master's goods, nor lend them unlawfully to any. She must not contract matrimony within the said term. At cards, dice, or any unlawful game she shall not play whereby

her said master may have damage. She will neither traffic with her own goods or the goods of others, nor shall she buy or sell without license from her said master. She shall not absent herself day or night from her said master's service without his leave, nor haunt ale houses, taverns or playhouses, but in all things behave herself as a faithful servant ought to do during the term of service aforesaid." This indenture makes a generous provision of clothing, but in a third nothing is given to the girl when her time expires save a Bible. This girl, Suzanne, is indentured to Jacob Ryerson of the town of Brooklyn as a servant. "He shall," says the indenture, "cause her to be instructed in the art of housekeeping and also of spinning and knitting. She shall also be instructed to read and write, and at the expiration of her term of service he shall give unto the said Suzanne a new Bible."

No less interesting by reason of its quaint wording and its glimpse of olden customs is the indenture for an apprentice to learn a trade made in 1695 by Jonathan Mills, Senior, of Jamaica, and Jacob Hendricksen, of Flatbush. "Jonathan Mills, Jr., son of the above-named Jonathan Mills, Senior," reads this time-stained paper, "is bound to serve his master Jacob Hendricksen, above said, the time and space of three years, in which time the said Jonathan Mills, Jr., is to serve his said master duly and faithfully, principally in and about the trade and art of a smith, and also sometimes for other occasions. Jacob Hendricksen, above said is bound to said Jonathan Mills, Jr., to find washing, sleeping, victuals and drink during said time of three years, and also to endeavor to instruct said Jonathan in said art and trade of a smith during said term of three years, and also that said Jonathan may have liberty to go in night school in the winter, and at the expiration of said time his master is to give him a good suit of clothes for Sabbath-day, and also two pair of tongs and two hammers, one big and one small one." Let us hope that Jonathan mastered his trade, and made good use of the tools that came to him at the end of his apprenticeship.

The Five Dutch Towns

The Dutch settlers of Long Island were a religious people, and they had not been long settled in their new homes before they bethought themselves of a settled pastor and a permanent place of worship. Clergymen from New Amsterdam preached now and then at private houses in the Dutch villages, but this arrangement did not long suffice, and early in 1654 Domine Megapolensis and a committee of the provincial council were deputed to assist the people of Long Island in organizing a church. Six hundred guilders were appropriated by the West India Company for a minister's salary, and the Classis of Amsterdam was called upon to select a man qualified for the post; but before this request had been complied with, Domine Johannes Polhemus, who had been for some time stationed at Itmarca, in Brazil, arrived in New Netherland, and the magistrates of Midwout and Amersfoort hastened to petition the council for authority to employ him. Permission was promptly given them, and without delay work was begun on a church at Midwout. Three thousand guilders were contributed by the people towards its construction, and the director-general added four hundred more out of the provincial treasury, ordering that the building should be sixty or sixty-five feet long, twenty-eight broad, and from twelve to fourteen feet under the beams; that it should be built in the form of a cross, and that the rear should be reserved for the minister's dwelling.

The West India directors duly approved of these arrangements, but intimated that the colonists should pay the salary of their clergyman without recourse to the company. There was murmuring at this decision, and the people of Breuckelen made their contribution to the support of Domine Polhemus conditional upon his preaching in Breuckelen and Midwout on alternate Sundays. The provincial council assented to this demand, but not so the people of Amersfoort, who pointed out that "as Breuckelen is quite two hours' walking from Amersfoort, it was impossible for them to attend church in the morning, and return home at noon. So they consider it a hardship to choose, to

hear the Gospel but once a day, or to be compelled to travel four hours in going and returning all for one single sermon—which would be to some very troublesome, and to some wholly impossible." The council finally settled the matter by directing that the morning sermon be at Midwout, and that instead of the usual afternoon service, an evening discourse be preached alternately at Midwout and Breuckelen. Thus affairs remained until 1660, when Domine Henricus Selyns arrived from Holland, and, after preaching a few sermons at New Amsterdam, was formally installed as the clergyman of Breuckelen, the boundary of his charge including "the Ferry, the Waal-boght, and Gujanes." Domine Selyns' congregation at first consisted of one elder, two deacons and twenty-four members, and while a church was building worshipped in a barn. Domine Selyns at the end of four years returned to Holland, and Domine Polhemus died in 1676. The following year Domine Casparus Van Zuren was sent over by the Classis of Amsterdam, and until 1685 served as pastor of the four churches of Breuckelen, Midwout, Amersfoort and New Utrecht. Domine Rudolphus Varick, the next minister over the Kings County churches, continued in office until 1694, when he was succeeded by Domine Lupardus, who died in 1702.

After the domine came the schoolmaster. The first school was set up in Breuckelen in 1661, and had for its master Carel de Beauvois, a learned Huguenot from Leyden. Schools were established ere long in the other towns, and how much care and thought the Dutch fathers gave to the instruction of their children is evidenced again and again in the records of the colonial period. Strong has translated and preserved in his "History of Flatbush,' long since out of print, this agreement made with Anthony Welp, the fourth schoolmaster of that town:

"First—The school shall begin and end in a Christian manner. At 8 o'clock in the morning it shall begin with the morning prayer and end at 11 o'clock with prayer for dinner. At 2

o'clock in the afternoon it shall begin with the prayer after meat, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon end with the evening prayer.

"Second—The above named schoolmaster shall teach children and adult persons low Dutch and English spelling and reading, and also ciphering to all who may desire or request such instruction.

"Third—The above named schoolmaster shall have for the instruction of every child or person in low Dutch spelling, reading and writing the sum of four shillings; for those who are instructed in English spelling, reading and writing the sum of five shillings, and for those who are instructed in ciphering the sum of six shillings, and that for three months' instruction; and also a load of firewood shall be brought for each scholar every nine months for the use of the school.

"Fourth—The above named schoolmaster shall keep school five days in every week; once in each week in the afternoon the scholars shall learn the questions and answers in Borges Catechism, with the Scripture texts thereto belonging, or as it may be desired by the scholar or by his guardian, for any other day in the week, so as to be most beneficial to the one instructed.

"Fifth—The above named schoolmaster shall occupy the schoolhouse with the appurtenances thereto belonging; also, the above named schoolmaster shall be yearly paid by the Worthy Consistory the sum of four pounds to attend to the church services, such as reading and singing; and for the interment of the dead the above named schoolmaster shall be entitled to receive so much as is customary in the above named town. (For a person of fifteen years and upward, twelve guilders, and for one under that age, eight guilders. If required to give invitations beyond the limits of the town, three additional guilders for the invitation of every other town; and to go to New-York, four guilders.)"

A "sixth and lastly" clause provided for three months' notice should the schoolmaster wish to give up his work, and

that there might be no mistake regarding the finances, his frugal employers added this postscript: "The sums of money mentioned in the third article shall be paid by those who send the scholars to school."

The pioneers who settled western Long Island belonged to a mighty race and did a mighty work, a work whose real value has grown clearer with the years. Brodhead has well said that "to no nation is the Republic of the West more indebted than to the United Provinces, for the idea of the confederation of sovereign states; for noble principles of constitutional freedom; for magnaminous sentiments of religous toleration; for characteristic sympathy with the subjects of oppression; for liberal doctrines in trade and commerce; for illustrious patterns of private integrity and public virtue; and for generous and timely aid in the establishment of independence. Nowhere among the people of the United States can men be found excelling in honesty, industry or accomplishment the posterity of the early Dutch settlers in New Netherland. And, when the providence of God decreed that the rights of humanity were again to be maintained through long years of endurance and of war, the descendants of Hollanders nobly emulated the example of their forefathers; nor was their steadfast patriotism outdone by that of any of the heroes in the strife which made the blood-stained soil of New York and New Jersey the Netherlands of America."

The Puritan Colonies

THE Dutch never exercised more than nominal jurisdiction over eastern Long Island. The English, by reason of Cabot's discoveries, claimed dominion over the American coast from the Bay of Fundy to Cape Fear River, and in 1635 Charles I., granted the whole of Long Island to the Earl of Sterling. The attempts of the latter's agents to take possession of the island were resisted by the Dutch, but this did not prevent the earl from making sales or the purchasers from settling on the lands to which they thus obtained title.

The first sale made by the earl was to Lyon Gardiner, who in March, 1639, bought the island which bears his name, and in the summer of the same year took possession with his wife and children. Colonial history counts no sturdier or more heroic figure than that of the man who thus established the first English settlement within the present limits of New York. A man of gentle birth, Lyon Gardiner was first an officer in the English army under Sir Thomas Fairfax, seeing much active service in Holland. There he took to wife a Dutch lady, Mary Willemson, daughter of a "deurcant" in the town of Woerden, and became, by his own account, "an engineer and master of works of fortifications in the legers of the Prince of Orange in the Low Countries." There, too, he came into familiar intercourse with the eminent Puritan divines, Hugh Peters and John Davenport, who had found an asylum and established a church in Rotterdam, and in 1635 was persuaded by them to accept an offer from Lord Say and Seal and other nobles and gentry, to go to the new plantation of Connecticut, under John Winthrop the younger, and to build a fort at the mouth of the river.

Gardiner sailed for America in August, 1635, and landing

at Boston late in November tarried there long enough to complete the military works on Fort Hill, which Jocelyn described later on as mounted with "loud babbling guns," and which continued in use until after the Revolution. Meantime, the younger Winthrop had despatched a force of twenty men to break ground at the mouth of the Connecticut and erect suitable buildings for the reception of Gardiner. Thence the latter journeyed with his wife, in the opening days of winter, and with less than a dozen men to aid him began the construction of a strong fort of hewn timber—with a ditch, drawbridge, palisade and rampart—to which when finished he gave the name of Saybrook. The Puritan captain dwelt four years at Saybrook fort—anxious years of hard labor, danger and unceasing warfare with the Pequots, diversified by agriculture carried on under the enemy's fire. "During the first of those bloody years the savages lurked in the hollows and swamps like a malaria; crawled through the long grass of the salt meadows like snakes; ambushed squads from the garrison when they tried to garner their crops or shoot game for food; destroyed all the outside storehouses, burned the haystacks, killed the cows and prowled in sly places by night for human victims. Often they came to the walls of the fort and taunted the soldiers—calling them 'women,' and daring them to come out and fight like men. They would don the garments of those they had tortured, and in front of the fort enact in mockery their horrible death scenes, ending with peals of laughter, after which they would take to their heels and run to the woods with the swiftness of deer." Gardiner himself was severely wounded in one close encounter with the Pequots. Several arrows struck him, and the Indians supposed he was killed, but a buff military coat which Sir Richard Saltonstall had sent him prevented serious results, and, in 1637, he had the satisfaction of aiding in the plans which assured the defeat and almost complete annihilation of the Pequots.

Nothing daunted by his hard experiences, Gardiner, his

engagement with the Connecticut patentees at an end, betook himself to a still more secluded spot, purchasing, as we have seen, the island called after his name. By the terms of the grant from Lord Stirling this island was constituted from the first "an entirely separate and distinct plantation," and its proprietor was empowered to make all laws necessary for Church and State, observing the forms—so said the instrument—"agreeable to God, the King and the practice of the country," and he was also directed to execute such laws. The sequel proved him as skilled in the arts of peace as in those of war. Before going to his island, he made friends with Wyandance, chief of the Montauks, who placed unlimited trust in him, confiding to him everything which concerned the safety of the white settlements. Twice Gardiner thwarted conspiracies for a general massacre of the English, by means of the warnings which his firm friend gave him. Once Ninigret, chief of the Narragansetts, sent one of his chiefs to Wyandance proposing an alliance for war against the whites, but the Montauk sachem seized the messenger and sent him bound hand and foot to Gardiner, who shipped him to the governor of New Haven. When Ninigret, bent upon revenge, seized and carried off the daughter of Wyandance on the night of her wedding, Gardiner succeeded in ransoming and restoring her to her father. Another time he remained as hostage with the Indians while Wyandance went before the authorities of Southampton who had demanded that he should discover and give up certain murderers. Thus white man and red man, acting in concert with entire mutual trust, kept the tribes of eastern Long Island on peaceable terms with the English. Thirteen years Gardiner remained on his island, developing his territory and deriving an income from the whale-fishery. Then, leaving the isle in charge of the old soldiers whom he had brought from Saybrook as farmers, he passed ten years at East Hampton, where he died, in 1663, at the age of sixty-four. He left three children, the youngest, Elizabeth, born at Gardiner's Island, September 14, 1641, being

GARDINER'S BAY FROM THE BLUFF—SHELTER ISLAND.

the first child of English parentage born within the precincts of the state of New York.

The pioneer of Gardiner's Island was not long without neighbors. A month after the confirmation of his purchase, James Farrett, the agent of Lord Stirling, received permission from his principal to sell to Daniel Howe, Edward Howell, Job Sayre and other residents of Lynn, Massachusetts, eight miles square of land in any part of Long Island, at a value fixed by Governor Winthrop, which, on reference, was decided to be six bushels of corn. Clothed with this authority the men of Lynn bought a sloop, bestowed their few goods, and sailed to Manhasset, at the head of Cow Bay. There they found the Dutch arms erected upon a tree, and Howe, the leader of the expedition, pulled them down; but the Indian sachem Penhawitz, who had lately ceded all of his rights to the Dutch, promptly carried word of their doings to New Amsterdam. A party of soldiers sent to eject them found one house already built and another in progress. The trespassers were arrested and conveyed to New Amsterdam, where Kieft, having rated them soundly, released them upon their signing an agreement to leave the territory of their High Mightinesses.

Thus ended the first attempt to plant an English colony in western Long Island. Its failure led, however, to the immediate settlement of the town of Southampton, for when Farrett heard of the action of the New Netherland authorities he resolved to gain for his master a permanent foothold at the eastern end of the island, and he, therefore, hastened to release to Howe and his associates "all those lands lying and being bounded between Peaconeck and the easternmost point of Long Island, with the whole breadth of the said island from sea to sea." The Indians whom the settlers found on their new patent proved friendly, and ceded all their rights to the newcomers, "in consideration of sixteen coats already received, and also three score bushels of Indian corn to be paid upon lawful demand the last of September, which shall be in the year

1641, and further in consideration that they above-named English shall defend us the said Indians from the unjust violence of whatever Indians shall illegally assail us."

Landing at North Sea, on Great Peconic Bay, the men of Lynn at first settled about three miles southward in the woods, but in 1648 decided upon a more permanent abode. The result was the laying out of Main Street, half a mile south of the Old Town, where they then lived, and the allotment of three acres for a house lot and a quantity of adjacent farming land to each inhabitant. "Abraham Pierson, Southampton's first minister," writes Judge Henry P. Hedges, "held to the exclusive right of the church to govern in both church and state. Going back in fancy a little more than five half centuries to some bright Sunday morning we might see some forty rude dwellings sheltering as many families, compactly clustered on either side of the Southampton Street, each dwelling fortified by inclosures of palisades, and all guarded by like surrounding fortifications. Near the centre are both watch-house and church. The rolling drum-beat of Thomas Sayre calls the worshippers. Parents, preceding children and servants, move to the church. The deacons sit fronting the audience, who are seated according to rank and station, the men and women divided by a centre line. The soldiers, with their arms, are placed conveniently for defense near the door. Minister Pierson, serious, spiritual, severe, just, learned, logical, positive, presides over the assembly. With solemn air they await his utterance. With accent stern he invokes that Jehovah who thundered from Sinai. * * * The political genius of these pioneers shone conspicuously in their town meetings. This meeting was composed of that body of freemen accepted as such by the voters of themselves and those only. It was required that a freeman be twenty-one years of age, of sober and peaceable conversation, orthodox in the fundamentals of religion and have a rateable estate of the value of twenty pounds. The suffrage was limited, but not so far as to pre-

vent the government in the main from being the wisest expression of the popular rule. Six freemen and one magistrate being present constituted a quorum for business. This town meeting, called the General Court, because, in the first instance, it tried important cases above the magistrate's jurisdiction and heard appeals from their decision, elected all their officers, and when convened for such election was called a Court of Election. The court of necessity must exercise powers of the widest scope. The colony swung free and solitary as an orb in space, must control itself or fall. Practically it did so govern. If an unwelcome inhabitant sought to intrude himself into their community they would not accept him. Whom they would they accepted and whom they would they rejected. A power as sovereign as that of naturalization they exercised without scruple or doubt, and often forbade the entrance of convicts or tramps into their community. No drone was allowed in their hive. No crime escaped its proscribed penalty. The records abound in instances of the exercise of the highest powers. If an inhabitant desired to sell his land to a stranger, unless allowed by the town, he could not invest an alien with title. The town meeting moved with the momentum of the many, and put down private and personal opposition. Fist law and shotgun law and chaos failed. Town meeting reigned. Some of the most combative souls that first trod this continent tried their individual strength against the collected will of the town. The beating wave no more moves the unshaken rock than the individual wave of wrath moved the town meeting from its course."

The year of Southampton's settlement also witnessed the founding of the town of Southold, on the north side of Peconic bay. The first settler of Southold was John Youngs, a clergyman from Hingham in Norfolk, a friend of John Davenport, who arrived at Boston in 1637, and the next spring led a party to found New Haven. Youngs landed in Salem about the same time, and going thence to New Haven, soon crossed the Sound

at the head of a party of colonists from his native county in England. The founders of Southold chose a sheltered nook for their village, protected from winter winds by a bluff to the north, and open to the southern breezes in summer, tempered by a succession of salt water bays and streams. Familiar names are handed down to us among these pioneers, to whom ere long the revocation of the Edict of Nantes added a number of Huguenot families, and their descendants have included many eminent men. John Youngs, eldest son of the town's founder, was a public character for full half a century, serving as sheriff, colonel of militia, head of commission to determine the boundaries between New York and Connecticut, and as counselor to a succession of the Governors of New York. His old house still stands in Southold and hard by it is the home Benjamin L'Hommedieu provided for the bride with whom he fell in love in the most romantic fashion soon after his arrival in the town. Their grandson, Ezra L'Hommedieu, was a man of national renown, one of the great and useful characters of his generation. Whitaker refers to him in his "History of Southold" as the chief citizen of the town during the Revolutionary period,—member at divers times of the Provincial Congress of New York, the Continental Congress, the State Assembly and Senate, and the Council of Appointment; long clerk of Suffolk county, and a regent of the university of the State from its organization in 1788 until his death in 1812.

Other bands of Puritans followed in the wake of the settlers of Southampton and Southold. Easthampton was founded in 1649 on lands bought from the Montauks. Two years later settlements were begun at Huntington, Setauket and Brookhaven, and in 1663 Richard Smith led in the founding of the town called after his name. All of these towns were essentially religious corporations. The first settlers contributed according to their ability or the amount of their proposed holdings to the purchase of the grants from the Indians and the

royal charters, and they became allodial proprietors. All government was reputed to be in the church; none but churchmen were admitted to the entire privileges of freemen; and the churches and their pastors were supported by a town tax. The town meeting, in which only church members could take part, made orders for the division of lands, the enclosure or cultivation of common fields, the regulation of fences and highways, the education of children and the preservation of good morals. How strict was its supervision of affairs is shown by an extract from the records of the town of Brookhaven:

"Orders and constitutions made by the authority of this town, 8th July, 1674, to be duly kept and observed:

"Whereas, there have been much abuse and profaning of the Lord's day by the younger sort of people in discoursing of vain things and running of races; therefore, we make it an order that whosoever shall do the like again notice shall be taken of them and be presented to court, there to answer for their faults and to receive punishment as they deserve.

"Whereas, it has been too common in this town for young men and maids to be out of their father's and mother's house at unseasonable times of night: It is therefore ordered that whosoever of the younger sort shall be out of their father's or mother's house past nine of the clock at night shall be summoned into the next court, and there to pay court charges, with what punishment the court shall see cause to lay upon them, except they can give sufficient reason for their being out late.

"Whereas, God has been much dishonored, much precious time misspent and men impoverished by drinking and tippling, either in ordinary or other private houses: Therefore we make this order that whosoever shall thus transgress, or sit drinking above two hours, shall pay five shillings and the man of the house for letting of them have it after the time prefixed shall pay ten shillings, except strangers only.

"That whosover shall run any races, or run otherwise a

horseback in the streets or within the town plot shall forfeit ten shillings to the use of the town."

Not all of Suffolk county's first settlers were Puritans. When in 1637 the Earl of Sterling made James Farrett agent for the sale of his lands on or around Long Island, he authorized him to select ten thousand acres to become his personal property. Farrett, accordingly, reserved for his own use Shelter and Robbins Islands in Peconic Bay. Shelter Island, the Indian title having been extinguished by a formal purchase, was by its first owner soon transferred to Charles Goodyear, of New Haven, an eminent merchant and for several years deputy governor of the colony, who in June, 1651, sold it for 1,600 pounds of "good merchantable muscovado sugar" to Nathaniel and Constant Sylvester, Thomas Middleton and Thomas Rouse. The Sylvesters were Englishmen, who, through their adherence to Charles I., found it inconvenient to remain in England. While Cromwell was leading his army against the Scots at Dunbar the Sylvesters (there were five or six brothers, all wealthy merchants) were preparing to leave the kingdom, and when, in September, 1651, Charles met with defeat at Worcester, they had already purchased Shelter Island. Nathaniel Sylvester married and settled on the island in 1653, and the Manhansets, who then inhabited it, warmly welcomed the newcomers. Three years later the first Quakers appeared in Boston and many of the sufferers by persecution found an asylum on Shelter Island. George Fox was twice a guest of the Sylvesters, and preached to the Indians from the doorsteps of their mansion. Many of the Sylvester heirs died out in the course of time, and a part of the island came into the hands of William Nicoll, patentee of 90,000 acres at Islip. The Nicoll property has continued in the possession of that family through successive generations, and they now own the southeastern portion of the island known as Sachem's Neck, containing nearly 2,000 acres. The Sylvester homestead, on the other hand,

descended to Brinley Sylvester, who came to dwell in the home of his fathers and in 1737 erected a new manor house on the site of the one which Nathaniel Sylvester built for his bride. This house is now known as the Sylvester Manor and is owned by the widow and daughters of the late Eben Norton Horsford, lineal descendants of Nathaniel Sylvester.

Fisher's Island, farther to the eastward, but also a part of Suffolk county, had John Winthrop the younger for its first white owner. The younger Winthrop, who was born in 1606, followed his father to America, and in 1644, while governor of Connecticut, secured title to Fisher's Island. He died in 1676, and the island descended by right of primogeniture to the eldest of his sons, General Fitz John Winthrop. Thence it passed from father to son until in 1863 it fell into the hands of William H. and Thomas R. Winthrop, from whom it was bought by George Chester. A little later Robert R. Fox became its owner, and took up his residence on the island in the old Winthrop manor house. Fox died in 1871 and a dozen years ago his heirs sold the property to E. M. Ferguson, of Pittsburg.

One other Suffolk county pioneer demands a place in this chronicle. It was in 1693 that Colonel William Smith, commonly called Tangier Smith from the fact that he had been governor of Tangier, received a grant of 40,000 acres of land between Moriches on the east, Patchogue on the west, the ocean on the south and the Sound on the north. The grant included the headland that closes the eastern end of the Great South Bay, and there Tangier Smith built the home to which he gave the name of St. George's Manor. The present manor-house, the third upon the spot, was built in 1810, and hardby is the family graveyard. Children have received allotments of the original tract and the 40,000 acres of 1693 have dwindled to 7,000 acres in 1902, as different ones have taken their share of the inheritance; but the eldest sons have lived at St. George's Manor, and there they lie, with their wives and such of their children as remained in the family nest.

A few of the headstones in the little graveyard tell stories of their own, as, for instance, one to the memory of a young wife who died at the age of fifteen. Among the neighbors of the Smiths were the Floyds. William Smith the third was one day talking to his neighbor Floyd as to the proper amount of money the four girls of the Floyd family ought to inherit. Judge Floyd said he had put them down in his will for £1,000 apiece, a large sum in those days—much too large in the opinion of Judge Smith, who declared that women had no idea of the value of money. One of the Floyd girls overheard the conversation, and it resulted in such friction between the two families that when young John Smith came a-courting Betsey Floyd, her mother refused to hear of the match. Young John renounced Betsy for the time being, married Lady Lydia Fanning and took her home to St. George's Manor. It was this young wife who died at the age of fifteen, when her son, William Smith, born in 1777, was one month old. The widower's thoughts turned to Betsey for consolation, but as she would still have none of him he married Mary Platt. Betsey Floyd meantime became the wife of Edward Nicoll. But Mr. Nicoll and the second Mrs. Smith having died, the faithful John laid suit to the Widow Nicoll and finally married her. The little boy, William Smith, born in 1777, was the great-grandfather of the present owners of the manor house.

Although the Tangier Smiths do not own so much land as in the last century, they can still drive four miles in one direction without leaving their own woods. They can drive twice this distance without leaving the lands that once belonged to the family, and in many instances are still owned by other branches. The future of St. George's Manor depends upon means of communication with the outside world. Now one must drive for miles through dense woods to reach it, but some day an electric railway will reach out to Smith's Point, and then that fine water front will be lined with summer residences having an outlook of many miles down the Great South Bay.

A Period of Storm and Stress

PETER MINUIT served six years as director-general of New Netherlands, and he was, all things considered, the ablest and best of the men who ruled the province during its domination by the Dutch. He established and maintained friendly relations with the Indians, and, along with the fullest religious toleration, gave to each newcomer a cordial welcome and the use of as much land as he could cultivate. Not only Walloons and Huguenots, but Lutherans, Baptists and Catholics, upon taking the oath of allegiance, were placed upon an equal footing in all things, and flocking to the new land of refuge, helped to shape and emphasize the tolerant and cosmopolitan spirit which has continued down to the present time to be the distinguishing feature of its life. Thus, under Minuit's liberal and tactful rule, the population of New Netherland grew steadily in numbers and in wealth; its trade increased and flourished, and the director was enabled to load the homeward-bound ships with larger and still larger cargoes of furs, which helped to make the stock of the West India Company rise to a high premium on the exchanges of Holland.

Minuit was handicapped, however, by a vicious, and, as the sequel proved, wholly defective scheme of colonization. The West India Company allowed the settlers no part in the management of their affairs. The schout, who acted as sheriff and collector of customs, and the council of five members which assisted Minuit in the discharge of his duties, were appointed by the Amsterdam chamber of the company, and all of its acts were subject to approval or reversal by that body, which also framed most of the laws for the settlers. The director, moreover, was expected to manage his trust not for

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the good of the colonists, but for the profit of the home company, which regarded its wards as vassals rather than as free men, as a source of possible dividends rather than as the founders, with painful toil and amid countless hardships, of a new state in a new land. This mistaken policy, even when executed by a sensible and well-meaning man, made the settlers indifferently loyal to the government under which they lived, and was to prove, when pushed to its logical conclusion by men who lacked Minuit's tact and shrewdness, a fatal source of weakness. One of its earlier issues was Minuit's own undoing. He was accused of favoring the colonists in ways which encroached upon the company's profits, and in 1632 recalled to Holland.

Minuit was succeeded by Wouter van Twiller. Bibulous, slow-witted, and loose of morals, the new director proved wholly unequal to his task. He managed, however, thanks to his unfailing good nature, to keep on fairly friendly terms with the settlers and the Indians, and the affairs of the colony continued to prosper, so that during the year 1635 the directors in Holland received returns from it to the amount of nearly one hundred and thirty-five thousand guilders. Nevertheless, as time went on, the company found growing cause to question the honesty, if not the wisdom, of Van Twiller's rule. Proofs multiplied that he was more concerned with the improvement of his own fortunes than with safeguarding those of his employers. During Minuit's time a large portion of Manhattan Island had been marked off into six farms or bouweries, which were reserved for the use and profit of the company. One of these farms Van Twiller tilled on his own account; a second he appropriated for a tobacco plantation; and the others he permitted to fall into neglect or to be used without recompense by men as indifferently honest as himself. He further secured for himself Nooten Island—whence its name Governor's Island—and several islands in the East River. It was also alleged that he connived at the sale of guns and powder to the Indians, and

VIEW NEAR SOUTHAMPTON.

remained suspiciously inactive when unscrupulous colonists and officials made surreptitious encroachments upon the company's monopoly of the fur trade. The end came in 1637, when he was removed from his office on the charge of having diverted the moneys of the corporation to his own use.

Van Twiller was succeeded, in March, 1638, by William Kieft. Again the company made a sorry choice of servants. Kieft, Brodhead tells us, "was born at Amsterdam, where he was brought up a merchant. After doing business for a time at Rochelle, he became a bankrupt; and his portrait, according to the stern rule of those days, was affixed to the gallows of that city. Later, he was sent to ransom some Christians in Turkey, where, it was alleged, he basely left in bondage several captives, whose friends had placed in his hands large sums of money for the purchase of their liberty." And to such an agent was now entrusted the government of New Netherland. The sequel proved Kieft industrious and temperate, but of narrow views and uncertain temper, and without the talent for managing men so needful in the leader of a company of pioneers. Thus he early became embroiled in petty quarrels with those around him, and, impatient of honest criticism, gradually assumed the tone of a despot dealing with his subjects. One of his first acts was to organize a council to aid him in the government. This council, however, consisted of only one man, a reputable Huguenot named Jean de la Montagne, and Kieft forestalled all danger of a tie by decreeing that La Montagne should have but one vote and himself two. Then he proceeded to govern by a series of edicts. One of these threatened death to all who should sell arms and ammunition to the Indians. Therein the director decreed wisely, but other of his edicts sought to interfere with and to regulate the private affairs of the people, prescribing when they should go to work and to bed, and rigidly restricting the sale and use of liquor; and these attempts at sumptuary legislation bred anger and resentment in the colonists, who, accustomed, the most of them, to a gen-

erous measure of self-government, protested with vigor against its curtailment. Kieft, before his first year had run its course, was the best hated man in New Netherlands.

The new director, however, did not a little to improve the condition of the colony. Trade therewith was, in 1638, opened to free competition for all people of the United Provinces and their friends and allies of any nation on payment of certain duties on imports and exports; and certain commercial privileges formerly limited to a favored few were extended to all free colonists. A little later they were allowed to trade with all friendly colonies, and at the same time given the right to manufacture, hitherto denied them. The effect of this liberal policy was presently visible in a steady stream of new immigrants. These included several large parties of men of substance, and were of so many different nationalities that in 1643 Father Jogues, the Jesuit, could write that he found eighteen languages spoken in New Netherland.

Long Island received a generous share of the newcomers. It has been told in another place how the first attempt to plant an English settlement in the western reaches of the island came to grief. Better success attended a second attempt. The spirit of persecution which drove Roger Williams from Massachusetts to a temporary refuge among the Dutch also brought to New Netherland many other Englishmen seeking fredom of conscience. One of these was Francis Doughty, a dissenting clergyman, who while preaching at Cohasset had been dragged out of the assembly for venturing to assert that Abraham's children should have been baptized. Early in 1642 Doughty and several comrades made their way to New Amsterdam, where Kieft received them kindly, and granted them some thirteen thousand acres at Mespath. The patent guaranteed to them, upon their vowing allegiance to the States General and the West India Company, the free exercise of religion, a magistracy nominated by themselves,

the right to erect towns, and "unshackled commerce, in conformity to the privileges of New Netherland."

Doughty and his associates at once began a settlement at Mespath; and during the ensuing twelvemonth, Lady Deborah Moody, who had been dealt with by the church at Salem for denying baptism to infants, having, with many others "infected with Anabaptism," sought a refuge in New Netherland, was permitted by Kieft to establish a colony at Gravensande or Gravesend, where four years before Anthony Jansen, a French Huguenot, had begun a settlement. Hardly, however, had the pioneers of Mespath and Gravesend settled to their, work, when it was interrupted by the most destructive Indian war in the history of New Netherland. This war had its beginning in the mid-winter of 1643, when a band of Iroquois warriors made a dash down the Hudson to collect tribute from the river and island tribes, who despairing and panic-stricken, fled to New Amsterdam for protection. A thousand of the refugees encamped at Pavonia, while another party, crossing the river, took refuge at what is now Corlaer's Hook on Manhattan Island, where a party of Rockaways had already built their wigwams.

They met, however, with a sinister reception. Several Dutch colonists had lately been slain by members of the river tribes, but the murderers had not been delivered up for punishment; and Kieft, giving no heed to the protests of the wisest and best men in the colony, now ordered a brutal vengeance to be taken on the hapless fugitives. Accordingly, on Shrovetide night, bodies of Dutch troops fell without warning on the camps at Pavonia and Corlaer's Hook, and butchered over a hundred of the Indians. Nor was this the end of the director's folly. Two days later a party of the residents of New Amersfoort, with the assent of Kieft, attacked the Marechkawiecks, a branch of the Canarsies residing between them and Brooklyn, killed several of them, and plundered their village. "It only needed this outrage," writes

Brodhead, "to fill the measure of Indian endurance. The Long Island savages up to this time had been among the warmest friends of the Dutch. Now they had been attacked and plundered by the strangers whom they had welcomed, and to whom they had done no wrong. Common cause was at once made with the river Indians, who burned with hate and revenge when they found that the massacres at Pavonia and Manhattan were not the work of the Iroquois, but of the Dutch; and eleven tribes rose in open war. The farmer was murdered in the open field; women and children, granted their lives, were swept off into captivity; houses and bouweries, haystacks and grain, cattle and crops were all destroyed. From the Raritan to the Housatonic, not a single plantation was safe; and such as escaped with their lives fled from their desolated homes to seek refuge in Fort Amsterdam." When Lady Moody's plantation was attacked, forty resolute colonists made a brave defense and repulsed the besiegers. Thus Gravesend was spared, but all the other settlements on western Long Island were laid waste, including Doughty's colony at Mespath.

Finally, however, the Long Island Indians relented, and dispatched delegates to Fort Amsterdam bearing a white flag. "Our chief has sent us," said the savages, "to know why you have killed his people, who have never laid a straw in your way, or done you aught but good. Come and speak to our chief on the sea-coast." David De Vries and Jacob Olfertsen volunteered to go as envoys, and were conducted to Rockaway, where they found an assemblage of several hundred savages. There they passed the night, but at break of the following day were led into the woods near at hand, where sixteen chiefs of Long Island waited their coming. The chiefs seated themselves in a ring and placed De Vries and Olfertsen in its centre. Then one of their number arose, holding in his hand a bundle of small sticks. "When you first came to our coasts," he began, "you sometimes had no food. We gave you our beans and corn, and relieved you with our oysters and fish.

Now, for recompense, you murder our people," and he laid down one of the sticks in his hand. "In the beginning of your voyages you left your people here with their goods. We traded with them, and cherished them as the apple of our eye. We gave them our daughters for companions, who have borne children. Many Indians have thus sprung from the Swannekens; and now you massacre your own blood."

The orator laid down another stick, but at this point De Vries, cutting short his reproaches, invited the chiefs to accompany him to Fort Amsterdam, where the director "would give them presents to make a peace." This invitation was accepted, and a treaty presently concluded with the Long Island tribes, whose sachems, a little later persuaded the river Indians to make peace with the Dutch. The truce, however, proved a short-lived one, and in August, 1643, several of the river tribes again took the warpath, killing or capturing many settlers. Such preparation as was possible was hurriedly made to resist this fresh attack. The colonists and the servants of the West India Company were armed and drilled, while fifty English residents of the province were taken into the Dutch service, and placed under the command of Captain John Underhill, one of the heroes of the Pequot war, who had lately settled at Stamford. There followed a year of desultory yet savage fighting, during which the Long Island Indians remained quiet.

In the last days of 1644, however, they too were made to feel the white man's heavy hand, and that under conditions that render the story an unpleasant one to read. Early in the year just named a party of English colonists from Stamford, led by Robert Fordham and acting under a patent granted by Kieft, had located at what is now Hempstead, but scarcely had they settled themselves in their new home when Penhawitz, one of the sachems of the Canarsies, hitherto counted friendly to the Dutch, fell under suspicion. Several of his tribe were at the same time charged with covert hostility, and seven of them were arrested by Fordham, charged with killing two or three

pigs, "though it was afterward discovered that his own Englishmen had done it themselves." Fordham, however, confined his prisoners in a cellar, and sent word of his doings to Kieft, who, without waiting to learn the truth of the matter, dispatched Underhill with a force of one hundred and twenty men against the Canarsies. The expedition sailed in three sloops to Cow Bay, and landing unmolested, marched thence to Hempstead, where Underhill killed three of the Indians held captive by Fordham, and took the others prisoners. Then Underhill and his men, Brodhead tells us, attacked the Canarsie village at Mespath, and killed one hundred and twenty of the savages, while the assailants lost only one man, and had three wounded. On the return of the expedition, two of the Indians taken at Hempstead were carried to Fort Amsterdam where one of them, frightfully wounded by the long knives with which Kieft had armed the soldiers, dropped dead while dancing the death dance of his race. The other, after undergoing even more shocking mutilation, was led out of the fort and beheaded by Kieft's orders. A group of Indian squaws, taken prisoners in West Chester county, witnessed the spectacle, and, throwing up their arms, called out in their own language: "Shame! shame! What disgraceful and unspeakable cruelty is this. Such things were never yet seen or heard of among us!"

Nor was this the end of the bloody chronicle. A few weeks after the slaughter at Mespath, a still heavier blow was dealt the Indians. Seven hundred of them were gathered behind palisades in the mountain country north of Stamford. Underhill and one hundred and fifty Dutch and English soldiers, made their way by water to Greenwich, whence a long day's march took them to the stronghold of their foe. The attack was made at midnight by the light of a full moon, the troops charging, sword in hand, upon the fortress. The Indians made a desperate resistance, but failed to break the Dutch line. Not a savage could show himself outside the palisades without being shot down, and within an hour, one hundred and

eighty of these were slain. Then Underhill, annoyed by the arrows of the besieged, resolved to fire the village. The wretched victims, when they endeavored to escape, were shot or driven back into their burning huts, and when morning came six hundred tawny corpses strewed the crimson snow. This appalling blow saved New Netherland. The Indians hastened to sue for peace, and in August, 1645, a treaty was signed by Kieft and his council and the sachems of all the tribes engaged, putting an end to the war.

The return of peace found less than twelve score white men remaining on Manhattan and western Long Island. The others had fled to Fort Orange or had returned to Holland. The struggle had issue, however, in the beginning of popular government in New Netherland. Kieft, in his hour of peril, had called a meeting of all the settlers and had chosen twelve of them to advise him in the war. He dissolved the Council of Twelve when it criticised his course and hastened to demand a larger measure of self-government; but afterwards a Council of Eight was chosen by popular vote, and this body, when the director refused to heed its protests, sent a full statement of the colony's troubles to the West India Company. "Our fields lie fallow and waste," they wrote in October, 1644, while war with the Indians still held; "our dwellings and other buildings are burnt; not a handful can be either planted or sown this autumn on the deserted places; the crops which God permitted to come forth during the past summer remain on the fields standing and rotting; we are burthened with heavy families; we have no means to provide necessaries for wives or children; and we sit here amidst thousands of Indians and barbarians, from whom we find neither peace nor mercy. There are among us those, who by the sweat and labor of their hands, for many long years have endeavored, at great expense, to improve their lands and villages; others, with their private capital, have equipped with all necessaries their own ships, which have been captured by the enemy, though they have continued the voyage with equal zeal,

and at considerable cost. Some, again, have come here with ships, independent of the company, freighted with a large quantity of cattle, and with a number of families, who have erected handsome buildings on the spots selected for their people; cleared away the trees and the forest; inclosed their plantations and brought them under the plough, so as to be an ornament to the country, and a profit to the proprietors, after their long, laborious toil. The whole of these now lie in ashes through a foolish hankering after war. For all right-thinking men here know that these Indians have lived as lambs among us, until a few years ago; injuring no man; affording every assistance to our nation; and, in Director Van Twiller's time (when no supplies were sent for several months) furnishing provisions to the company's servants, until they received supplies. These hath the director by various uncalled-for proceedings, from time to time so estranged from us, and so embittered against the Netherlands nation, that we do not believe that anything will bring them and peace back, unless the Lord, who bends all men's hearts to His will, propitiate their people."

"Honored Lords,"—wrote the Eight Men in concluding their memorial, "this is what we have, in the sorrow of our hearts, to complain of; that one man who has been sent out, sworn and instructed by his Lords and Masters, to whom he is responsible, should dispose here of our lives and property according to his will and pleasure, in a manner so arbitrary, that a king would not be suffered legally to do. We shall end here, and commit the matter wholly to our God, who, we pray and heartily trust, will move your Lordships' deliberation, so that one of these two things may happen—either that a governor may be sent with a beloved peace to us or, that their Honors will be pleased to permit us to return, with wives and children, to our dear Fatherland. For it is impossible ever to settle this country until a different system be introduced here, and a new governor be sent out with more people, who shall settle themselves in suitable places, one near the other, in form

THE MAIN STREET—NEW SUFFOLK.

of public villages and hamlets, and elect, from among themselves, a schout and schepens, who shall be empowered to send deputies to vote on public affairs with the Director and Council; so that the country may not be again brought into danger.

A twelvemonth passed before the memorial of the Eight Men was acted upon by the West India Company. Then Kieft was recalled from the directorship and Peter Stuyvesant named to succeed him, with instructions to carry out sundry measures for the betterment of the colony. Several events of moment to the Long Island settlers marked this period of transition. Kieft, soon after the conclusion of peace with the Indians, completed by purchase from the Canarsies the title of the West India Company to most of the lands within the present counties of Kings and Queens; and in October, 1645, he issued to John Townsend, Thomas Farrington, John Lawrence, Thomas Stiles and other English emigrants, a patent with municipal privileges for some sixteen thousand acres, to the eastward of Doughty's ruined settlement at Mespath, whereon were presently laid the foundations of the town of Flushing. Before the year's end Lady Moody and her associates also received from Kieft, in token of their gallant conduct during the Indian war, a patent for Gravesend, with a guarantee of "free liberty of conscience, according to the custom and manner of Holland, without molestation or disturbance from any magistrate or magistrates, or any other ecclesiastical minister that may pretend jurisdiction over them." The Gravesend patentees were also allowed, loyalty to the Dutch authorities being alone required, "to erect a body politic and civil combination among themselves, as free men of this province and town of Gravesend," and clothed with all "the immunities and privileges as already granted to the inhabitants of this province, or hereafter to be granted, as if they were natives of the Belgic Provinces."

Stuyvesant, the new director-general, reached New Netherland in May, 1647, and in the following August Kieft sailed for Holland, in the ship "Princess," carrying with him, if the esti-

mate of his enemies be worthy of credence, a comfortable fortune made from the private still he had conducted on Staten Island. But he never reached the fatherland. A mistake in reckoning carried the ship far out of its course and to wreck on the coast of Wales, where Kieft and eighty others lost their lives. It was a tragic sequel to the stormiest period in New York's early history, but in one quarter at least it awoke no regret, for the shipwreck, the pious Winthrop tells us, "was considered in New England an observable hand of God against the Dutch, and a special mark of the Lord's favor to his poor people here and displeasure towards such as have injured them."

The Reign of Stuyvesant

"I SHALL govern you as a father his children, for the advantage of the chartered West India Company, and these burghers and this land." Such was the greeting of Peter Stuyvesant to the people of New Netherland, when on a May day, in 1647, they assembled at Fort Amsterdam to give him welcome as their new director-general. With the fine portrait of him, now among the collections of the New York Historical Society, it furnishes the key to those resolute and masterful qualities which were to make him a distinctive figure in the early history of the colony. "Mettlesome, obstinate, leather-sided, lion-hearted," are some of the epithets applied to him by the indulgent and whimsical Knickerbocker, and though set down half in jest they may be accepted as the sober verdict of the historian upon a man who knew both how to fight and how to rule, but who was often narrow in judgment and hasty in action, and who could never be persuaded that the opinions of others were to be consulted with his own.

Born in 1592 and bred a soldier, Stuyvesant spent most of his life in the service of the West India Company, and as governor of Curacoa lost a leg in a fight with the Portuguese at San Martin. This mishap sent him back to Holland, where, having regained his health and replaced his lost leg with a wooden one, he was selected by his employers as a fit and proper man to bring order and prosperity to the vexed colony of New Netherland. He was appointed to succeed Kieft early in 1645, but various causes delayed his departure from Holland, and it was not, as has been noted, until May, 1647, that he arrived in New Netherland. With him, besides soldiers and colonists, came his wife, Judith Bayard, the granddaughter

of a Huguenot clergyman who fled to the Netherlands after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and his widowed sister and her children. This sister had married a brother of Stuyvesant's wife, and their sons, Nicholas, Balthazar and Peter, were the progenitors of the Bayard family in America.

One of Stuyvesant's first acts in office taught the colonists the meaning of the promise to rule them "as a father his children." Cornelis Melyn and Jochim Kuyter, leading members of the Council of Eight, petitioned for an inquiry into Kieft's policy and behavior during the Indian war, and that testimony be taken for use in a report to be forwarded to the company in Holland; but the new director, seeing in it a blow at the sacredness of his office, angrily refused their request, with the declaration that "it was treason to complain of one's magistrates, whether there was cause or not." Nor was he content to drop the matter at this point, and when Kieft, bent upon revenge, caused the arrest of the two burghers on a charge of rebellion and sedition, in that they had complained to the company of his conduct, he saw to it that they were found guilty at the end of a trial which outraged justice, and then fined and banished both men. "If I was persuaded," said Stuyvesant, as he denied them an appeal and pronounced their sentence, "that you would bring this matter before their High Mightinesses, I would have you hanged on the highest tree in New Netherland." Melyn and Kuyter were placed on board the ship *Princess,* then ready to return to Holland, and we shall presently learn what befell them at the end of their voyage.

Stuyvesant, despite his brave talk and despotic ways, soon found that he had to deal with men as stubborn and resolute as himself, men as jealous of their rights as he was of his prerogatives. He had been instructed to lose no time in repairing the military defenses of New Amsterdam, then in a sad state of dilapidation, but the treasury was empty and the colonists soon made it clear to him that the only way to get the money needed for the purpose was by giving heed to their pro-

tests against taxation without representation. He stormed and threatened, but finally yielded, and in September, 1647, ordered an election in which the people chose eighteen of their "most notable, reasonable, honest and respectable" men, from whom nine were selected by the director and his council, to assist, when called upon, in providing for the general welfare. Six members of this board were to be succeeded annually by six others selected by the director and council from among twelve candidates nominated by the outgoing members.

The Nine Men, though thus hedged about by restrictions designed to bring them more and more under the director's influence proved from the first sturdy defenders of the interests of the people, and when Stuyvesant of a sudden called in all debts due to the company, thereby causing much distress, and at the same time set afoot a system of high custom-house duties, which told heavily against the infant commerce of the colony, they demanded that a delegation should be sent to Holland to set forth the condition of the colony and to ask for divers reforms. The director would not agree to this demand unless the delegation was sent in his name, a condition which those who made it declined to accept; he refused to call a great council or assembly of citizens to consider the points at issue; and then, assuming the aggressive, he jailed Adrian van der Donck, the leader of the Nine Men, and seized all his papers. After which, to defend his action, he called a council of his own choosing and charged Van der Donck with making allegations calculated to bring the government into contempt. He must either prove or retract these allegations; and meantime let him be unseated from the board of Nine Men.

Thus the issue was clearly drawn between the autocratic theory and method as embodied in Stuyvesant and his office, and the demand for constitutional government voiced by Van der Donck and his fellows. It was a gloomy outlook for the popular party, but soon aid and cheer came to it from an unexpected quarter. Melyn and Kuyter escaped from the

wreck of the ship *Princess,* in which their accuser Kieft lost his life, and proceeding to Holland, so effectively pleaded their cause before the States General that Melyn was now sent back to New Netherland with a safe-conduct from their High Mightinesses, and bearing also a writ which cited Stuyvesant to appear at the Hague and explain his harsh treatment of the two burghers. The director accepted this unlooked-for rebuff with such composure as he could command. He sent his attorney to speak for him at the Hague, and he allowed the Nine Men to have their way in the matter of a memorial to the States General. Accordingly, Van der Donck and two colleagues, in the midsummer of 1649, sailed for Holland with a memorial to their High Mightinesses asking that they should oust the West India Company and assume direct control of the affairs of New Netherland.

The memorial of the Nine Men was accompanied by a Remonstrance, which painted a gloomy picture of the condition of the colony. "In our opinion," said the authors of the Remonstrance, "this country will never flourish under the rule of the honorable company but will pass away, and come to an end of itself, unless the honorable company be reformed. The mode in which the country is now governed falls severely upon it, and is intolerable, for nobody is unmolested or secure in his property longer than the director pleases, who is generally strongly inclined to confiscating. A good population would be the consequence of a good government. And although to give free passage and equip ships, if it be necessary, would be expensive at first, yet, if the result be considered, it would ultimately proved to be a wise measure, if by that means farmers and laborers, together with other poor people, were brought into the country, with the little property which they have. Of these the Fatherland has enough to spare. We believe this country would then prosper, especially as good privileges and exemptions, which we regard as the mother of population, would encourage the inhabitants to carry on commerce and lawful trade.

Every one would be allured hither by the pleasantness, situation, salubrity and fruitfulness of the country, if protection were secured within the already established boundaries. It would then, with God's assistance, according to human judgment, all go well, and New Netherland would in a few years be a brave place, and be able to do service to the Netherland nation, to repay richly the cost, and to thank its benefactors."

Arrived in Holland, Van der Donck and his colleagues, one of whom was Jan Evertsen Bout, of Breuckelen, found the task they had set for themselves a stubborn and difficult one, but in the end a measure of success attended their efforts, and, though the West India Company flouted the complaints of misrule in New Netherland, denying with vigor the need for reforms, it was ordered by the States General to make divers wholesome changes in the government of the province. The visit to the Hague of the representatives of the Nine Men bore fruit in another way, for the long debates in the States General, and an excellent "Description of New Netherlands," published by Van der Donck in 1653, created an interest in America hitherto unknown on the continent of Europe, and, with the added knowledge that the traditional Dutch policy of religious toleration prevailed beyond the sea, drew a swarm of colonists to New Netherland. Waldenses from Piedmont, Huguenots from France, Lutherans from Sweden and Germany, Scotch Presbyterians, English Independents, Moravians, Anabaptists and Jews were among the newcomers, and so steady was the migration that between 1653 and 1664 the population of the province increased fivefold. But this wholesale influx of folk of many creeds brought a regretable break in the policy of complete religious toleration which had hitherto distinguished New Netherland from her neighbors. This policy, be it said, was simply an informal adoption of the traditional custom of the Netherlands. The rules of the company, on the other hand, forbade the setting up of any church except the Dutch Reformed, and these rules Stuyvesant, who was a fanatical Calvinist, now pro-

ceeded to interpret and enforce with all of a bigot's zeal. He arrested and deported to Holland a Lutheran minister who had been sent over by his co-religionists to form a congregation in New Amsterdam; he fined and imprisoned Lutheran parents who refused to have their children baptized in the Reformed Dutch church, and he banished from the province an unlicensed Baptist exhorter, who had administered the sacrament and baptized a number of converts, "though not called thereto by any civil or clerical authority."

The director's hand, however, fell heaviest on the Quakers, a party of whom, expelled from Boston, in 1657, sought refuge in New Amsterdam. One of the refugees, Robert Hodgson, settled in Hempstead, and when he began preaching to the people of that town, he was hailed to New Amsterdam, brought before Stuyvesant and the council, and, without being allowed to speak in his own defense, sentenced to two years' hard labor with a wheelbarrow or to pay five hundred guilders. Hodgson had neither money nor friends to discharge his fine, and so on a sultry summer day he was brought from his cell, chained to a wheelbarrow, and ordered to load it. This he refused to do, declaring that he had done no evil and broken no law, whereupon he was stripped to the waist, and a stout negro with a piece of rope beat him until he fell to the ground. Still refusing to submit to his sentence, the poor Quaker was whipped the second day and again on the third; kept for two nights and a day without bread or water, and then hung up by the thumbs and cruelly beaten with rods. But general sympathy was now aroused in Hodgson's behalf, and at last, shamed by the appeals and reproaches of his sister, the director ceased his persecutions, and set the prisoner free.

It is pleasant to record that such acts as these were hotly condemned by public sentiment, and it quickens the pulse to read the splendid protest put on record by the officers of Flushing, when, for holding Quaker meetings in his house, Henry Townsend, a leading citizen of that town, was fined eight Flem-

ish pounds, or was else to be flogged and banished. "The law of love, peace and liberty, extending in the state to Jews, Turks and Egyptians," declared the town officers of Flushing, in refusing to enforce this sentence, "forms the true glory of Holland; so love, peace, and liberty, extending to all in Christ Jesus, condemn hatred, strife and bondage. But inasmuch as the Saviour hath said that it is impossible that scandal shall not come, but woe unto him by whom it cometh, we desire not to offend one of His little ones, under whatever form, name, or title he appear, whether Presbyterian, Independent, Baptist or Quaker. Should any of these people come in love among us, therefore, we cannot in conscience lay violent hands on them. We shall give them free ingress and egress to our houses, as God shall persuade our consciences." The thirty odd men who put their names to this document deserve to be ever held in grateful memory, but their action, at the moment, brought them persecution from Stuyvesant. The sheriff was cashiered and fined; the town clerk was thrown into jail, and the justices of the peace were suspended from office.

Stuyvesant, however, was compelled at this point to stay his hand. Again he had erred through excess of zeal, and when news of his persecutions reached his employers in Holland they were condemned without a dissenting voice. "The consciences of men," ran the letter of rebuke which in due time came across the sea from the Amsterdam Chamber, "ought to be free and unshackled, so long as they continue moderate, peaceable, inoffensive and not hostile to government. Such have been the maxims of prudence and toleration by which the magistrates of this city have been governed; and the result has been that the oppressed and persecuted from every country have found among us an asylum from distress. Follow in the same steps and you will be blest." The over-zealous director could not fail to understand the meaning of this rebuke, couched though it was in courteous phrases, and he never again sought to interfere with liberty of conscience.

The Reign of Stuyvesant

Stuyvesant, whose strong points and weak ones were those of a soldier, was often more successful in dealing with his foes than with his friends, as when in 1655 he faced and averted a threatened general massacre of the colonists by the Indians. The savages, thanks to the new director's tact and firmness, had made no trouble since the conclusion of Kieft's war, and that they now reverted to their old ways was due wholly to the stupid cruelty of one man, Hendrick van Dyck, of New Amsterdam. On a September afternoon in 1655 Van Dyck shot and killed an Indian squaw, whom he found stealing peaches in his orchard. It was a wanton and foolish act, and it bore terrible retribution. Stuyvesant and the military were absent on an expedition to the Delaware. The murdered woman's tribe, cognizant of this fact, quickly gathered the warriors of all the river tribes, and in the early morning of September 15 nearly 2,000 of them swarmed into New Amsterdam, declaring that they came in search of some Indians from the north. A parley between the magistrates and the sachems was held in the fort, and the intruders were finally persuaded to betake themselves in their canoes to Governor's Island. They returned, however, at nightfall, and surrounding Van Dyck's house sent an arrow through his heart, while Paul van der Grist, who lived next door, coming to the rescue, was struck down with an axe. The startled burghers instantly rallied to a desperate defence, and drove the savages to their canoes, but only to change the scene of destruction. The Indians paddled to the Jersey shore, laid Pavonia and Hoboken in ashes, and thence crossed to and devastated Staten Island. The Gravesend colony was again attacked, and the other Long Island settlements threatened with extinction. Within three days 100 settlers were killed, 150 taken prisoners and 300 lost their homes. Not a few were put to death with fiendish tortures. Such was the gruesome condition of affairs that confronted Stuyvesant upon his return from the Delaware. He acted with firmness and good sense, and, while making ready for an aggressive campaign, strove by

PARADISE BAY- SHELTER ISLAND.

kind words and presents to placate the Indians. Success, in the end, attended his efforts. The Indians, alarmed by his preparations and pacified by his presents, consented to release their prisoners, and sign a new treaty of peace.

The first naval war between England and Holland brought a train of evils to the people of New Netherland and especially to those of Long Island. Pirates and robbers, taking advantage of the unsettled conditions thus produced, infested the shores of the island and preyed upon the settlers. Soon the English residents, who at first had heartily supported Stuyvesant, began to mutter threats of mutiny at the inadequate measures taken for their security, and in December, 1653, the director, with ill-concealed reluctance, allowed a popular convention to assemble at New Amsterdam for the discussion of public affairs. Four English and four Dutch towns were represented by ten Dutch and nine English delegates, all of whom signed a Remonstrance drawn up by George Baxter, of Gravesend, and addressed to the States General. This Remonstrance grouped the grievances of the colonists under six headings:

First—The fear of the establishment of an arbitrary government. New laws had been enacted by the director and council, without the knowledge or consent of the people, which practice was "contrary to the granted privileges of the Netherland government, and odious to every free born man, and especially so to those whom God has placed under a free state, in newly settled lands, who are entitled to claim laws, not transcending, but resembling as near as possible those of the Netherlands." Second—The provincial government having failed to protect the people against the savages, the people must look to their own defence. Third—Officers and magistrates had been appointed to many places, without the consent or nomination of the people, and "contrary to the laws of the Netherlands." Fourth—Old orders and proclamation of the director and council, made without the knowledge of the people, remained obligatory, and through ignorance subjected them to

loss and punishment. Fifth—Promised patents, on the faith of which large improvements had been made, had been suspiciously delayed. Sixth—Large tracts of land had been granted to favored ones, to the great injury of the province.

A copy of the Remonstrance was delivered to Stuyvesant, with a demand for answer to each of its heads, but from the rebuke thus implied the director took refuge in subterfuge and evasion. Breuckelen, Midwout and Amersfoort, he declared could not rightfully send delegates to a popular convention, while the other members were "a few unqualified delegates, who assume, without authority, the name and title of commonalty." The appointment of magistrates by the director and council would be continued until other orders came from Holland. If their nomination and election "were to be left to the populace, who were the most interested, then each would vote for one of his own stamp; the thief for a thief; the rogue, the tippler and the smuggler for his brother in iniquity, so that he may enjoy more latitude in vice and fraud." The delegates, however, refused to be silenced. They appealed, in their rejoinder to the "law of nature," which permits all men to assemble for the protection of their liberties and their property; and declared that, if the director still refused to consider the several points of their remonstrance, they would protest to the States General and the West India Company. Stuyvesant, having already exhausted argument, now resorted to force. "We derive our authority from God and the Company, not from a few ignorant subjects, and we alone can call the inhabitants together," and with this parting defiance he turned the convention out of doors. The West India Company, when it heard of these proceedings, heartily approved Stuyvesant's conduct, only chiding him for condescending to parley with the leaders of the rabble. "You ought," they wrote, "to have acted with more vigor against them. It is, therefore, our express command that you punish what has occurred as it deserves, so that others may be deterred in future from following such ex-

amples." Accordingly, Stuyvesant expelled from their civil offices George Baxter and James Hubbard, who had sat as delegates for Gravesend, and, when they retorted by flying the English flag at Gravesend, promptly locked them up in Fort Amsterdam, where they remained the better part of a year.

Stuyvesant's triumph was, for the moment, complete. Meantime, to counterbalance the influence of the English settlements in western Long Island,—he had, in 1650, practically abandoned to New England all claim to the eastern end of the island,—he hastened to grant municipal privileges to Breuckelen, Amersfoort and Midwout. The number of Breuckelen's schepens was increased to four, and David Provoost was made the town's first separate schout. Midwout received the right to nominate three, and Amersfoort was given two schepens. A district court was also organized, composed of delegates from each town court, with general authority to regulate roads, build churches, establish schools, and make local laws for the government of the district, subject to the approval of Stuyvesant and his council. The director, however, kept a watchful eye on the affairs of the Dutch towns, and saw to it that every burgher performed his just share of service to the state. In 1654 Jan Evertsen Bout declined to act as schepen of Breuckelen, incautiously declaring that he would rather go back to Holland than continue to perform such burdensome duties. But no excuses regarding his private business were accepted, and though Bout had served for previous terms and filled other colonial offices he was not allowed to retire. Instead, the sheriff was formally ordered to notify him of these summary commands of the director: "If you will not accept to serve as schepen for the welfare of the village of Breuckelen, with others, your fellow-residents then you must prepare yourself to sail in the ship *King Solomon* for Holland, agreeably to your utterance." This threat of deportation served its purpose, and no further declinations in Breuckelen offices troubled the council.

The municipal privileges granted to Breuckelen, Midwout

and Amersfoort bore date April, 1654. Two years later several residents of Hempstead asked permission to begin a plantation about midway between that village and Amersfoort, and Stuyvesant granted them leave to establish a town with such privileges "as the inhabitants of New Netherland generally do possess in their lands, and likewise in the choice of their magistrates as in the other villages or towns." The new settlement was named by the Dutch Rustdorp, meaning quiet village, but the settlers themselves wished to call it Jameco, after the Indian name of the beaver pond in its neighborhood, and the village is now known as Jamaica. This was the last settlement planted on Long Island under Dutch auspices. The rule of the West India Company and the States General was drawing to an end, and the control of New Netherland was about to pass to other hands. But before entering upon this new chapter in the history of the province, let us turn aside for a glimpse of the life and customs of a people, who, despite all changes of political mastery, remained Dutch to the core.

Dutch Days and Ways

REMOTE and curious to the people of a latter time seems the life led by the Dutch settlers of Long Island, a life that underwent few outward changes during the better part of two hundred years. The first houses built on the island were, as a rule of stone, lighted by narrow windows, and protected against Indian marauders by strong palisades. Snugness, economy and safety were the ends kept in mind by their builders. The palisades which girt them about disappeared as time went on, and the houses themselves grew in size as the struggling pioneer days came to an end, but they were always long and low, seldom more than a story and a half in height. Now and then the roof was pierced by dormer windows, but more often there was an unbroken descent from the ridgepole, which at the front extended so as to cover a piazza, and at the rear came within six or eight feet of the ground. The windows had shutters of wood, turning upon heavy iron hinges, and with crescent openings cut in the tops to admit the light in the early dawn. Many of the houses built before 1800 had a projecting beam above, to which, on occasion, tackle was fastened for the hoisting of heavy articles into the roomy garret; and, when of brick, had the date of their erection upon the front, the figures built in with darker-colored brick, or made of iron and driven into the wall. The windows had rarely less than nine panes in each of their two halves; and the front door was always cut in two, with knocker of brass or iron, and its upper half lighted by two round glasses called bulls'-eyes. Both knocker and bulls'-eyes were borrowed from the motherland, and the former was an object of assiduous care on the part of the Dutch matron.

Broad throated chimneys rose from each gable-end, and when the house was built in a village, the long "front stoop"

gave directly upon the street. This "front stoop," when weather permitted, was the spot most frequented by the family, and upon the seats which flanked its ends family and neighbors foregathered of an evening, the women to sew and spin, and the men to discuss, over their pipes and beer, the gossip of the countryside. Wings were added to these old houses when the growth of the family made it necessary, and while slavery held, a kitchen at the rear, standing close to but detached from the house, formed the quarters for the colored people. The sides and gable ends of the main structure were sometimes of rough unhewn stone, covered with stucco, but brick early came into favor, and remained the material most used, till a later generation took to building the wooden houses, of which more than one quaint example survive in Brooklyn suburbs. But whether of brick or stone, the roofs were of shingles, as also were the gable ends above the projection of the piazza, clapboards not coming into use until the last century.

The interior of the Dutch houses spoke a love of space and comfort. The ceilings were always low, with heavy hewn beams projected across those of the first floor; but the rooms were large, and had surbases of tiles, while in houses of an early date the fireplaces were of such generous size as to occupy nearly the entire side of the rooms. These, too, were tiled in the best rooms, and had shovel and tongs, fender and andirons of brightly polished brass. "The natural economy of the Dutchmen," we are told, "was not exercised in a way that would curtail the comfort of their families, and the woodland, which formed a part of all the large farms, rendered the supply of fuel such as to be only limited by the wants of the household or the leisure to pile up the wood-yard." Whittier's "Snow Bound" tells how the wood-fires were laid in his New England home, and his description holds good of the arrangement of the logs in the Long Island homestead of the colonial period:

"The oaken log, green, huge and thick
And on its top the stout back-stick:
The knotty fore-stick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear."

With such a fire lighting up its wainscoted walls, a comfortable place was the Dutch kitchen, which, in early times, was also the family sitting-room. White sea-sand, shaped into curious patterns with the broom, covered the floor; a generous store of tin pans and pewter vessels hung upon the walls, and in a corner stood the kitchen "dresser," with its shining array of blue or brown dishes, plates, bowls and platters. The Dutch home maker also gave loving care to the building of his cellar, entered from without by means of sloping doors over the steps. This cellar, with its walls of unhewn stone and its brick or earthen floor, never failed to be as broad as the house itself, and it had need to be, for within its confines were stored in autumn all the pork and beef, fish, butter and vegetables required for family use during the long winter. There were bins of apples and potatoes, turnips and parsnips; barrels of vinegar and cider, and of salted pork and beef; firkins of salted shad and mackerel, of butter and lard; jars of pickles and kegs of pigs' feet, while festoons of sausage hung in the cold cellar pantry, and head-cheese burdened the swinging-shelves, which afforded sure protection against foraging mice.

No less interesting in its way was the garret of the Dutch homestead. "Here," writes Mrs. Vanderbilt, "might be seen a corded bedstead with, perhaps, a dislocated leg, serving to support the feather-beds not in use, the huge pile carefully covered with a faded but clean patchwork quilt. Here one would find long chests on ball feet; the cradle and the crib outgrown by the children; bags of feathers for future pillows; the quilting frame; old hairy trunks looking as if the animal that furnished the leather had been mangy; old bandboxes, used at a time when the ladies' bonnets were huge in size; and furni-

ture in all stages of dilapidation. All these things were placed in orderly rows along the roof between the beams, which, like watchful policemen, gave a rap on the head to the intruder who unwarily came too near the slope which they supported. It was in this roomy garret that the careful housewife had the week's washing hung in stormy weather. The clotheslines were stretched from side to side, and thus, when in winter the ground was covered with snow, it was a convenience to have the great basket of clothes carried up and hung out here, to freeze and dry undisturbed and out of the way; for in those days the laundry was not a room apart, the washing and ironing being done in the kitchen. The great spinning-wheels, which have been unused for so many years, were also stowed away close to the eaves in these capacious garrets. Near them remnants of flax hang on projecting wooden pegs, and hanks of thread are tucked between the beams and the time-stained shingles of the roof, as if the good old dames proposed to come back soon and resume their spinning; but, meantime, the Fates, who spin the thread of human existence had taken the distaff, and cut their thread of life before they could return to their wheels."

The place of honor in the parlor of the Dutch homestead, only used upon state occasions, was held by the guest's bed, pride of the Dutch matron, with its curtains and valance of camlet and killeminster, and in one corner of the same room stood a huge chest, built of oak, bound with iron, and filled to overflowing with household linen spun by the women of the family. Another corner held the Holland cupboard, with its glass doors, displaying the family plate and porcelain. Sofas, couches and rocking chairs still belonged to the future, and the best chairs of the Long Island housewife were straight, high-backed affairs of Russia leather, profusely ornamented with double and triple rows of brass nails. "These chairs were of such excellent workmanship and material that many of them may still be found in families in which, although in daily use, they have been preserved for more than two hundred years. A low

BROADWAY, FLUSHING.

chair, with a seat of twisted osier, on which was tied a loose feather-filled cushion, covered with some gay material, was generally placed in a corner of the kitchen near a sunny window with a southern exposure. In front of this stood an array of favorite plants—roses, geraniums or stock-gillies. On the back of this chair hung the bag of knitting, the little red stocking, and the shining needles plainly visible, indicating that this was the favorite seat of the industrious mother of the family, and that this was the work that she took up in her leisure moments; or a basket of patchwork held its place upon a low stool beside the chair, also to be snatched up at odd intervals. In the corner of the fireplace stood the broad-seated armchair of father or grandfather, convenient to the narrow mantel-shelf on which lay crossed the long pipes, ready for use."

Rope-corded bedsteads were the only ones in use, and it required a man's strength to turn the machine that tightened the ropes in cording these beds when they were put together. "When the bedstead was duly corded and strung to the required tension, then a straw bed, in a case of brown, home-made linen, was first placed over the cords, and upon this were piled feather beds to the number of three or four, and even more if this was the spare-room bedstead. The sheets and pillow-cases were always of linen. Homespun open-work or knit lace often ornamented the end of the pillow-cases, and this was made the more conspicuous by a strip of some bright color beneath it. The blankets were home-made, and were woven from the wool of the sheep sheared upon the farm. Upper coverings for beds were also made in the family, by dyeing the wool or flax and weaving the cloth in figures. Many bedsteads had the four posts richly carved, reached to the ceiling, and were surmounted with a tester. For young children a small bed called a trundle bed was frequently used. This was, as the name implies, a low bedstead upon rollers, which during the day was rolled under the great high-post bedstead and hidden by the valance. At night this was rolled out at the side of the mother, and was con-

venient for her watchful care over the little ones; for the Dutch mother never gave up the care of her children to others, even in families where the colored people in the kitchen were numerous enough and willing to relieve her. The cradles were not the pretty, satin-lined, rattan baskets which rock the children of this generation. They were of heavy, solid mahogany, with a mahogany roof, if we may so call it, which extended one-third of the length above, to shield the light from the eyes of the little sleeper. These cradles were handed down from generation to generation, and some of them are still in existence. With the cradle there has also survived an old Dutch lullaby which tells us that to climb up to father's or mother's knee was for the child a little throne whereon he might be as happy as were the little pigs among the beans, the cows among the clover, the horses among the oats, and the ducks splashing in the water."

Mrs. Sigourney in her autobiography describes the food and clothing of New England children during her childhood, and her description may also be accepted as a faithful account of household life on Long Island during the same period. "The diet allotted to children in those days," she writes, "was judicious and remarkably simple. Well-fermented and thoroughly-baked bread of the mingled Indian and rye meal, and rich, creamy milk were among its prominent elements. I never tasted any bread so sweet as those large loafs, made in capacious iron basins. Light, wheaten biscuits, delicious, gold-colored butter, always made in the family, custards, puddings, delicate pastry, succulent vegetables and fruits, gave sufficient variety of condiment to the repasts allotted to us. The extreme regularity and early hours for meals—twelve being always the time for dinner—obviated in a great measure the necessity of intermediates, and saved that perpetual eating in which some little ones fall until the digestive powers are impaired in their incipient action. If sport, or exercise in the garden, led me to desire refreshment between the regular meals, a piece of brown bread was given me without butter, and I was content. Candies and

confectionery were strangers to us primitive people. The stomach not being unduly stimulated, no morbid tastes were formed and no undue mixture of saccharine or oleaginous matter caused effervescence and disease. The name of dyspepsia, with its offspring stretching out like the line of Banquo, I never heard in early years. Spices were untasted, unless it might be a little nutmeg in the sauce of our rice puddings. When seated at the table I was never asked whether I liked or disliked aught that appeared there. It never occurred to me whether I did or not. I never doubted but what I should be fed with food convenient for me. I was helped to what was deemed proper, and there was never any necessity to ask for more. It did not appear to me, from aught that I saw or heard, that the pleasure of eating was one of the main ends of existence. My costume was simple. Stays, corsets or frames of whalebone I never wore. Frocks, low in the neck, and with short sleeves, were used both winter and summer. Houses had neither furnaces nor grates for coal, and churches had no means of being warmed, but I cannot recollect suffering inconvenience from cold. Thick shoes and stockings were deemed essential, and great care was taken that I should never go with wet feet. Clear, abundant wood fires sparkled in every chimney, and I was always directed, in cold seasons, to sit with my feet near them until thoroughly warmed, before retiring for the night."

Weddings among the Dutch settlers were celebrated at the house of the bride's parents, the ceremony being performed early in the evening in the presence of the immediate relatives, and the invited guests assembling at a later hour. "A table was bountifully spread, and no expense was spared to entertain the guests. The elderly people left at an early hour, but the younger guests continued the festivity until after midnight. The groomsman and bridesmaid were expected to assist at the serving of the supper, to see that the guests were all helped and to entertain the company. The cutting and giving the guests the bridal cake was also the work of the bridesmaids, and all pres-

ent expected to be provided with a piece to carry home. The custom of having a large circle of friends and relatives present at a wedding was very general, for it was considered the proper time for rejoicing and merry-making, but there were no wedding journeys. Instead, the day after the wedding, the bridal party went, accompanied by the bridesmaids and groomsman, to the house of the parents of the groom, where the bride was welcomed by her husband's parents, and there was a renewal of the festivity of the previous night. Much visiting followed upon the occasion of a wedding, and the bride and groom were invited by their relatives and friends, and entertained at tea-drinkings and evening suppers in a continued round of gayety. It was also customary for the bride to wear her bridal dress to church on the Sunday following her marriage, and the young couple were accompanied to service by the bridesmaids and groomsmen, who took seats with them. Some rich and handsome fabric was chosen for the bridal dress, which could be worn upon other occasions, this practical view of things showing itself among the Dutch even in their festivities, and, as bright colors were then worn by men as well as women, it was considered a delicate compliment to the bride for the groom to recognize her taste in dress by adopting the same color in his own, the petticoat of the one and the waistcoat of the other being often from the same piece of damask. The engagement ring which the maiden expects from her lover in this age was not looked for, or it was left optional as to whether it should be given or not. A gold ring was generally a wedding gift, although it was not used in the ceremony of the Dutch church."

No less interesting and characteristic were the funeral customs of the Dutch settlers. Food and drink were abundantly offered on such occasions, and a bill of the funeral expenses of a resident of Flatbush, still extant, includes among other items "twenty gallons of good wine, and two of spirits." Indeed, tradition has it, that the choicest wines were always held in reserve for funeral purposes. "When a death occurred in a Dutch

family, the sexton of the church was at once sent for, and to him was committed the business of inviting the friends to the funeral. He went from house to house and personally gave an invitation to every family. If any one was known to be seriously ill, the approach of the sexton, as he proceeded on his errand, was as certain an indication of death as if he had already announced the summons to the funeral. The news of a death and the invitation to friends at a distance were generally given through the assistance of the neighbors. Two or three young men volunteered for this purpose, and divided between themselves the routes through the different towns to which they were requested to drive and deliver the announcement. Undertakers being as yet unknown, the local cabinet-maker was called upon to make a coffin. Some woman in the neighborhood was expected to make the shroud, if it was not already in the house, ready made years before, as was often the case. This may seem remarkable, but most persons having reached middle life felt it to be their duty to see that they had a shroud made, so that in case of sudden death their family would not be obliged to have it made in haste for them."

Burials were usually made the third day after death. A bier was used to carry the dead when the funeral was not too far from the village graveyard, but in other cases the pall-bearers, of whom there were eight, and who were usually of the same age as the dead, carried the coffin from the house to the hearse, and from the hearse to the grave. When the dead person was of ripe age, "white scarfs containing three yards of linen were presented to the pall-bearers. When scarfs were not presented, the gift consisted either of black gloves or black silk handkerchiefs. The clergyman officiating at the burial service, and the family physician who had been in attendance, were included in the number of those who received these gifts. Not only were the women of the family clothed in crape upon the death of a friend, but the men wore heavy bands of crape upon their hats. This was not as now, merely a close-fitting band,

but, after encircling the hat from crown to brim, a long piece of the same was left hanging to reach almost to the shoulder. This was shortened at a later time by pinning it into a fold at the back, which fold stood out at a right angle to the hat, and, finally cutting off all superfluous length, it appeared only as the band of crape at present worn." More than one strange, superstitious custom, be it said in closing, was prevalent among the Dutch pioneers. Thus, a coffin was never placed near a mirror, and all the looking glasses in the house were carefully covered, while among those who owned many hives of bees, it was usual, in case of a death in the family, to knock on the hives and inform the bees of the fact, "lest the bees should leave."

Mention has already been made of the huge chests which held their place in every Dutch homestead. These were of cherry or other dark, hard wood, and in size and shape were not unlike the elaborately carved coffers one sees in Italian and German museums, but in the simple homes of the Dutch pioneers, "they held no costly treasures of jewels and gold; they were the receptacles for the rolls of homespun, from which the bed-linen, table-linen, and toweling were cut. When the young wife was about to leave her father's house, it was from these stores that she received the linen for her new home. A style of bureau, of more recent origin than these chests, consisted of inclosed shelves in the upper portion, a writing desk with pigeon-holes and compartments in the central division, and drawers below. It was ornamented with plates of brass around the key-holes of the locks, and there were brass handles and plates upon the drawers. The desk portion had frequently secret divisions and hidden drawers, to be opened by unseen springs, which revealed places for concealing valuable papers and money. At a time when safe-deposit companies and patent safes still belonged to a remote future, the old parchment wills, bonds and mortgages were generally kept within these secret compartments."

There were few clocks and watches in use among the Dutch

pioneers, their place being taken by sun-dials and hour-glasses, but so regular were the lives of the people that the lack of time-pieces made small difference to them. They rose at cock crowing, Mrs. Booth tells us, breakfasted at dawn, and went about their daily tasks. Dinner was on the table when the sun reached the noon-mark. This meal finished, "the worthy Dutch matrons would array themselves in their best linsey-jackets and petticoats of their own spinning, and putting a half-finished stocking into the capacious pocket which hung from their girdle, with scissors, pin-cushion and keys outside their dress, sally forth to a neighbor's house to spend the afternoon. Here they plied their knitting needles and their tongues at the same time, discussed the village gossip, settled their neighbor's affairs to their own satisfaction, and finished their stockings in time for tea, which was on the table at six o'clock. This was the occasion for the display of the family plate and the cups of rare old china, out of which the guests sipped the fragrant bohea, sweetening it by an occasional bite from the huge lump of loaf sugar which was laid invariably by the side of each plate, while they discussed the hostess' apple pies, doughnuts and waffles. Tea over, the party donned their cloaks and hoods, for bonnets were not, and set out straightway for home in order to be in time to superintend the milking and look after their household affairs before bedtime," which came precisely at 9 o'clock.

Mrs. Booth also tells us that the dress of these buxom dames "consisted of a jacket of cloth or silk, and a number of short petticoats of every stuff and color, quilted in fanciful figures. If the pride of the Dutch matrons lay in their beds and linen, that of the Dutch maidens lay equally in their elaborately wrought petticoats, which were their own handiwork, and often constituted their only dowry. They wore blue, red and green worsted stockings of their own knitting, with parti-colored clocks, together with high-heeled leather shoes. Considerable jewelry was in use among them in the shape of rings and brooches, and girdle chains of gold and silver were much in

vogue among the most fashionable belles. These were attached to the richly-bound Bibles and hymn-books and suspended from the belt outside the dress, thus forming an ostentatious Sunday decoration. For necklaces, they wore numerous strings of gold beads, and the poorer classes, in humble imitation, encircled their throats with glass beads, and strings of Job's tears, the fruit of a plant thought to possess some medicinal virtues."

Laborers and artisans went clad in blouses or in jackets, and in wide, baggy breeches, but the well-to-do chose for holiday wear the same rich raiment as did their brethren of the Old World—"long-waisted coats, with skirts reaching almost to the ankles, vests with large flaps, and numerous pairs of breeches. The coats and vests were trimmed with large silver buttons, and decorated with lace. The low-crowned hats were made of beaver, and caps of fur and taffeta were also much in vogue. Though this costume was somewhat ponderous, the men do not appear to have fallen behind the women in extravagance in dress. Taffeta, plush and velvet were the favorite materials for their habiliments; their shoe-buckles and buttons were of solid silver, and they sported silver-hilted small swords and ivory-mounted canes." Their workaday garb, however, "was of good substantial homespun. Every household had from two to six spinning-wheels for wool and flax whereon the women of the family expended every leisure moment. Looms, too, were in common use, and piles of homespun cloth and snow-white linen attested to the industry of the active Dutch maidens. Hoards of home-made stuffs were thus accumulated in the settlement, sufficient to last till a distant generation."

There were no idlers in the New Netherland of Stuyvesant's time, yet the Dutch were a pleasure-loving people, and found leisure for an abundance of homely and hearty sports. Dancing was a favorite amusement, and every extra task was made the occasion for a social gathering, this in obedience to the ancient maxim that "many hands make light work." Thus there were quilting-bees, apple-bees, husking-bees, and raising-

bees, whereat, the allotted task completed, the workers sat down to a bountiful meal, and then ended the evening with a merry dance. Each family had holidays of its own, such as birthdays and marriage anniversaries, and there were besides five national festivals which were observed throughout the colony. These were Christmas, New Year, Easter, Whitsuntide and St. Nicholas or Christ-Kinkle Day. The women of New Netherland on New Year's day decorated their houses with all the art at their command, and in silk and taffeta welcomed the dignitaries of the neighborhood. No gentleman who counted himself eligible to good society failed to call on every lady of his acquaintance on the first day of the year. The custom grew in popularity with the growth of the city, and as the English and French contributed to the increasing population, they adopted it with especial zest. Other communities in more recent times, have copied it from New York until it seems to have found favor in almost every place of any size on the continent.

Christmas and Christ-Kinkle, however, were the days best beloved by the little folks, if not by those of a larger growth. While the Puritans of New England banned Santa Claus, the Dutch of New Netherland gladly welcomed and honored him. Tradition, in fact, has it that the figure of St. Nicholas presided as the figure-head of the ship that brought the first settlers to Manhattan Island, and he was esteemed the patron saint of the colony, giving his name, as we know, to the first church built within the walls of Fort Amsterdam. As the Dutch villages grew into towns large enough to be clothed with municipal privileges, the yearly celebration of Christmas was endorsed by the authorities, and the whole business of the community suspended, not only for one day but for several days in succession, even all unnecessary household work being laid aside until the end of the holiday season. Church and houses were trimmed with evergreens, and these, as a rule, were not removed until Candlemas. Joy ruled the hour, and old and young, grave and gay, joined in all manner of cheerful games as well as boisterous

revels. Among the records of the burgomasters and schepens are several paragraphs showing that the peppery Stuyvesant frowned upon a few of the practices in vogue, one occasion absolutely refusing to allow some of the people, who had sought his consent, to "ride the goose" at one of the annual feasts. But family reunions, exchange of presents, and home frolics were never omitted, even in the director's household.

Santa Claus, in the minds of the Dutch younkers, was a rotund, rosy-cheeked old man, with a low-crowned hat, a pair of Flemish trunk-hose, and a pipe of surprising length, who drove his reindeer sleigh loaded with gifts from the frozen regions of the North over the roofs of New Netherland, and stole down each chimney to fill with toys the stockings of all good children, while the Christmas tree was adopted in New Netherland long before its appearance in any other colony. Carpers tells us that the legend and the custom of the olden time are slowly passing away, but those who hold the illusions of childhood in loving and grateful memory prefer to believe that the day is still far distant when kindly saint and bursting tree will cease to have a foremost place in the Yuletide rejoicings of the modern State.

THE WHIP MILL AT BABYLON.

A Change of Rulers

DISPUTES between the Dutch and English communities in America continued during the whole of Stuyvesant's time. The English, who, as we know, claimed the entire continent as having been discovered by Cabot, looked with covetous eye upon the rich possessions of their Dutch neighbors; despite the threats and protests of Stuyvesant, the Dutch in 1650 were compelled to abandon all claim to New England territory; Westchester and eastern Long Island fell successively into the hands of their rivals, and as the latter slowly yet surely extended their rule, men who could read aright the signs of the times saw clearly that they would be content with nothing less than the whole of New Netherland. Indeed, whenever the Dutch and English were at war New Netherland had always to fear the threatened attack of some English squadron. Cromwell in 1654 sent four ships to America, and this fleet, manned by 200 English regulars and thrice as many New England volunteers, was about to sail from Boston for New Amsterdam when word came that peace had been made between the Lord Protector and their High Mightinesses, and the Dutch colony was given a fresh lease of life.

Ten years later, however, the always-dreaded blow really fell. There was peace at the time between England and Holland, but that fact had small weight with the Stuart king, who then ruled the former country, and there were, on the other hand, strong reasons for his asserting by force his claim upon New Netherland. No European goods, it had been enacted by Parliament, should be brought into the English colonies in America except in English vessels sailing from England, but this law promised to be more honored in the breach than the

observance so long as the Dutch retained control of New Netherland. More than that, control of the Hudson river, the main outlet of the profitable fur trade, eagerly coveted by England, was also essential to the military command of the continent by the English. And so, pondering these facts, Charles II. resolved to sieze New Netherland by surprise, even if by so doing he brought on war with Holland.

Accordingly, in 1664, the king granted to his brother James, Duke of York and Albany, a patent of Long Island and of the mainland between the Connecticut and the Delaware, including the whole of the Dutch possessions in America Then the Duke of York, moving with the deepest secrecy, lest Holland should take alarm and send a fleet to the defense of New Netherland, dispatched four ships, with 500 veteran troops under command of Colonel Richard Nicolls, already appointed governor of the province about to be seized, to take possession of the coveted territory. The English squadron, re-enforced by a number of volunteers from the Connecticut colony, anchored in the Lower Bay on an August morning, in 1664, seized the blockhouse upon Staten Island, and cut off all communication between New Amsterdam and its neighbors.

Stuyvesant, trained soldier that he was, had long recognized the military weakness of his position, and had again and again appealed to the company for men and means to defend the province, but his appeals had been unheeded, and the coming of the English found the town ill-prepared to stand a siege. Fort Amsterdam mounted only twenty guns, with a scant supply of powder, and both the river banks were without defenses, while not more than 400 men were able to bear arms, and among these were many Englishmen who were secretly longing for the triumph of their countrymen. The enemy's ships, on the other hand, carried not less than 120 guns, and a fighting force of nearly 1,000 men. Stuyvesant wished to fight, even against such odds, but he was not allowed to have his way. Besides the English in the town and on Long Island there were

many disaffected Dutchmen, who, wearied of the company's narrow policy and the director's overbearing ways, were not averse to a change of masters; and when Nicolls coupled a summons to surrender with the assurance that the privileges of the Dutch should be in no wise restrained, but that they should continue to have full liberty to settle in the colony and to go and return thither in ships of their own country, Stuyvesant was urged by leading citizens to accept the terms of the English and save the town from sack. "I would rather be carried out dead," was his reply, but he was at length obliged to yield, and to order the white flag raised above the fort. Articles of capitulation were quickly agreed upon, and at 8 o'clock on the morning of September 8, 1664, the flag of the West India Company fell from Fort Amsterdam, and the Dutch soldiers, with Stuyvesant stumping sullenly at their head, marched to the waterside, where boats were lying to carry them to the ship which was to convey them to Holland. At the same time the English forces marched blithely down Broadway,—from where they had been waiting about in front of where Aldrich Court now stands; the flag of England went up over what then became Fort James, and Governor Nicolls formally took possession of town and province, in the name of the English king. And so, without the striking of a single blow, the rule of Holland in America came to an end.

Colonel Nicolls, who thus become the first governor of New York, as New Netherland was promptly renamed, was a man of shrewdness and sagacity, and he managed with tact and moderation the delicate task he had taken in hand. All classes were protected alike in person and property, and the better part of a year passed before the government of the colony was reorganized in accordance with English customs. This change was made in June, 1665, and at the same time there was promulgated a code known as The Duke's Laws, which proved to be liberal both in letter and spirit. The burghers of New Amsterdam complained, not without reason, when Nicolls summoned

only the people of Long Island and Westchester, where the English were in the majority, to consider the new code, and the Dutch on both sides of the river objected to the establishment of trial by jury, preferring their own simpler ways of securing justice; but all classes heartily approved the clause in the code which provided that no Christian should be in any wise molested for his religious opinions. Nor did the introduction of the Church of England and its services prove a source of friction. Here again conciliation was the watchword, and for a time Dutch domine and English chaplain made common use of the existing places of worship.

The peace of Breda, signed in 1667, formally ceded New Netherland to the English in exchange for Surinam, and in the following year Nicolls resigned the governorship. He was succeeded by Colonel Francis Lovelace, a worthy and well-meaning man, under whom the colony continued to prosper. Lovelace, however, was not long permitted to direct its affairs. The third naval war between England and Holland broke out in 1672, and in August of the following year a powerful Dutch fleet, which had been cruising in the West Indies to harrass the English, dropped anchor in New York harbor. Lovelace being absent on Long Island, the English commander in the fort sought to make terms with the invaders, but they would listen to nothing save instant and unconditional surrender. "We have come for our own," was their message, "and our own we will have." The Dutch militia would not fight against their countrymen, and so, after a brief exchange of volleys between garrison and fleet, the English flag was struck, and the fort surrendered to the Dutch troops. There was little delay in undoing the work of the ousted English, Anthony Colve, a captain of infantry, being made governor of the province, which resumed its old name of New Netherland. Colve proved a most energetic ruler, putting down with a strong hand all resistance to his authority, but his sway lasted only a year and a quarter. The treaty of Westminster, which ended

the war, in which England and France were united against Holland, provided for the mutual restitution of all conquered, and in November, 1764, the province of New Netherland was again given up to the English.

The terms of this treaty transferred New Netherland from the States General to Charles II., but that monarch granted it afresh to his brother, and the Duke of York chose as governor of the province a young and dashing major of dragoons, Edmund Andros by name. The new governor at once reinstated the Duke's Laws and the English form of government, and in many ways impressed the stamp of a strong individuality on the affairs of the colony. But the colonists chafed under the absolutist rule of a royal deputy. A stubborn love of liberty was common to both of the races which made up the bulk of the populace, and it had been the hope of a majority that the first change from Dutch to English rule would result in self-government with a regular legislative assembly. Nothing had come of this hope under Nicolls and Lovelace. Both were loyal servants of their master, and James Stuart held to the view that popular assemblies were dangerous and useless institutions. Delay, however, only added to the discontent of the colonists, and no sooner was Andros installed in office than they renewed their petition for an assembly. Again it was denied, and the rule of the Stuart governor continued without constitutional check.

But early in 1681 Andros, summoned home to answer complaints against his methods that had found their way across the sea, sailed for England, and the colonists, emboldened by his absence, at once put forward a fresh demand for a legislative assembly. A New York grand jury formally presented to the court that the lack of such an assembly was a grievance, which view was promptly adopted by the court, the judges whereof accepted as their own and forwarded to the duke a petition drawn up by the high sheriff of Long Island. This document declared government without representation to be an intolerable burden

upon the colonists; called attention to the freer and more flourishing colonies by which New York was flanked on either hand, and prayed that thereafter the province should be ruled by a governor, council and assembly, the latter to be elected by the colonial free-holders. The sequel proved this petition to have been happily timed. The duke when it reached him, discouraged by the stoppage of the collection of taxes, was seriously considering the sale of "his unproductive province to whoever would offer a fair price for it; but the counsel of William Penn caused him to adopt another course. "Sell New York!" said the Quaker. "Don't think of such a thing. Give it self-government and there will be no more trouble." And the duke, in one of his gracious moods, concluded to take Penn's advice.

Accordingly, Andros, who had readily satisfied the duke as to his official conduct, was made a gentleman of the King's chamber and presented with a long lease of the island of Alderney, while in his place Colonel Thomas Dongan, a Roman Catholic Irishman, of high birth and character, and of unusual capacity, was made governor of New York, with instructions to call the long hoped-for general assembly of the people. Dongan, who was to prove himself the best of the colonial governors of New York, reached his post in April, 1683, and, in October of the same year, the provincial assembly, which he had promptly summoned, convened in Fort James. The assembly included, besides the governor and ten councillors of his own choosing, eighteen representatives elected by the freeholders, and its first important act was to frame a Charter of Liberties, which ordained "that supreme legislative power should forever reside in the governor, council and people, met in general assembly; that every freeholder and freeman might vote for representatives without restraint; that no freeman should suffer but by judgment of his peers, and that all trials should be by a jury of twelve men; that no tax should be assessed on any pretense

whatever, but by the consent of the assembly; that no seaman or soldier should be quartered on the inhabitants against their will; that no martial law should exist; and that no person professing faith in God, by Jesus Christ, should at any time be in any way disquieted or questioned for any differences of opinion in matters of religion." This charter, a real and long step toward self-government, was sent to England for the duke's approval. It still awaited his signature, when in 1685 the death of Charles II, made the duke king and New York a royal province, a change which, as will presently appear, altered his policy toward his whilom domain. Nevertheless, the government of New York was carried on under its provisions for several years. Another important act of the first provincial assembly which demands a passing word conferred full rights of citizenship upon all white citizens who should take the oath of allegiance. This was designed to benefit the Huguenots, who were then being expelled from France, and who by thousands sought an asylum in America, many of them settling on Long Island.

The Charter of Liberties of 1683 also made material changes in the map of the province. Nicolls in 1665 had joined Long Island to Staten Island under the name of Yorkshire, and divided the newly created district into three Ridings, this in imitation of the original Yorkshire. Thus Suffolk county became the East Riding; the present Kings county, with Newtown and Staten Island, the West Riding, and the rest of Queens the North Riding. The Charter of Liberties, however, divided the province into ten counties, and Yorkshire disappeared from the map. The East Riding became Suffolk county, and Newtown a part of Queens county, while the five Dutch towns with Gravesend constituted Kings county. To all of the Long Island towns patents were reissued by Nicolls in his term, and by Dongan in his.

Governor Dongan had breadth and sagacity of mind, tact, magnetism, and the blithe humor and ready wit of his race. Wherever he went he won all hearts, and never was king better

served than was morose James II. by his Irish governor of New York. But already there was preparing another crisis in the history of colonial America. James Stuart once upon the throne resolved to make himself absolute master of his colonies as well as of the mother country. With this purpose in mind, in the spring of 1688 New England, New York and New Jersey, which a dozen years before had been separated from its parent colony, were thrown into one province. Their several charters, including New York's half-granted one, were abolished, and all the colonists put under the direct control of a single royal governor. Major Andros, who had now been knighted and made Sir Edmund, was sent over to assume the governorship, while Dongan, who would have had no stomach for so sorry a business, went home to Ireland to become, in due time, Earl of Limerick. It is a familiar story of how Andros took in hand the task cut out for him, serving all too faithfully a master whom Englishman were already preparing to pull from his throne, but it is a story that has a quick ending. Before the year was out William of Orange landed in Devonshire. The coming of another spring found the last Stuart king an exile beyond sea, and his governor of New England lodged in a Boston jail.

The downfall of Andros and his royal master was followed by a period of turmoil and confusion in New York. The mass of the citizens were eager to have done with their old officials, while the aristocratic and conservative class were for awaiting new instructions from William and Mary, who in the meantime had ascended the throne of England. Finally a committee of safety was appointed, and Jacob Leisler, a leading merchant of New York, chosen to be commander pending the arrival of a new governor. Leisler's principal lieutenant was his son-in-law, Jacob Milborne. The aristocratic party, however, rebelled against his authority, and two of its leaders, Nicholas Bayard and William Nicoll, were thrown into jail. Toward the end of 1690, King William appointed Henry Sloughter governor and Richard Ingoldsby lieutenant governor of the province. They

OYSTERMEN OF GREAT SOUTH BAY.

set sail for America, but Sloughter's ship was blown out of its course, and when Ingoldsby reached New York, early in February, 1691, Leisler refused to recognize his authority. For six weeks the two parties remained under arms, threatening each other, Ingoldsby's headquarters being in the City Hall and Leisler's in the fort. Then a skirmish took place in which several of Ingoldsby's soldiers were killed or wounded, while Leisler's militia, shielded by the fort, escaped unharmed. The following day Sloughter's ship entered the harbor and he at once landed and took command. Leisler had drawn his authority from the people, but one of Sloughter's first acts was to seize and imprison him, despite the fact that he had all along manifested willingness to resign his authority to a properly accredited representative of the king. Worse still, it was before a court made up in the main of men bitterly hostile to Leisler that the latter, with Milborne and others of his adherents, was, on March 30, brought for trial. The prisoners were charged with treason and murder, and how grievously justice was outraged in their trial is shown in the fact that the indictment to which they were called upon to plead falsely set forth that they had "forcibly held" the fort not against Ingoldsby, but against Sloughter himself, and that shots had been fired from it after instead of before his arrival. Some of their associates were tried and condemned upon evidence, but Leisler and Milborne denied the competency of the court, contending that it belonged to the king to declare whether the former had acted upon legal authority, and were as "mutes" condemned to death.

Though Sloughter had fallen under the empire of the aristocratic party there is little doubt that at this point, left to himself, he would gladly have stayed his hand. He refused at first to sign the death warrant of Leisler and Milborne, pardoned their associates and permitted them to apeal to the king. But the men who had brought about their condemnation, led by the embittered Bayard and Nicoll, thirsted for their blood, and finally found a way to mould the weak and worthless governor

to their purpose. A tradition in existence as early as 1698 has it that Bayard and his friends made a feast for Sloughter, and, when he was far gone in his cups, cajoled him into signing the death warrant. Be this as it may, the warrant was signed, and in the rain and gloom of a chill May morning, Leisler and Milborne were led forth to die. The gallows stood near the present site of the World Building in Park Row, on Leisler's own grounds, and in full view of his country seat. Weeping friends and satisfied foes made up the throng which came to witness the end, met by both men with noble resignation. "So far from revenge do we depart this world," declared Leisler, "that we require and make it our dying request to all our relations and friends, that they should in time to come be forgetful of any injury done to us, or either of us, so that on both sides the discord and dissension (which were created by the devil in the beginning) may with our ashes be buried in oblivion, never more to rise up for the trouble of posterity * * * Why must you die?" said he to Milborne. "You have been but a servant doing my will. What I have done has been but in the service of my king and queen, for the Protestant cause, and for the good of my country; and for this I must die. Some errors I have committed; for these I ask pardon. I forgive my enemies as I hope to be forgiven, and I entreat my children to do the same." Milborne's dying speech was also full of humility and forgiveness, although when he saw Robert Livingston, one of the anti-Leislerian leaders, standing near the scaffold, he exclaimed: "You have caused the King that I must now die, but before God's tribunal I will implead you for the same."

The drop fell, and in another moment Leisler and Milborne had passed into silence. Their bodies were taken down, and buried, by Leisler's own request, in his garden near the present site of the Sun Building. So perished the first governor of New York who drew his power from the people. Leisler had faults and fell into mistakes, but, as has been aptly said,

by another his chief blunder lay in overestimating the interest that William's government took in its province of New York, and the willingness of its agents to deal fairly by all New Yorkers. That blunder cost him his life, but his death, as the sequel proved, only served to quicken and strengthen the democratic spirit of which he had made himself the champion, and Americans, proud of our brave but modest beginnings, will always pronounce with respect a name inseparably associated with the first triumph of democracy in New York.

It is good to know that Leisler left a son proud of his acts, and able to defend them. The younger Jacob Leisler prosecuted in due time the appeal which had been denied his father; secured an order for the restoration of his confiscated estate, and finally, in 1698, obtained an act from the parliament of England which completely rehabilitated the dead man's memory. This act cancelled the judgments of the courts in New York and sustained Leisler's course as governor. Three years afterward the bodies of Leisler and Milborne, denied funeral honors at the time of their execution, were taken from their temporary resting place, and, with impressive ceremony, reinterred in a burial ground which stood in what is now Exchange Place. No man knows their present sepulture, nor has New York ever erected a fitting memorial to Leisler's life and work.

Colonel Sloughter came to New York charged with a message from King William to give the province a legislative assembly, and his first act after the arrest of Leisler was to issue writs for the election of such an assembly. It met in April, 1691, and, though a majority of its members were of the party opposed to Leisler, and resolutions were passed condemning his acts, its other proceedings gave proof of the democratic spirit which hereafter was to shape the affairs of the colony. Thus, while it declared its loyalty to William and Mary, it ascribed its own existence to the inherent right of freemen to be governed

through their own representatives, and it limited to two years the grant made for public expenditures.

Sloughter died suddenly in the midsummer of 1691, and Major Ingoldsby acted as governor until the arrival of Colonel Benjamin Fletcher in August of the following year. The new governor was a brave and capable soldier, but loose of life and morals, and wholly unfitted for a civil post. He arrayed himself on the side of the aristocrats as opposed to the Leislerians, who had now plucked up heart and were demanding a share in the government, and thus became embroiled in more than one angry dispute with the provincial assembly, in which though the suffrage was limited by a strict property qualification, the popular party had always its allies and mouthpieces. Fletcher sought at the same time, by prodigal and wholesale grants of the public lands, to divide the soil of the province among a few rich families, and to build up a system of great tenant-farmed estates. His grants were made to ministers and churches as well as to laymen, and he abetted private individuals in the acquisition of large tracts of land from the Indians, all, it would seem, with a settled purpose of concentrating wealth and power into the hands of the aristocracy and the Church of England, of which he was a devoted if not consistent member.

The Leislerians protested hotly against Fletcher's acts and policy, and, in 1698, the king recalled him. He was succeeded in the governorship by the Earl of Bellomont, an honest and resolute man, who forthwith attacked with a will the abuses that had sprung up under his predecessor. He forfeited such of the land grants made by Fletcher as smacked of fraud, and sought, though unsuccessfully, to establish the rule that no person in the province should hold more than one thousand acres of land. He was also a hearty believer in political equality, and in token of this belief made several of the Leislerian leaders members of his council, and saw to it that the estates of Leisler and Milborne were restored to their families. Thanks also to

his influence, the government became Leislerian in all its branches. Bellomont's course earned him the hostility of the powerful and favored classes who had profited by Fletcher's questionable acts, but the common people loved and trusted him, and bitter was their regret when, in 1701, he died suddenly, after a short rule of three years.

During the period of political contention and distrust covered by the administrations of Fletcher and Bellomont, and their immediate successors, the colony continued to thrive apace. Manufactures as yet were few. Men who went down to the sea in ships formed the bulk of New York's white population, and ocean industries were what most contributed to its growth and wealth. The river and coast trade claimed much of its enterprise and activity, but the sea trade with England, Africa and the Indies held first place, and in those troublous and not over-squeamish times, when commerce was other than the peaceful pursuit it has since become, a promising venture in privateering was often preferred to slower if safer sources of profit by the strong-stomached merchants and mariners of New York. Nor was the line dividing the privateer, who preyed upon certain nations at certain times from the pirate, who warred against all nations at all times, so sharply defined as to bar the way to generous gains when opportunity offered. There were plenty in the colony "who failed to draw any nice distinction between the two classes of vessels and the full-armed, strongly manned trading-ship, which was always ready to do privateering work in time of actual war, in time of peace was not unapt to hoist the black flag for the nonce in distant seas. Many a skipper who obeyed the law fairly well in Atlantic waters, felt free to do as he wished when he cruised through the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, while at Madagascar there was a regular station to which the New York merchants sent ships for the sole purpose of trading with the pirate vessels who carried their ill-gotten goods thither. There were plenty of adventurous young New Yorkers, of good blood,

who were themselves privateersmen, Red Sea men, or slavers; and in the throng of seafaring men of this type, the crews and captains of the pirate ships passed unchallenged. More than one sea-chief of doubtful antecedents held his head high among the New York people of position, on the infrequent occasions when he landed to revel and live at ease, while his black-hulled, craft was discharging her cargo, or refitting for another voyage."

The home government, however, failed to look with an approving eye on the colonists' free-and-easy relations with their piratical friends, and when in 1698 Fletcher was succeeded in the governorship by the Earl of Bellomont, the former came charged with orders to put a quick and sure ending to the Red Sea trade. But Lord Bellomont, though appointed governor in 1695, did not receive his commission until 1697, and in this interval of waiting, by a strange perversity of fortune, he had played a chief if an unwitting part in setting afloat one of the most notable pirates in history—William Kidd. Frequent conferences in the opening days of 1695 between King William and his council as to the best means of suppressing piracy ended in a decision to make it a private undertaking, and a proposition, Dunlap tells us, "to purchase and arm a ship for this service met encouragement so far that the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Chancellor Somers, the Earls of Romney and Oxford, became sharers in the enterprise with Bellomont,—the latter taking upon himself the equipment of the vessel." A captain of known honesty and valor was needed, and Robert Livingston, of New York, who was then in London, and who seems to have been a prime mover in the affair, recommended Kidd as the man for the command. Livingston had good grounds for his recommendation. Kidd, a native of Greenock, in Scotland, had followed the sea from his youth; had proved his bravery in privateering ventures against the French, and for some years had commanded the packet ship "Antigua," trading between London and New York, where he made his home.

Kidd became a member of the Bellomont syndicate, and took shares to the amount of £6,000, Livingston signing his bond for one-half of that amount. Then, a total of £30,000 having been subscribed, and a thirty-six gun frigate, the "Adventure," duly equipped, he was given letters of marque against the French and a special commission to arrest all pirates wheresoever found and to bring them to trial. The proceeds of the cruise were to be divided among the members of the syndicate, after a royalty of ten per cent. had been reserved for the King; and to strengthen the bargain, Livingston joined with Kidd in giving a bond to render a strict account of all prizes to Lord Bellomont. These details completed, Kidd, with a crew of fifty men, in April, 1696, sailed for New York. There he lay long enough to treble his crew, and early in 1697 set sail for Madagascar. The sequel proved that his errand had been hatched under an evil star. The voyage to Madagascar consumed nine months and brought the crew to the verge of famine. Moreover, neither pirates nor French vessels were encountered on the way, nor were any of the former to be found in their usual haunts when the "Adventure" reached Madagascar. Kidd accordingly sailed for the Malabar coast, but further quest brought no legitimate prize of any sort, and the crew, which had been recruited on the basis of "no prize, no pay," now demanded that the captain attack the first vessel he should meet. Kidd seems to have been reluctant to yield to the demand, and in one of the disputes with his men he struck and killed a gunner, William Moore. Nevertheless he finally yielded to the clamors of the crew, and the "Adventure" replaced her ensign with the black flag. The first prize taken were two or three ships of the Great Mogul, but the most important capture of all, made in January, 1698, was the "Quedah Merchant," a large and richly laden vessel owned by Armenian traders. Kidd carried his prize to Madagascar where its cargo fetched a large sum, three-fourths of which was divided among the crew. Whereafter his own ship being badly

out of repair, he transferred his armament to the "Quedah Merchant" and burned the "Adventure." Then, having lost many of his men by desertion, he enlisted a new crew, and in the late summer of 1698 sailed for the West Indies.

News of these matters reached London in the autumn of the same year, and a royal squadron was at once dispatched to the Indian Ocean, charged with the apprehension of Kidd and of all other unrepentant pirates. Kidd, however, was already well on his way across the Atlantic, and it was not until he reached the Carribee Islands that he learned that he had been excepted by name from a recently issued royal proclamation offering pardon to all pirates that would surrender themselves for acts committed before May-day of 1699. He was thus singled out for punishment because his conduct reflected most seriously upon the group of noblemen who had sent him to the East Indies, and who were quick to perceive that the only way they could free themselves from odium was by washing their hands of their whilom agent. Kidd at first did not fully grasp the fatal import of these facts, but he took care to test his chances for securing immunity from punishment before he ventured into any port under English control. He first chartered a sloop called the "Antonio," belonging to a man named Bolton, with which he fell in off San Domingo, and which he sent to Curacoa for needed supplies. After that he bought the sloop out and out, mounted her with six guns, transferred himself and his choicest valuables to her, and with a small crew started northward upon a spying expedition. The "Quedah Merchant" was left at San Domingo in Bolton's charge, and what became of her and her cargo is not known.

Kidd appeared in the eastern end of Long Island Sound near the end of June, 1699, and from Gardiner's Island opened communication with Lord Bellomont, who was then in Boston. The letters which he sent to the governor declared that all the piracies that had occurred had been done by his men in a state

of mutiny, and never with his connivance; that indeed they had set aside his positive commands, and had locked him up in the cabin. Offer was made at the same time to share with Bellomont or the syndicate goods to the amount of $40,000. Bellomont's answer was an invitation to Kidd to come to Boston coupled with the assurance that if the captain could make good his claims that he had been driven into piracy against his will he might count upon the governor's protection. Kidd accordingly journeyed to Boston, but his story told at first hand failed to satisfy Lord Bellomont, and when he refused to disclose the whereabouts of the "Quedah Merchant" unless Livingston's bond in his favor was discharged—which refusal showed fine loyalty toward his friend—he was arrested with his crew and thrown into prison. Kidd and his fellows were detained in Boston for some months, and it was not until the summer of 1700 that he was transported to England in a man-of-war sent out for the purpose. There he was confined for another year while evidence against him was sought in the East Indies. Meantime so much discussion had been aroused in England that when he was finally brought to trial, in the spring of 1701, his case had grown to be one of great political importance. King and ministers had, indeed, become so alarmed with the aspect of the affair as to regard the hanging of the captain as the only sure means of clearing their own skirts.

This view of the case is borne out by the record of the trial. Kidd was first brought to the bar of the Old Bailey on a charge of murdering the gunner, William Moore, and a conviction secured before the charge of piracy was pressed against him. Kidd's defense as to the first charge was that Moore was engaged in mutiny, and rightfully slain, and to the second that he had only captured vessels sailing under French colors, except in one or two cases when his men overpowered him and took the command out of his hands. The prosecution did not break down this defense; but the fortunes of the Whig party as well as

Kidd's life were at stake, and the jury, as probably had been determined from the beginning, brought him in guilty. This was on May 9, 1701, and three days later Kidd was hanged. Doubtless he deserved his fate, but it is also probable that he would have gone free had not his misdeeds involved far larger interests than his own.

Be this as it may, Kidd's execution closes the record of New York's participation, open or disguised, in the Red Sea, for long before it occurred Lord Bellomont had brought to a victorious end the work cut out for him by his royal master. He found the task a by no means easy one. "I am obliged," he wrote to the king, "to stand entirely upon my own legs. My assistants hinder me, the people oppose me, and the merchants threaten me. It is indeed uphill work." Richard of Bellomont, however, was not the man to be dismayed by obstacles. The collector of the port of New York, though his own kinsman, he cashiered for remissness in enforcing the laws; William Nicoll was dismissed from the council charged with being the agent through whom Fletcher had carried on business with the pirates; and, when the covert opposition of the leading merchants changed to open hostility, he did not hesitate to remove or suspend from office five other members of his council. His enemies, made desperate by his resolute ways, finally sent an attorney to England to pray for his removal by the king, who was assured that his continuance in office would ruin the commerce of the colony; but this prayer was promptly answered by the condemnation of Fletcher; nor did the charge that Lord Bellomont had himself, through his connection with Kidd, been a promoter of piracy serve to stay his hand or shake him in the esteem of the home powers. It was a pretty fight while it lasted, yet shrewd men saw that it could have but one ending. Lord Bellomont's position was sustained in every point raised against him, and when he died, piracy and sea-stealing at second hand had become extinct industries in the province of New York.

VIEW ON THE RIVER AT PATCHOGUE.

The Later English Governors

A STEADY widening and quickening of the democratic spirit is the thread upon which the historian must string the story of New York during the earlier decades of the eighteenth century. And it is a story studded thickly with stirring and dramatic episodes. When the Earl of Bellomont died suddenly, in 1702, control of affairs in the province fell into the hands of John Nanfan, the lieutenant-governor. Nanfan, like Bellomont, was a warm sympathizer with the Leislerian party, which then counted a majority both in the assembly and in the council, but he lacked Bellomont's resolute ability to control and restrain warring factions, and the Leislerian leaders were not slow to take sweeping, and in a measure resentful, advantage of this fact. An act was forthwith passed by the assembly to enable the Leisler family to institute lawsuits for damages which they alleged they had sustained at the hands of the Aristocratic party during the change from the House of Stuart to the House of Orange, while Robert Livingston, one of Leisler's bitterest foes, was removed from his office of secretary of Indian affairs and collector of customs. Livingston's accounts were known to be then in the hands of Lady Bellomont, but, nevertheless, demand was made for them by the assembly, and, upon his failure to produce them, he was pronounced a defaulter, and expelled from the council, his property being confiscated for the public good.

Still harsher measures were adopted in the case of another of Leisler's whilom enemies—Nicholas Bayard. Early in 1702 word reached New York that Lord Cornbury had been named to succeed to Lord Bellomont, and Bayard headed a petition to the crown, signed by most of the Aristocratic leaders, which savagely denounced Nanfan and the Leislerians, and

prayed that the new governor might be sent with all possible haste. When news of this petition reached Nanfan he at once gave orders that Bayard and John Hutchings, an alderman of the city who had been active in procuring signatures to the obnoxious paper, should be arrested and thrown into jail. Ten years before Bayard, to secure Leisler's condemnation, had secured from the assembly summoned by Sloughter, the passage of an act which provided that "any person who should endeavor by any manner of way, or upon any pretence, by force of arms or otherwise, to disturb the peace, good and quiet of the province, should be esteemed rebels and traitors, and should incur the pains and penalties which the laws of England had provided for such offence." The weapon forged for use against an enemy was now invoked for its maker's own undoing. Indictments for rebellion and treason were, accordingly, found against Bayard and Hutchings, and the chief justice and solicitor-general of the province, both ardent Leislerians, haled them for trial before a court made up of their declared foes. Despite the efforts of their friends and counsel, both men were found guilty, and both sentenced to be disembowelled and quartered.

This sentence, however, was never carried into execution. Instead, a reprieve was granted the condemned men until the king's pleasure should be known, and the arrival of Lord Cornbury, in May, 1702, suddenly and completely changed the posture of affairs. The new governor was the eldest son of the Earl of Clarendon, and a near kinsman of Queen Anne, who a few weeks before had succeeded King William on the English throne. His first act upon his arrival was to denounce the doings of the Leislerians, and espouse the cause of the Aristocratic party. The assembly was dissolved and its acts annulled; Livingston was restored to his offices and estates, and Bayard and Hutchings were set free, while the chief justice and the solicitor-general, who had secured their con-

demnation, were compelled, under assumed names, to seek a refuge in Virginia.

A further taste of Cornbury's quality, however, proved him a bigot and a tyrant, and served, ere long, to unite all classes against him. During the summer of 1702 New York was scourged by an epidemic of yellow fever, and the frightened town folk fled the city by hundreds. Cornbury and his council took quarters at Jamaica on Long Island. Many of the residents of that village were Presbyterians, who had lately built a small church and bought a house and glebe for the use of their minister. The manse was the best house in the town, and the minister, in a spirit of hospitality, tendered it for the governor's accommodation, removing with his family to a nearby cottage. Cornbury's requital of this courteous act took curious shape. An act passed by the assembly in Fletcher's time had provided for the building of a church in New York, another in Richmond, two in Westchester and two in Suffolk, in each of which was to be settled a Protestant minister, to be paid by a tax levied on the inhabitants. The word Protestant in this act has been construed to mean Episcopal. The church at Jamaica had been built by a vote of the freeholders, which did not secure it to the use of any particular denomination, and there was a handful of Episcopalians in the town, who, emboldened by the presence of the governor among them, resolved to profit by the act of Fletcher's assembly. A number of them, accordingly, seized the church of a Sunday morning, and, when the Presbyterians sought to expel them by force, the governor promptly interfered to sustain the claims of the intruders. Worse still, with his sanction, the sheriff seized upon the glebe, and leased it for the benefit of the Episcopal party, while Cornbury, on his return to New York, instead of restoring the parsonage to his host, surrendered it into the hands of the Episcopal clergyman, who occupied it as his place of residence.

Cornbury's persecution of the Presbyterians, who were seeking a foothold in other parts of the colony, did not end with

the Jamaica incident. Four years later two preachers of this sect, Francis Makemie and John Hampton, journeying from Virginia to New England, halted in New York, and were invited to occupy the pulpits of the Dutch and Huguenot churches. The invitation, however, was coupled with the proviso that they should first obtain the consent of the governor, for Cornbury, who, Smith tells us, "was averse to every sect except his own," had now set up the rule that neither minister nor schoolmaster should preach or instruct in the province without a license from him. It was declined by Makemie and Hampton on the ground that "they had the queen's authority to preach anywhere in her dominions," and while on the following Sunday the former addressed the Presbyterians of the city at a private house, the latter preached in the Presbyterian church at Newtown, Long Island. The governor, when he heard of their doings, ordered that they should be arrested and brought before him. "The law," he told them, "will not permit me to countenance strolling preachers, who, for aught I know to the contrary, may be Papists in disguise. You must first qualify yourselves by satisfying the government you are fit persons to occupy a pulpit before you can be permitted to preach." Makemie, smarting under the indignity to which he and his comrade had been subjected, made defiant answer that he had qualified himself according to law in Virginia, and that, having done so, he "would preach in any part of the Queen's dominions, as well as in Virginia, and that the license he had obtained there was as good as any he could obtain in New York." This ended the interview, and the clergymen were committed to jail, where they lay for many weeks. Meantime, public opinion, irrespective of sect, was earnestly aroused in behalf of the imprisoned men, and their trial, when it at length came on, resulted, "amid great excitement and great cheering," in their complete acquittal. Thus, through the obstinate bigotry of a small-minded governor, was settled, once for all, the question of religious liberty for the province.

Cornbury's questionable part in this affair met with sharp rebuke from those who knew that his assumption of religious zeal was a cloak to hide a vicious private life. A dissolute spendthrift, he did not hesitate to accept bribes thinly disguised as gifts, or to make free with the public money. There were frequent disputes between the governor and the assembly, which took a keener edge as time went on, and ended, in 1708, in a sharp refusal to continue his yearly salary. Moreover, the assembly coupled this refusal with a series of resolutions which denounced the governor's misdeeds in good set terms, declaring that they would, if continued, "prove the ruin of the colony." These resolutions, along with divers petitions asking for Cornbury's removal, were forwarded to the home government, and upon their receipt Queen Anne, with some reluctance, revoked her kinsman's commission. The deposed governor's last days in the colony were troubled ones, for as soon as news of his downfall reached New York, his creditors threw him into the debtor's prison. There he remained until the death of his father made him Earl of Claredon, and brought him money to pay his debts. Then he departed for England, and America saw him no more.

Cornbury's place was taken by Lord Lovelace, nephew of the nobleman who succeeded Nicolls, but the new governor died a few months after his arrival in the colony, and in 1710 direction of the government was assumed by Robert Hunter, whose term lasted nine years. Both under Lovelace and Hunter, the assembly, having learned wisdom from experience, refused the grant of a permanent revenue, and declared its purpose to vote none but annual appropriations, thus making the salary of the governor dependent upon his good conduct. Hunter chafed at the salutary check-rein placed upon him by his assembly, but his gracious personality and upright ways won him the hearts of the colonists, and there was keen regret when, in 1719, failing health compelled his return to England. He was succeeded by William Burnet, son of the

famous prelate and historian, and himself a man of exceptional parts and capacity as his course as governor bore witness. Burnet continued at the head of affairs until the accession of George II. in 1728, when he was transferred to the governorship of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. He was succeeded by John Montgomery, who died in 1731, and the next year came William Cosby, who had lately retired from the governorship of Minorca, leaving unsavory memories behind him.

The new governor was a needy and grasping adventurer of the Cornbury type, and, like Cornbury, he lost no time in furnishing proof of these facts, for one of his first acts after his arrival in the province was to demand an equal division of the salary and perquisites of the governorship since the date of his appointment between himself and Rip van Dam, a leading merchant of New York, who, as president of the council, had conducted affairs during the interregnum after Montgomery's death. Van Dam refused to comply with this demand, and Cosby, to recover the half of the salary which he claimed, instituted proceedings before the judges of the supreme court sitting as barons of the Exchequer. Two judges of this court, James De Lancey and Adolphus Philipse, were known to be intimate friends of Cosby, and, on this account, Van Dam's counsel excepted to its jurisdiction, and sought to institute a suit at common law. Lewis Morris, the chief justice, supported their plea, but it was overruled by Delancey and Philipse, who declared the cause of Van Dam lost and ordered him to pay half of his salary to the governor. Then Cosby removed the independent Morris, and named De Lancey chief justice in his stead, at the same time suspending Van Dam and several of his friends from the council.

The governor had triumphed, but in a way which bred righteous anger in the mind of every lover of fair play in the province. And the triumph was only for the moment. Cosby's discomfiture was already making, and with it one of the supreme incidents in colonial history. Since 1725 there had been

a newspaper in the colony, the New York *Gazette*, edited by William Bradford, an Englishman, who, in 1693, had set up the first press in the colony. Bradford was printer to the government, and in his journal gave support to the cause of Cosby. Van Dam and his friends, therefore, resolved without delay upon a newspaper which should champion their own cause, and, while the proceedings before the court of exchequer were still in progress they aided John Peter Zenger, an energetic young German and former apprentice of Bradford, in setting up the New York *Weekly Journal*. Zenger was himself a writer of pith and quality, and he had to aid him in his warfare upon Cosby and his council the caustic pens of William Smith and James Alexander, two of the ablest lawyers in the colony. Week by week the *Journal* poured upon the opposition a steady stream of sarcasm and invective. The wit and pungency of these attacks were keenly relished by the commonality. The governor and his councillors, on the other hand, writhed under them, and finally, in November, 1734, ordered that four numbers of the offending journal should be burned at the pillory by the common hangman, in presence of the mayor and aldermen. The latter, however, declared the order illegal and forbade its execution by the hangman. The papers, in the end, were burned by one of the sheriff's negro slaves.

Then Zenger was arrested on a warrant from the governor and council, which charged him with publishing seditious libels, and thrown into prison. De Lancey, moreover, disbarred Zenger's lawyers, Smith and Alexander, so that "he had to be defended by one imported from Philadelphia when finally brought to trial in the summer of 1735. But the people made Zenger's cause their own, and stood resolutely by him; while every ounce of possible pressure and influence from the Crown officials was brought to bear against him. The defense was that the statements asserted to be libellous were true. The attorney general for the Crown took the ground that if true the libel was only so much the greater. The judges instructed the jury that this

was the law; but the jury refused to be bound and acquitted Zenger. The acquittal, which definitely secured the complete liberty of the press, was hailed with clamorous joy by the mass of the population; and it gave an immense impetus to the growth of the spirit of independence."

The five-and-twenty years between the acquittal of Zenger and the accession of George III. to the English throne, though attended by an almost continuous struggle between the representatives of the Crown and the representatives of the people, passed without moving incident in New York. During these years half a dozen royal governors played their brief parts on the colonial stage. Cosby died suddenly in 1736, and his place was taken by George Clarke, a long-time resident of the colony, who as lieutenant-governor directed affairs for seven years. Then came Admiral George Clinton, a sailor turned ruler, who at the end of a decade gave way to Sir Danvers Osborne. The latter died by his own hand on the morrow of his arrival in the colony, and after an interregnum of two years, filled by James De Lancey, as lieutenant-governor, Sir Charles Hardy, another sailor turned ruler, succeeded to the governorship. Each of these men sooner or later found himself at odds with the provincial assembly. Most often the point in contention was whether the grant for the colony to the officers of the crown should be a permanent one, or only for a limited period. The assembly held stubbornly to the latter view, insisting also, as time went on, that all grants should be for specific purposes. The governors, on the other hand, saw in the stand taken by the assembly an infringement of the royal prerogative, and in some years, owing to the obstinacy of the one and the inflexibility of the other, supplies were not granted at all.

Religious differences also helped to shape the leadership and following of the rival factions. Most of the court party, which included the crown officials and the larger portion of the local aristocracy, were members of the Episcopal Church, or the Church of England as it was then, while the much more num-

THE BEGINNING AND END—PORT JEFFERSON.

erous Presbyterians, and the majority of the Dutch and Huguenot congregations, formed the bulk of the popular party, wherein such of the gentry as set belief in freedom above pride of caste also found their proper place. The Episcopalian De Lanceys and Johnsons were the leaders of the court, and the Presbyterian Livingstons and Morrises of the popular party. During this period and until the separation from England the court party ruled town and colony, and divided all the patronage of the government. This, in the end, however, "proved a dearly bought advantage. Gratitude for past benefits naturally attached the leaders of the court party to the Crown, and secured their loyalty or neutrality during the Revolution. Loyalty at the close of that struggle brought confiscation of their estates, and neutrality long deprivation of political honors and influence, while the Livingstons and Morrises enjoyed the highest positions of trust and honor."

The strife between factions in New York was, for the moment, thrust into the background by the French and Indian war which began in 1754 and ended nine years later in the British acquisition of Canada. During this contest New York, while contributing her quota to the operations by land, sent forth a swarm of well-armed and well-manned vessels to pluck and harass the enemy on the seas. "There are now thirty privateers out of the place, and ten more on the stocks and launched," runs a letter to a London merchant, written in January, 1757, and the writer adds: "They have had hitherto good success, having brought in fourteen prizes, value one hundred thousand pounds." A year later, the *Mercury* gives a list of upward of eighty captures made by the New York fleet since the beginning of the war, and about the same time Lieutenant-Governor De Lancey, writing to Secretary Pitt, declares that "the country is drained of many able-bodied men by almost a madness to go a privateering." Most often those who went a privateering, and these included many Long Islanders, had golden rewards for their labors, the value of their prizes before the war's end

mounting into the millions. But whether they lost or won the ships and sailors of New York never failed to display a resolute fighting spirit, and the record of their battles is of a sort to stir the pulse of the stolidest man. "On the tenth instant," reports the *Mercury,* in October, 1757, "the privateer sloop *Weasel,* Captain Fenton, returned here almost an entire wreck, having lost his mast, his boom, his best anchor and four of his guns in a violent gale of wind." Yet no whit dismayed by his dismantled condition, Captain Fenton, when he fell in with a ship and snow of the enemy, "made all the sail he could, and about seven o'clock, came up with the ship, when he engaged her and the snow with only six guns, and without a mast, for three glasses, and would have boarded one of them, but his sloop would not turn to the windward, having seventy-five stout men on board. Finding it impracticable," the report concludes, "to attempt anything of the kind, as his consort could not come up to his assistance, he sheered off to mend his rigging, the little he had being almost shot away."

The Peace of Paris, signed in 1763, ended the war which had sent these sturdy fighters to sea. Two years later came the passage of the Stamp Act, and the beginning of the contest that was to give independence to the colonies. During the long premiership of Sir Robert Walpole, the first two Georges had been king in little more than name. George III., however, came to the English throne in 1760, determined, in dogged, narrow fashion, to rule as well as to reign. And, the better to effect his purpose, the new king sought from the first not only to break down the growing system of cabinet government in England, but also to set at defiance the demand of the American colonies that there should be no taxation without representation. The last half of the programme appeared easiest of accomplishment, and to it George III. first bent his energies. A weak man is pretty sure to surround himself with vicious and short-sighted advisers, and the king found advisers of this sort in George Grenville and Charles Townshend, who in April, 1763,

took office, the one as prime minister and the other as first lord of trade, with especial control of colonial affairs. Both of these men were in full sympathy with the policy of their royal master; and so it was that in March, 1764, Grenville announced in the House of Commons the intention of the government to raise a revenue in America by requiring all legal documents to bear stamps. Need of money to help defray the expenses of the French war was the excuse offered for this intention which a year hence was to take effect in a formal enactment.

News of the proposed Stamp Act provoked angry protest from the Americans. The colonies had contributed more than an equitable share both in men and money to the expenses of the French war, and they were willing, as of old, to generously contribute from their resources to the needs of the empire; but one and all, speaking through their several assemblies, declared that they could not rightfully be taxed by the House of Commons unless they were represented in that body. New York was especially earnest in its protests, and the memorial which its assembly adopted and forwarded to the Grenville ministry was couched in terms so vigorous that no member of Parliament was found bold enough to present it. Remonstrances, however, were without avail. By reason of the rotten borough system, which excluded the most progressive parts of the kingdom from representation in Parliament, the friends of America counted but a small minority in the House of Commons, and early in 1765 the Stamp Act became a law. New York, in common with her sister colonies, received the news of its passage with hot indignation. The citizens resolved upon the instant that no stamped paper should be used among them, while copies of the act, with a death's-head substituted for the royal arms, were hawked about the colony under the title of "The Folly of England and the Ruin of America." Nor was formal and united defiance long delayed. The Massachusetts legislature dispatched a circular letter to all the colonies calling for a general congress to concert measures of resistance, and on the seventh

of October delegates from nine of the colonies assembled at New York. Robert R. Livingston headed the New York delegation, and Timothy Ruggles, of Massachusetts, was chosen president of the Congress. The session lasted three weeks, and bore fruit in memorials to the King and to both Houses of Parliament, and in a declaration of rights which set forth with masterly skill the claims and grievances of the colonies.

The spirit of resistance, meantime, found expression in less formal but not less decisive ways. Barre, while the Stamp Act was being debated in the House of Commons, had referred to the Americans as the Sons of Liberty, and this name was now taken by a secret order which spread with electric speed through the eastern and middle colonies. The Sons of Liberty were solemnly pledged to resist the execution of the obnoxious act, and in New York they had for leaders such men as Isaac Sears, John Morin Scott, Marinus Willett, Alexander McDougall and John Lamb—all patriots of invincible ardor. A meeting which these men had set afoot was held on the last day of October, and adopted an agreement, then or later subscribed to by more than two hundred merchants, to import no goods from England until the Stamp Act should be repealed. The same meeting appointed a committee, made up of prominent members of the Sons of Liberty, to urge upon the other colonies the adoption of like measures of resistance, and gave further earnest of its purpose by offering a reward for the detection of any person who should make use of the stamped paper.

The morrow of this meeting was the day appointed for the Stamp Act to take effect. Sir Charles Hardy had retired from the governorship of New York in 1757, leaving the government once more in the hands of James De Lancey, the lieutenant-governor. De Lancey died in 1760, and in the following year General Robert Monckton, who then commanded the royal forces in the colony, succeeded to the governorship. But Monckton returned to England in 1763, and when the Stamp Act was passed Cadwallader Colden, the lieutenant-governor, was the

chief representative of royal authority in New York. The son of a Scottish parson, and educated at the University of Edinburg, Colden was a man of parts and of sound and varied scholarship. He was, however, wholly lacking in sympathy with popular government. Long residence in the colony had, therefore, failed to win him the respect and liking of his neighbors, and the course which he now adopted speedily provoked their bitter enmity. "I shall give you no countenance," he told a committee of the Stamp Act Congress, when they asked his sympathy and aid. A fortnight later the stamps allotted to New York arrived from England. James McEvers, stamp distributor for the colony, refused to receive them and resigned his commission, but Colden had them conveyed to the government house within the fort, and on the last day of October took oath to carry the Stamp Act into effect.

All Saint's Day, which had been selected by all the colonies as a day of protest, passed without incident in New York; but it was the lull before the storm. Early in the evening, some hundreds of citizens led by the Sons of Liberty assembled on the Common or Fields, now City Hall Park, where on an improvised gallows they hanged Colden in effigy, beside a figure of the devil that held in its stuffed hand a big boot, the symbol of Lord Bute, the reputed author of the Stamp Act. Then the mob formed a torchlight procession, and carrying gibbet and effigies, marched down Broadway to the fort. General Thomas Gage, commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, had his headquarters in New York, and the town was filled with soldiers. Moreover, Colden, a few days before, had caused the garrison of the fort to be strengthened, and its guns to be loaded with grape and turned up Broadway. But threat of death did not dismay the angry men who now came swarming down that thoroughfare. They placed the gibbet against the door of the fort, under the mouths of the cannon, and they hammered the door with clubs, the while daring the soldiers drawn up on the ramparts to fire upon them. Next they broke open the stable

of the lieutenant-governor, dragged out his chariot, and put the stuffed figures into it. Then, in full sight of Colden and the garrison, they tore down the wooden fence that enclosed the Bowling Green, and, upon a bonfire kindled from this material, burned chariot, gibbet and effigies. Nor was this the end of the night's work. Major Thomas James, commandant at Fort George, was a noisy champion of the Stamp Act, and had boasted that he would "cram the stamps down the rebel throats." While the bonfire on the Bowling Green was still burning, a part of the crowd made their way to the residence of James, rifled it of its rich furniture, and burned their loot in another bonfire. James at a later time was indemnified for his losses, but like satisfaction was refused Colden, who, it was held, had received just if lawless punishment for his folly.

Gage, during this eventful night, did not dare to use the military, for fear of bringing on a civil war; and on the morrow, Colden, retreating from the bold stand he had taken in behalf of the law, delivered the stamps to the mayor and common council, by whom they were at once locked up in the city hall. This ended the contest, for when Sir Henry Moore, then on his way from England to assume the governorship, reached New York, his first act, after taking office, was to declare that he would have nothing to do with the hated papers. Scenes very like those just described had meanwhile been enacted in all the colonies. The stamp officers, almost to a man, were compelled to resign their posts; the stamps upon their arrival were burned or thrown into the sea; and in every town leading merchants agreed to import no more goods from England. Thus the fact was clearly brought home to the authorities in England that the act could never be enforced without a war. The Marquis of Rockingham was now prime minister, having replaced Grenville in July, 1765; Conway, a stout friend of the Americans, was secretary of state for the colonies in the new ministry; and the issue of these changed conditions was the unconditional repeal of the Stamp Act in February, 1766.

There was an outburst of enthusiastic loyalty when late in May news of the repeal reached New York. But the era of good feeling thus inaugurated lasted little more than a twelvemonth. In July, 1766, Townshend, the evil genius of George III., again became chancellor of the exchequer, and in the following year, urged on by the King, he pushed through Parliament new measures for taxing America. The Townshend acts of 1767 imposed duties on wine, oil and fruits if carried to the colonies from Spain or Portugal; on glass, lead and painter's colors; and lastly on tea. The revenue from these duties was to be devoted to paying a fixed salary to the royal governors and to the judges appointed at the King's pleasure, while the crown was also empowered to create a general civil list in each colony, and to grant salaries and pensions at will. Townshend thus aimed a deadly blow at American self-government; but even more galling to the colonists were the temper and purpose behind a special act which at the same time received the sanction of Parliament. The people of New York, under the Mutiny Act passed in the previous year, had been required to furnish quarters for all soldiers stationed among them by royal command, and to provide certain supplies for their maintenance. The colonial assembly, however, had put aside the special instructions from England, and insisted upon providing these supplies in its own way. Parliament, to rebuke this bold spirit, now passed an act suspending the legislative power of the assembly, and forbidding the governor to assent to any bill from it until it should have complied with the terms of the Mutiny Act. The assembly, nevertheless, met as usual, and continued to transact business until formally dissolved by the governor. Moreover, when a new assembly, convened in 1768, yielded to the royal demands, a great meeting held on the Common sternly rebuked its submission, while the leaders of the Sons of Liberty openly charged it with a betrayal of its trust.

A swift fever ere this had made an end of Townshend, but not before the acts of which he was the author had again ar-

rayed all the colonies in open hostility to the crown. Leading merchants in most of the towns once more agreed, as in the case of the Stamp Act, to import no English goods until the Townshend acts should be repealed; and so faithfully was the agreement kept that trade with England was brought almost to a standstill. This bred distress and panic among those interested over sea; the merchants of London, seeing ruin ahead of them, earnestly petitioned Parliament that the new taxes be taken off; and after long discussion Lord North, who was now at the head of the exchequer, promised the repeal of all the Townshend acts, save the one which laid duty on tea. That was the least of the taxes, and the King insisted upon its retention, to save the principle of the bill and show that Parliament had not reconsidered its right to tax the colonies.

Late in January, 1770, Lord North became prime minister of England, and in April following he carried through Parliament the promised repeal of all the Townshend acts, except the one imposing duty on tea. The first effect of this partial repeal was to weaken the spirit of opposition in the colonies. The merchants of New York withdrew in July from the non-importation agreement, and sent orders to England for all sorts of merchandise except tea. Before the end of the summer most of the other colonies while denouncing New York's defection, followed her example, and for the moment brought to naught the non-importation policy which hitherto had been relied upon to force the repeal of the Tea Act. Nevertheless, on both sides of the sea, clear-headed men had been quick to perceive that a compromise which yielded nothing in the matter of principle would do no lasting good; nor was George III. the sort of man to rest content with a barren victory. Instead, he hastened to make use of what seemed to the royal mind a favorable opportunity for a final test of the tax on tea. The East India Company was in sore need of money, partly through loss of its American trade, for the colonists since the passage of the Towns-

hend acts had smuggled their tea from Holland. Mere force could not stop the smuggling, but, and this without abating the duty of three pence on a pound, a way might be found to sell English tea in America cheaper than foreign tea. The East India Company paid twelve pence to the royal treasury on every pound of tea it imported, and that it might sell its tea cheap in America, it was now relieved of this tax on all consignments to the colonies. The Americans, argued the King and his advisers, would no longer object to the principle involved in the duty when they found that, despite its retention, English tea could be bought for less than the tea smuggled from Holland. Accordingly, in the fall of 1773, the East India Company sent tea-laden ships to New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Charleston, where agents had been appointed to receive the tea.

An ingenious scheme for ensnaring the colonists, but the sequel proved that they were of one mind in the determination to buy nothing with a parliamentary tax on it. When the *Dartmouth,* first of the tea-ships, arrived at Boston late in November, a band of patriots disguised as Indians, threw the chests overboard into the harbor. A few days afterward at Philadelphia, the ship designed for that port was stopped before it had come within the jurisdiction of the custom house, and its captain forthwith compelled to set sail for England. At Charleston the tea was landed, but the consignees having resigned, there was not one to receive it or pay the duty, and a public meeting saw to its secure disposal in a damp cellar. New York, when the time came, followed an equally effective course. A great meeting held at the City Hall resolved not to permit the landing of the tea, and the Sons of Liberty promptly reorganized to shape this resolve into deeds. Adverse winds delayed the arrival of the *Nancy,* the tea-ship destined for New York. When she finally reached the Hook on the eighteenth of April, 1774, she was not allowed to enter the bay, and her captain, convinced that he had come on a bootless errand, sailed again for England. He got off more easily than the skipper of

the merchant ship *London,* which arrived about the same time with sundry boxes of tea hidden in her cargo. The Liberty Boys boarded the *London* in open day, threw the chests into the harbor, and bade the captain cross the Atlantic, which he was wise enough to do peaceably and without delay.

Once more was the issue squarely joined between crown and colonies. The Americans would not obey Parliament, and would be governed only through their own assemblies. King and ministers must now abate their claims, or resort to force, and choice of the latter weapon meant revolution.

BETWEEN COLD SPRING AND NORTHPORT.

The Revolution and After

THE King and his ministers resolved to resort to force. "To repeal the tea duty would stamp us with timidity," said Lord North, when such a measure was proposed. Instead, he forthwith framed four acts designed to make refactory Massachusetts an example to the other colonies. One act closed the port of Boston, transferring its trade to Salem, until the former town should have indemnified the East India Company for the loss of its tea. A second act suspended the charter of the colony. A third provided for the quartering of troops within the province; and a fourth legalized the transfer to England of trials growing out of attempts to quell riots in the colony. All four, despite the strenuous opposition of Burke, Barre, Fox and other friends of the colonies, were passed by Parliament in April, 1774, and were regarded by George III., as he himself declared, "with supreme satisfaction."

News of their passage reached America early in June, and the king's war upon Massachusetts at once arrayed all the colonies in her defense. "Don't pay for an ounce of their damned tea," ran the message sent by Christopher Gadsden, South Carolina's patriot leader, to the men of Boston; Colonel George Washington, of Virginia, declared that if need be he would raise a thousand men, subsist them at his own expense, and march at their head to the relief of the town, while the sympathy of the Sons of Liberty in New York took practical shape in a proposal for a Continental Congress. This proposal, made at the instance of John Jay, a young lawyer of Huguenot descent, found quick and general approval, and every colony save distant Georgia sent delegates to the Congress which assembled at Philadelphia in September. Jay headed the New York delegation,

and led in the framing of a declaration of colonial rights, which claimed for the American people "a free and exclusive power of legislation in their provincial legislatures, where their rights of legislation could alone be preserved in all cases of taxation and internal polity." The Congress, besides adopting this declaration, formed an association pledged to import no goods from England or the West Indies, and before it dissolved on October 26 appointed the tenth of the following May for a second Congress. A little later New York's half-royalist assembly adjourned, never to meet again, and its place was taken by a Provincial Congress. This body, made up in the main of unyielding patriots, had not yet begun its labors, when on a Sunday afternoon in April, 1775, news came speeding from the eastward that the battle of Lexington had been fought and that the appeal to arms had at last come.

The position of the people of Long Island during this critical period was a divided one, "and the division ran often between family relations and even households. Plenty of Tories were found in Kings county, but there were not a few ready to do battle for independence. Early in 1775 a call came from the New York committee of correspondence for the counties to elect delegates to a provincial convention to be held in New York City on April 20. Accordingly, a committee of delegates, chosen by the towns of Kings, met at the courthouse in Flatbush, all but Flatlands, which chose to remain neutral, being represented, and named five delegates to go over to New York on April 20 and join in the selection of delegates to the Continental Congress called to meet in May. This convention adjourned the day before the news of Lexington, and thereupon the committee of correspondence by circulars requested the counties to choose deputies to a Provincial Congress to meet on May 24. A Long Island man, Nathaniel Woodhull, of Mastic, was chosen president of this body, but the deputies from Kings had to be admonished for their apathy and irregularity in attending the Congress at all. The population of the Dutch

towns was generally loyal to the king, and there was also a numerous and active royalist element in Queens county. Indeed, the latter county voted three to one against sending delegates to the Provincial Congress, and many of its citizens, after Lexington and Bunker Hill, armed themselves in support of the King. Such actions as these called for summary proceedings in return, and early in 1776 a patriot force under Colonel Heard of New Jersey was sent into Queens county to disarm the malcontents. Heard, with six hundred men of his own command, and three hundred of Stirling's battalion, crossed at the Hell Gate ferry, and passing through Newtown township, vigorously carried out the directions of his superiors. A great number of the inhabitants were deprived of side arms, guns, powder, and lead, and were made to subscribe an oath of obedience to Congress. Thereafter the Long Island loyalists resorted to other methods for furthering their cause, and the plot to capture or poison Washington after he had come to New York in April, 1776, was hatched to a great extent at Flatbush. Ninety-eight persons were charged with having had a part in the plot, and of these fifty-six lived in Kings and Queens counties. Nor did the exposure of the conspiracy tend to decrease the ill-feelings cherished by the patriots toward the all too generally loyalist population of the Dutch towns. One must wonder why these descendants of the men who fought for liberty during eighty years should have been so sadly out of sympathy with a kindred struggle. They had never felt or exhibited any great affection for their English masters; yet now they were prepared to make common cause with them against independence. It must have been the inertia of conservatism, superinduced by the easy prosperity of their bucolic life and pursuits."

Nevertheless the first avowed battle for independence was fought on Long Island. When Washington, having driven the British from Boston, removed his army to New York in the late spring of 1776, one of the points which he hastened to fortify was Brooklyn Heights. This eminence commanded New

York exactly as Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights commanded Boston, and possession of it was absolutely necessary to the Americans if they were to keep their hold upon the town. Greene, accordingly, spent the early summer in fortifying it, and there 9,000 men, one-half of the patriot army, was concentrated under Putnam, when late in June, the British General Howe, sailing from Halifax, came to anchor off Long Island. In July his brother, the admiral, joined him with a formidable fleet and reinforcements that swelled his fighting force to 30,000 fully equipped and disciplined soldiers.

It was Howe's purpose to carry the Americans' entrenched lines around Brooklyn, occupy Brooklyn Heights and drive Washington out of New York. With this design in mind, on August 22, he landed 20,000 men at Gravesend Bay, whence four roads led to the American position. Two of the roads crossed a range of densely wooded hills, one running through Bedford and the other through Flatbush village. A third followed the shore line to Gowanus Bay, and the fourth ran through Flatlands to Jamaica, turning the Americans' eastern base. Howe spent four days in reconnoitering. Then early on the morning of the 27th, while a part of his brother's fleet made a feint upon New York, to occupy Washington's attention, he began his advance. Grant, with 5,000 Highlanders, marched along the Gowanus road to the western base of the hills where the American outposts were held by Lord Stirling's brigade, while Von Heister and his Hessians proceeded along the Bedford and Flatbush roads to the passes through the hills defended by Sullivan. Meantime, under cover of darkness, half of the British army, under Howe in person, accompanied by Cornwallis, Clinton and Percy, pushed up the Jamaica road to take the Americans in flank. A patrol watching this road was captured early in the morning, and the flanking column gained the rear of the village of Bedford without being discovered. Thus, hardly had the fight begun on the crest of the hill between Von Heister and Sullivan, when the latter found

himself assaulted in the rear by Cornwallis, and caught between two fires—"outnumbered, ridden down and sabred by dragoons, riddled by solid infantry, mowed by light batteries."

Presently all that remained of the American left were prisoners in the hands of the enemy or fugitives in the hills, and what fighting was still to be done was transferred to the American right, where Grant with 5,000 men confronted Stirling's 2,000—the Maryland, Delaware and Connecticut regiments, with Atlee's rifle corps and Kitchline's Pennsylvania musketeers forming the advance. The British had already driven the American outposts from the Gowanus road, when Stirling formed his line of battle, stretching from Gowanus Bay to the Flatbush road, with his centre on Battle Hill, in what is now Greenwood Cemetery. About 10 o'clock Grant, having been reenforced by two regiments from the fleet, began a fierce assault upon the Americans. Atlee's men on the skirmish-line were all killed or captured, and the Connecticut regiment, holding the Gowanus road, was overwhelmed and swept away. Then Von Heister and his Hessians poured in on Stirling's left and rear, to capture the Cortelyou house, which commanded the bridge over Gowanus creek. This onslaught was not to be resisted, and they gave no quarter, slaying the wounded and mutilating the slain. They were still at their savage work, when Cornwallis, fresh from the rout of Sullivan assaulted Stirling in the rear, and took the Cortelyou house.

Then came a charge unsurpassed in all the annals of heroism. Stirling, bent upon saving his command from capture, quickly changed front, and taking with him the remnant of the Maryland regiment, now less than 400, under Major Nordecai Gist, he formed them, as best he could, at the junction of the present Tenth Street and Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, and hurled them against the enemy. "Artillery plowed their lines, infantry rained lead into their ranks, and the Hessian jagers picked them off from the hills; but," says Palmer, "above the roar of the slaughter and the scream of the hideous cheers and jeers,

the shout of the patriot leaders rang loud and hearty, 'Close up! Close up!'—and the staggering but unflinching files, grown fearfully thin, closed up across the corpses of their fellows, and again turned their faces to the foe. They drove the British advance back upon the Cortelyou house, and never halted until Cornwallis poured grape and canister into their faces. The shattered column was driven back—but only for a breathing space to gather their hearts together, as Stirling pointed to the struggling masses in the water, choking, drowning and dying, and shouted, 'Close up!' Panting, bloody, wild-eyed, they gathered about him once more and charged again—this time with such frantic impetus that they swept the gunners from their battery, and dashed, like breakers, against the very walls of the house. Cornwallis, astounded and confused, would have recoiled, but again the fire from the jagers on the heights drove those wild lads back—only to return three times to fling themselves upon a re-enforced enemy; of scarcely 350, the dead and the wounded prisoners numbered 271." The brave Stirling himself was taken prisoner, but through the valor of the men of Maryland "an hour more precious to American liberty than any other in its history had been gained; and the retreat of many hundreds of their countrymen covered. The carnage of a battle could scarcely have been more destructive than that retreat, for at this time no vestige of an army formation remained—only a mob of flying people, among whose masses officers and privates were borne undistinguished along."

The close of the day found Putnam and his shattered army cooped up behind the works on Brooklyn Heights, watched by Howe's triumphant phalanxes. A thousand had been captured, and 400 killed and wounded, mainly in the fight between Stirling and Grant. The Americans were now seemingly at the mercy of Howe; but while the British general, sure of his quarry, planned the siege that was to dislodge them, Washington, who had hastened across the river to take command in person, interposed one of those strokes of strategy that proved

him a master captain. Swiftly and secretly all the boats that could be found in either water from the Battery to the Harlem, were assembled at the Brooklyn ferry, and the fishermen of Gloucester and Marblehead who manned them did their work so well that while a single foggy night held every man and every gun of the beaten army were landed on the New York side. And the King's generals, who had slept within hearing of the patriot camp, woke in the morning to find that the Americans had slipped away from them. The men of Maryland played a leading part in this retreat. "Besides those slain or captured on the field of their splendid fame, and others who had fallen at different points of the fight, some were drowned and some were shot while struggling through the Gowanus. But three companies," says Miss Dorsey, "had burst, by sheer force of hard fighting, through the girdle of flame and death when the rout began; and these with the small remnant of Gist's battalion, were joined to the Pennsylvanians of Shee and Magaw, with Glover's men of Marblehead, and from daybreak on the 28th to the evening of the 29th, though torn by the shock of battle, they stood on the skirmish-line twelve hours in the beating rain, and marched and countermarched all that night, to outwit the enemy. Finally, with no re-enforcement, except from the decimated battalion of Hazlett, they covered the retreat of the Continentals, and were the last to sail away in the wake of the friendly fog that saved the patriot army."

The morrow of the retreat of the patriot army was marked by a brutal outrage, the story of which still stirs the blood. Nathaniel Woodhull, who had been president of the Provincial Congress, and was then brigadier-general of the militia of Queens and Suffolk counties, was stationed with a hundred men at Jamaica, awaiting orders from his superiors. None were sent him, and on August 28, finding the outposts of the enemy inconveniently near his own, he removed his men to a place four miles east of Jamaica. The same evening he set out to follow them, but, being overtaken by a storm, found refuge at a road-

side tavern. Here he was surprised by a detachment of British under Colonel Oliver De Lancey. Surrender was the only alternative left to Woodhull, "but he had no sooner yielded up his sword than the major of the troops struck him a savage blow upon the head, and a second blow of the sword glanced down his arm, and severing the flesh from the bone, cut deep into the elbow joint. De Lancey stayed the hand of his subordinate; but did not relieve the scoundrelism of the act by seeing to it that the unfortunate prisoner received proper care. Instead. Woodhull was hurried to Jamaica and left to spend the night unattended in the bare church. He was next removed to a ship lying off New Utrecht, which had been used as a cattle transport for the British army. Here his condition moved a kind-hearted officer to apply for permission to remove him to a more comfortable place on shore, where too he could obtain surgical aid. He was carried first to the New Utrecht church, standing then in the graveyard at the corner of the Kings Highway and the present Sixteenth avenue. It was found necessary to amputate the arm, as mortification had set in, but the operation was bunglingly performed, or was too late to stop the spread of the gangrene. He was then removed to a house next door to the church, and allowed to send for his wife, who nursed him tenderly during the intervening weeks. Having bidden her bring with her as much money as she could, he generously distributed this among his fellow prisoners, whose dreadful plight he had witnessed, and whose miseries could only obtain relief from the sordid British officers by the offer of payment for the commonest services of humanity. Death ended Woodhull's sufferings three weeks after his capture," He was buried at his home, St. George's Manor, where a monument marks his grave, with the inscription "Regretted by all who knew how to value his many private virtues, and that pure zeal for the rights of his country, to which he perished a victim."

Washington could no more hold Manhattan Island with the

NEAR THE FISH HATCHERIES—COLD SPRING.

forces at his command than he could hold Brooklyn Heights. He had already decided upon the evacuation of the city and had removed his headquarters to Harlem Heights, where on the fifteenth of September Howe, crossing from Long Island landed his troops at Kip's Bay, near the present site of East Thirty-fourth street, and sought to sever the American army, scattered between the Battery and King's Bridge. The militiamen, upon whom Washington counted to delay a landing until Putnam with the divisions south of Kip's Bay should have time to retreat, broke at the first fire, and Washington himself, vainly essaying to stay their flight, was only saved from capture by one of his aides, who seized his bridle reins and forced him from the field. Howe, however, moved with such slowness that Putnam, quickly warned of his peril and guided by young Aaron Burr, who knew every foot of the ground, was able, with small loss, to march his four thousand men up the shore of the Hudson, until, passing Bloomingdale, he touched the right wing of the main army, and was safe.

Though Washington had been compelled to retire from New York, he was still resolved to fight whenever there was the least promise of success, and the morrow of Howe's landing was marked by a skirmish that put new hope and cheer into the hearts of the Americans. The British forces on the morning of the sixteenth of September extended in a diagonal line from the Beekman house, at Fifty-first street near the East River, where Howe had his headquarters, to the Apthorpe house, at Ninety-first street and Tenth avenue, where Clinton and Cornwallis were stationed. The American lines extended from the mouth of the Harlem westward across the island. Early in the morning of the sixteenth, Washington, anxious to force the hand of the enemy, sent Colonel Thomas Knowlton and his Connecticut Rangers to reconnoitre. Knowlton's party came in contact with the British pickets at One Hundred and Fourth street and the Boulevard, then the Bloomingdale Road, and after a half hour's hard fighting were compelled to slowly give way

before superior numbers. The British now advanced and occupied the hill near Grant's Tomb, but only to be made the victims of a surprise planned by Washington. To draw them from the hill, the American commander threw a body of volunteers into the valley to the south, known as The Hollow Way, while he ordered two hundred men under Knowlton and Major Andrew Leitch, of Virginia, to make a circuit and catch them in the rear. The British took the bait, and a brisk fight was in progress in the valley, when, of a sudden, the second American detachment appeared on some rocks at One Hundred and Twenty-third street and the Boulevard, and began a fierce attack upon the enemy's flank. Both Leitch and Knowlton were mortally wounded in the action, but the Americans, despite the loss of their leaders, fought with stubborn valor, and step by step drove the British into a buckwheat field at One Hundred and Twentieth street, now part of the ground west of Columbia University. Here the British made a second stand, and here, both sides having been strongly reinforced, occurred the hardest fighting of the day. The enemy held their ground for upwards of an hour, but were finally routed, and the end of the battle found the Americans holding the ground from which Knowlton had been driven in the morning. About a hundred of the Americans and thrice as many British had been killed or wounded. And so keenly did Howe and his generals take to heart the lesson of this severe skirmish that nearly four weeks passed before they again hazarded an attack on the patriot army.

It was during this period of waiting that Captain Nathan Hale met the fate that gives him a place in the story of the Revolution. After the defeat of the American forces on Long Island, Washington was in sore need of knowledge of the movements of the enemy, and Hale, a young Connecticut schoolmaster turned soldier, volunteered to enter the British lines in disguise and obtain this knowledge. Accordingly, Hale disappeared from camp, passed up the Connecticut coast, changed his uniform for civilian garb, crossed to the Long Isl-

and shore, and then made his way to the enemy at Brooklyn and New York—never to return. He had finished his work and was seeking to rejoin the patriot forces, when he was seized within the British picket line on the Harlem river-front, near One Hundred and Tenth or One Hundred and Twelfth street, and, on the night of the twenty-first of September, brought before General Howe at the Beekman house. The British general, waiving a court-martial, pronounced Hale a spy, and ordered his execution to take place on the following morning, after which he was put into the care of a provost marshal, who refused to grant him the services of a clergyman, denied him the use of a Bible, and destroyed before his eyes the letters he had written to his sisters and his sweetheart. Hale was executed near the corner of Forty-fifth street and First avenue, meeting the end with quiet but steadfast bravery. "This is a fine death for a soldier!" said one of the British officers who surrounded the place of execution. "Sir," replied Hale, lifting up his cap, "there is no death which would not be noble in such a glorious cause. I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." The roll of drums cut off further speech, and in another moment Hale had passed into silence.

For nearly a month Howe remained fronting the American lines. Then the British frigates forced the passage of the Sound and the Hudson, and Washington was compelled to withdraw the main part of his army into Westchester county. Nevertheless, he held his own before the British in a sharp encounter at White Plains in the last days of October, and did not lose his hold upon Manhattan island, until in mid-November, Fort Washington, held overlong by Greene, was attacked by Howe with sudden energy. The fort was taken, after a sharp struggle, and its capture carried with it the surrender of three thousand of the best troops in the patriot army. This heavy blow was followed by the loss of Fort Lee on the opposite shore. Washington's dwindling army retreated into the Jerseys, and New York was left in the hands of its captors.

Thereafter and until the end of the war the situation of Long Island remained that of a conquered country. The farmers of Kings and Queens returning to their homes after the bulk of Howe's army had taken departure found them too often in ruins; and "poverty-stricken as they were, they made the most primitive provisions for reoccupying them. Where the fire had left the walls standing, but had gutted the interior, floors between stores were only partially restored. Crops and cattle were both gone. A few families on returning to their farms found one or two cows hidden in back lots, shielded from observation by the friendly thickets. Keeping them there out of sight and securing their milk, this and the butter therefrom secured for thrifty housewives goodly returns from the British officers. An honest penny was also turned by the care and pasturage of the officers' horses. Despite the prevalence of loyalty to the English government in Kings county, striking evidence is afforded of the deep devotion of many of the people to the patriot cause when it is mentioned that out of these precarious earnings, with all they had liable to robbery at any moment, the families of the country managed to contribute nearly $200,000 to that cause. The sums were conveyed in small installments through the American officers who had been prisoners as they were exchanged to whom they were entrusted without a scrap of paper stating amount or purpose, so that all depended on their honesty. The island towns were of course under martial law; and officers and men were quartered upon the inhabitants without consulting their conscience. Studied humiliations were put upon the people whether Tory or Whig The men who owned farms and slaves were compelled to doff their hats as they passed the officers on pain of caning or worse punishment, and they must hold their hats under their arms when they conversed with them. License in conduct had full sway, and the quiet towns rang with carousing and profanity. Gambling, drinking and licentiousness ran rampant, and left

many a permanent effect on the half-grown youth of the villages, whose ideas of fine gentlemen were formed upon what they saw of the 'gentlemen' of the army."

Nevertheless those who favored the patriot cause suffered most from their own countrymen, the Tories, many of whom paraded as "adherents of the English only to practice unmolested, or under the quasi-authority of military rule, their real profession of robbery. And what the enemy needed they took wherever it could be found. Every autumn and as the winter approached the people of Long Island were called upon to furnish thousands of cords of wood for the British garrison in the city and surrounding camps. Thus, the woods of Kings and Queens counties gradually disappeared. The winter of 1780-81 was extremely severe; to meet the emergency Queens county was ordered to furnish 4,500 cords of wood, and Kings county 1,500, under heavy penalties if the supply should come short. The East River was frozen solidly halfway across, and on the edge of the ice-bank the farmers were directed to pile up the fire wood for further transportation to the city. While draining the island of food and fuel supplies, the British soldiery also made it serve their moments of leisure and recreation. On birthdays of members of the royal family, on the anniversary of the coronation of the King, and at every possible excuse for merrymaking the superior attractions of public houses at Brooklyn or Bedford, and other centres of population, brought over great numbers of the military for banquets or dances, or carousings generally. For the meaner soldiery, bull-baitings were provided. Flatlands Plains was constantly made lively by horse-racing; sports being frequently carried on for three days in succession, including trial of speed by packs of hunting dogs, foot races by men, and even by women. Booths were erected all over the vast level country, and a veritable Vanity Fair created in the otherwise solitary wilderness."

There was another side to the picture. Flatbush and a number of the other towns were selected for the billeting of

American officers captured in battle, who, instead of being confined in prisons, were required to give parole, and then sent to board among the families of the county, "Congress agreeing to pay two dollars a week for their board. The board bill amounted to $20,000 at the end of the war, and in later years upward of $30,000 was appropriated by Congress to meet that sum and its interest. Colonel Graydon was one of those thus billeted at Flatbush, at the home of Jacob Suydam. Room and bed were clean, he relates in his memoirs, but the living rather scanty. What was meant for tea at breakfast he calls a sorry wash; the bread was half baked, because of the scarcity of fuel. A little pickled beef was boiled for dinner when the officers first came; but that gone, clams, called clippers, took its place. For supper they got mush, and skimmed milk or butter milk, with molasses; and this was the food relished best of all, after they became used to it. Another captive officer quartered on Long Island was Colonel Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga. During the campaign against Canada in the winter of 1775-76, Allen made a rash movement against Montreal, wherein he was left unsupported, and he and his men had to surrender to overwhelming numbers of the enemy. He was sent in chains to England and imprisoned there in Pendennis Castle. When this came to the knowledge of the friends of America in Parliament, great indignation was aroused, and Allen was released from chains and close confinement. He was soon sent back to America, and in the transit experienced various treatment from different captains charged with his keeping. Finally, he was sent to Kings county, and billeted at the house of Daniel Rapalje, still standing on the New Lots road, between the present Sheffield and Pennsylvania avenues, East New York. Allen remained here until news came to him of the battle of Bennington, in August, 1777, fought and won by the patriots under General Starke, in his native Vermont. When the impulsive colonel heard of this he mounted the roof of Howard's Halfway House, and, swinging his hat, gave three cheers. The British authori-

ties chose to regard this as a violation of his parole, and Allen was consigned to the Provost Prison in New York. He was later exchanged for a British officer of equal rank, and lived to a good old age in his own State."

Far worse was the lot of the men confined in the prison-ships. First in the North River off the Battery and later in Wallabout Bay on the Brooklyn side, a dozen old hulks were moored, and used in succession, two or three at a time, as floating prisons. The most notorious of these because the one longest in service was the *Jersey*—christened by her despairing inmates "the hell afloat." A sixty-four gun ship before her dismantlement, the *Jersey* was sent to the Wallabout in 1780 and served as a prison until the end of the war. "The life on board the *Jersey*," Mrs. Booth tells us, "may be regarded as a fair sample of the life on all the rest of the prison-ships. When a prisoner was brought on board, his name and rank were registered, after which he was searched for weapons and money. His clothes and bedding he was permitted to retain; however, scanty these might be, he was supplied with no more while on board the prison ship. He was then ordered down into the hold, where from a thousand to twelve hundred men were congregated, covered with rags and filth, and ghastly from breathing the pestilential air; many of them sick with the typhus fever, dysentery and small pox, from which the vessel was never free. Here he joined a mess of six men, who, every morning, at the ringing of the steward's bell, received their daily allowance of biscuit, beef or pork and peas, to which butter, suet, oatmeal and flour were occasionally added. The biscuit was mouldy and literally crawling with worms, the butter and suet rancid and unsavory, the peas damaged, the meal and flour often sour, and the meat tainted, and boiled in the impure water from about the ship in a large copper kettle, which, soon becoming corroded and crusted with verdigris, mingled a slow poison with all its contents. Yet for these damaged provisions the highest prices were charged to the king by the royal com-

missioners, who, by curtailing the rations and substituting damaged provisions for those purchased by the government, amassed fortunes at the expense of thousands of lives; and, when accused, forced their prisoners by threats of still greater severity, to attest to the kind treatment which they received at their hands. The prisoners were confined in the two main decks below; the lower dungeon being filled with foreigners, who were treated with even more inhumanity than the Americans. Every morning the prisoners were aroused with the cry, 'Rebels, turn out your dead!' The order was obeyed, and the bodies of those who had died during the night were brought upon deck and placed upon the gratings. If the dead man had owned a blanket, any prisoner was at liberty to sew it around the corpse, after which it was lowered into a boat and sent on shore for burial. Here a hole was dug in the sand, and the bodies hastily covered, often to be disinterred at the washing of the next tide. The prisoners were allowed to remain on deck until sunset, when they were saluted with the cry of 'Down, rebels, down!' This order obeyed, the main hatchway was closed, leaving a small trap-door, large enough for one man to ascend at a time, over which a sentinel was placed, with orders to permit but one man to come up at a time during the night. These sentinels were often guilty of the most wanton cruelty. William Burke, fourteen months a prisoner in the *Jersey*, says that one night while the prisoners were huddled about the grate of the hatchway, the sentinel thrust his bayonet among them, killing twenty-five of their number; and that there were frequent repetitions of this outrage."

Thousands were buried from the prison-ships, but many survived them to take terrible vengeance for their sufferings, as a story told by Silas Talbot bears witness. "Two young men, brothers, belonging to a rifle corps, were made prisoners, and sent on board the *Jersey*. The elder took the fever, and in a few days became delirious. One night (his end was fast approaching) he became calm and sensible, and, lamenting his

hard fate and the absence of his mother, begged for a little water. His brother tearfully entreated the guard to give him some, but in vain. The sick youth was soon in his last struggles, when his brother offered the guard a guinea for an inch of candle, only that he might see him die. Even this was refused. 'Now,' said he, drying up his tears, 'if it please God that I ever regain my liberty, I'll be a most bitter enemy.' He regained his liberty, rejoined the army, and when the war ended, he had eight large and one hundred and twenty-seven small notches on his rifle-stock." His brother was avenged. What remains of the *Jersey* now lies buried beneath the Brooklyn navy yard. The bodies of its uncounted victims, as we have seen, were buried in shallow pits at the water's edge, where the tide soon uncovered their graves, but in later years their bones were recovered and given Christian burial in Fort Greene Park.

The village of Bedford early became and remained until the end of the war the headquarters of the British forces on the island. These were located at the house of Leffert Lefferts, the Tory town clerk of Brooklyn, which stood on the present Fulton Street, between Nostrand and Bedford avenues. But at last came Yorktown; then provisional peace, and finally the evacuation of New York on November 25, 1783. A celebration of the last named event, Van Pelt tells us, was held at Flatbush, "where gathered all the returned patriots to give emphasis to their joy at their restoration to country and home. Characteristic of the desolation wrought by the enemy was the appearance there of two stanch Kings county Whigs hailing from Flatlands. These were Elias Hubbard and Abraham Voorhees. All that each found on his return to his farm was an old horse blind of one eye. They hitched these two dilapidated animals together to one wagon, and thus drove to Flatbush, where their appearance and its significance created a sensation. As a prudent preparation for the jubilee, the keeper of the Kings Arms Tavern at Flatbush, by a stroke of genius, preserved its sign as well as its custom under the changed conditions. An

American eagle was added to its device of the Kings Arms, represented as flying away with the same."

Civil authority as well as independence came ere long to restore the ravages of British occupation. These, however, were hardly appreciated by the new government of the State of New York. The patriots in the legislature looked only to the fact that in Kings and Queens the enemy had found lodgment and comfort and the supply of necessities, and had been welcomed by the people, who remained on their farms. Hence in May, 1784, that body passed an act laying a tax of $37,000 upon the Long Island counties, to make up for their lack of zeal in the cause of independence. Unhappily the framers of this measure took no account of $200,000 given voluntarily and clandestinely at the risk of life and goods by various families with patriotic sympathies, for the sweeping tax pressed as heavily on these as upon those whom it aimed to punish. Two years later a wiser and more equitable law was enacted giving to the various towns the privilege of commuting the old quit rents established by the original patents. This could be done by paying all arrearages (deducting the eight years of the war), and a sum equal to that of fourteen years to come, after which they would be forever rid of all further payments. And so with the discharge of new burdens and release from old ones Long Island's part in the Revolution came to an end.

THE MEETING HOUSE PUMP—WESTBURY.

When Brooklyn Was a Village

A HUNDRED years ago the assessed valuation of the whole of Long Island was less than that of any single ward of the Brooklyn of today, and it was not until 1817 that Brooklyn itself became an incorporated village which grew in 1834 to the dignity of a city. Twenty years later Williamsburg was united with Brooklyn, followed by the absorption of the towns of Kings County in 1886 and 1894, and in the consolidation with New York in 1897 this enlarged municipality has now become the Borough of Brooklyn.

Behind this bald statement of fact lies a marvelous story of almost uninterrupted growth which may be said to date from the application of steam to river and harbor navigation. The first ferry between New York and Brooklyn ran over somewhat the same route as the present Fulton Ferry. The boat which did the work is described as a square-ended scow, rigged with mast and sails. The fare for a horse was one shilling, and five for a wagon. Only a child in arms went free. This ferry was running as early as 1735, but three-quarters of a century brought little improvement in the methods of its founders, and it was not until 1814 that horse-boats, twin-boats, with the wheel in the centre, propelled by a sort of horizontal treadmill worked by horses, was introduced upon the Catherine Ferry. This was a boat of eight-horse power, crossing the river in from twelve to twenty minutes. Fulton was then at work upon a steam ferry-boat, and the fruit of his labors, the *Nassau* was put on the Fulton Ferry in May, 1814. The new agent, however, being found as expensive as it was expeditious, it failed to win favor in the eyes of the company, and for several years remained the only steam ferry-boat upon the river. Finally, in 1824, the monoply which had been

granted to Fulton was set aside by order of the Supreme Court. The use of steam was thrown open to public competition, and the horse-boats soon gave way to the new agent. An early improvement in the steam ferry-boat was the single boat with side-wheels, the first of which was the *Hoboken,* built in 1822, by R. L. Stevens. Coincident with this advance came Fulton's invention of the floating bridges which rise and fall with the tide, aided by counter balancing weights on the shore, and the spring piles devised by Stevens. These improvements quickly found favor on the ferries, and the genius of steam gained undisputed mastery of the waters.

Brooklyn had been recognized as a town under the State government in March, 1788, and in the same year had begun for it the history of shipping on a large scale. The ship *Sarah,* owned by the brothers Comfort and Joshua Sands, who had lately become large property holders in Brooklyn, took in a cargo of merchandise on this side of the East River, and thereafter brigs and vessels came to land on the Brooklyn shore, bringing tar, wine and tobacco from the West Indies, and carrying thither staves, planks and flour. Ten years later the first merchant ship was launched on this side, and in 1799 the frigate *John Adams,* of thirty-two guns, was built at the Wallabout. The same year the first newspaper was established in Brooklyn. Its publisher, Thomas Kirk, had his office at the corner of Fulton and Front streets, and under the ponderous name of "The Courier and New York and Long Island Advertiser" it was issued weekly for four years. Schools, meantime, were springing up both in Brooklyn and its sister towns, and Flatbush had won glory for itself by the establishment in 1787 of Erasmus Hall Academy. Following 1794 John Henry Livingston, the first theological professor of the Dutch Reformed Church in America, was long at the head of this school; and among its earlier graduates was William Alexander Duer, son of Lady Kitty Duer, and president in after years of Columbia College.

Brooklyn, as we have seen, became an incorporated village in 1817. It then had a population of 4,400 souls, and Van Pelt gives a vivid, satisfying picture of the conditions under which the lusty youngster was preparing to put off its swaddling clothes. He tells us that from what are now the Fulton and Catherine ferries, "roads, or streets, ran up toward the high ground along the present Sands Street, meeting (as do Fulton and Main streets) just before the highest point was attained. On these two thoroughfares the houses clustered most thickly. Almost the first thing that met the gaze of the visitor who landed at the steamboat dock, or climbed the stairs from a row-boat, was the market, standing squarely in the center of the Old Road, hardly fifty feet from the slip, its straggling buildings stretching up as far as Elizabeth Street. There were six stands in it, occupied by as many butchers, who were famous citizens in their day, and became men of substance in body as in purse. The hardware store of Birdsall & Bunce, on the upper corner of Front and Fulton streets, was also a centre of interest for the community as the post office, Joel Bunce serving his country and his neighbors in the capacity of postmaster. Towering above the landing, the market and the dwellings on the left side of the Ferry Road, were the Heights, where resided merchants or landholders who had accumulated wealth and were disposed to enjoy the fruits of it in elegant mansions, whose piazzas and windows commanded a prospect of unrivaled beauty. There was a road along the shore under the heights, and here and there a shop, dwelling house, or slip for landing. One man evaporated salt water in shallow vats; another was a famous boat builder; a third was a waterman, with pumps and casks galore, who would go out in his scow or piragua, and supply the shipping in bay or river with fresh water. Near the foot of what is now Orange Street was a dock for the accommodation of men in the milk business. Another dock jutted out into the stream about half way between Clark and Pierrepont streets, and further south a third one, owned by Samuel Jackson, which bore

three wooden storehouses. At the end of the shore road, where a break in the heights allowed a turn of it back into the interior, about where Joralemon Street is now, was Pierrepont's distillery, which had been Philip Livingston's in an earlier time. Here, again, were docking facilities, and a large wharf jutting out into the river, held wooden storehouses and a wind-mill which ground grain for distilling purposes."

A row of high and spreading elm trees, at the time of which we are writing, reached all the way from Orange to Clinton streets. "Talleyrand, who lodged for a time in a house on Fulton Street, nearly opposite Hicks, delighted to walk under these trees and watch the farm wagons coming into town. On their return from New York, he would often request a ride into the country, feasting his eyes upon the fertile fields of Flatbush, Flatlands and the other towns. The village almshouse with a two-acre garden around it stood in Nassau Street, between Jay and Fulton, and in the last named thoroughfare, a little north of the corner of Nassau, was a long one-story-and-a-half house, built of bricks brought from Holland. The Provincial Assembly met here once or twice in colonial days when small-pox raged in New York, and here Putnam had his headquarters during the battle of Long Island. Myrtle Avenue still belonged to the future, but there was a Myrtle Street, laid out rudely a short distance to the left of Fulton. Near the corner, upon high ground, was a dwelling house, in which was kept a grocery store, surrounded by a garden used for picnic parties. Thence to the Wallabout no houses were in sight, while there were few buildings on the Old Road beyond Joralemon Street. Near the junction of Joralemon and Fulton streets, on the present site of the county court house, was a pleasure resort known as the Military Garden, where musical and histrionic art for Brooklyn began its history. The village in 1821 contained 626 houses, and two years later there was 865, while in all the town there were a little over 1,000, of which not quite 150 were of stone or brick."

Brooklyn had now grown to be a community of 7,000 souls, and the year 1824 saw the setting afoot of its first bank. It was called the Long Island Bank, and had Leffert Lefferts for its president. The Brooklyn Savings Bank was organized in 1827 with Adrian Van Sinderen as president. Meanwhile, in 1824, the town's first fire insurance company, the Brooklyn, began business on the corner of Front and Dock streets, with William Furman as president. During the same period a new market was opened in James Street, since wiped away by the bridge approaches, and the town's first bonded warehouse, a three-story fire-proof structure, established on Furman Street, at the water's edge. Brooklyn at this time could boast eight rope walks and seven distilleries, besides tanneries, a dozen factories, seven tide mills, two wind mills, two printing offices and seventy grocery and dry goods stores. Real estate in the village was assessed at upward of $2,000,000, and was steadily and swiftly rising in value.

There had already been laid the ground work of the public school system that has since become the especial pride of Brooklyn. When the century opened a school, with two teachers and sixty scholars, was maintained at the Ferry. Ten years later there were four schools in the village, and the Brooklyn Select Academy, conducted by John Mabon. For the poor and neglected children of the village a number of worthy women in 1813 established a school called the Loisian Seminary, whose teachers were young women serving in turn without pay. The seminary existed as a separate institution until 1818, when it was made the nucleus of a general school system, and a house built for it on the corner of Concord and Adams streets, the cost thereof being laid as a tax on the inhabitants. Thus district school No. 1 came into being, with John Dikeman as its first teacher. Later Public School No 1 was built on the same site. District School No. 2 was begun in 1827 in a rented frame house at the corner of Adams and Prospect streets, to be removed in 1838 to a building on Bridge Street near Plymouth,

and again, in 1840, to its present location at the corner of Bridge and York streets. District School No. 3 was established in 1830 in the school house of the Dutch Reformed Church, where children of the church had been taught at the cost of the society, but which was now transferred to the uses of the public school system. Meanwhile, in 1833, the Brooklyn Lyceum had been organized for the promotion of intellectual improvement, with P. W. Radcliffe as its first president.

Brooklyn during the first decades of the last century was also earning for itself the title of the City of Churches. The Dutch Church built in the day of first things on the Jamaica and Flatbush road, between the present Lawrence and Duffield streets, was replaced in 1810 by a gray stone structure, with small windows and a heavy square tower, which stood in Joralemon's Lane, now Joralemon Street, facing an open field which later furnished a site for the present City Hall. The plan of one management and pastorate for the churches of the several Dutch towns, along with exclusive preaching in the Dutch language, had now come to an end, and in 1802 the Rev. John B. Johnson was called as pastor for Brooklyn alone. St. Ann's Episcopal Church was erected in 1805 at the corner of Sands and Washington streets, but gave way at the end of twenty years to a more spacious structure on the same site. St. Ann's first rector was the Rev. John Ireland, a man active in all that made for the uplifting of his townsmen; and among his early successors were the Rev. Henry U. Onderdonk, who became assistant bishop of Pennsylvania, and the Rev. Charles P. McIlvaine, afterward bishop of Ohio. Other Episcopal churches came into being with the growth of the town—St. John's in 1826 on the corner of Washington and Johnson streets, and St. Paul's in 1834 in Pearl Street near Concord.

The first Methodist church of Brooklyn was established in 1794, and housed in a modest structure in Sands Street, replaced in 1810 by a larger building. Seven years later the colored members of the organization set up a church of their

own. A second swarming from the mother hive led in 1823 to the founding of the York Street Methodist Church, and the year 1831 brought the organization of the Washington Street Methodist Church. The First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn was founded in 1822, and built its first house of worship in Orange Street. A second Presbyterian church was organized in 1831, and housed in 1834 in a brick structure in Clinton Street, near Fulton, parts of which are incorporated in the store now occupying the site. The Baptists built their first church in 1826 in Pearl Street, between Concord and Nassau streets, and eight years later a second church was built on the corner of Tillary and Lawrence streets.

The organization of the first Congregational church in Brooklyn dates from 1844, when the Church of the Pilgrims began its career. Two years later the present edifice on Henry and Remsen streets was built, and the Rev. Richard S. Storrs as its pastor entered upon the work which gave him national fame. There were few Roman Catholics in Brooklyn a hundred years ago, and these were under the care of the pastor of St. Peter's Church in New York, but by 1822 they were able to establish a parish of their own. A site was bought on the corner of Jay and Chapel streets, and, in August, 1823 the edifice erected thereon was consecrated by the bishop of New York. One of those who led in the building of St. James, as it was called, was George McCloskey, who owned a farm near Fort Greene, and whose son entered the priesthood and lived to become cardinal archbishop of New York. Sunday-school work in Brooklyn had its inception in 1816, when, as the outcome of a public meeting, the Brooklyn Sunday-school Union Society was organized, with Joshua Sands as president, and for several years held its sessions in District School No. 1, at Concord and Adams streets. However, in 1818 the Episcopalians organized a Sunday-school of their own, and by 1823 their example had been followed by the other denominations in the town.

When Brooklyn Was a Village

While Brooklyn was yet a village, and the several settlements clustered about it were still distinct from it and from each other, the navy yard was established at the Wallabout. The federal government bought 200 acres of land there in February, 1801, but leased it for a number of years to private individuals, and it was not until 1824 that a dock and shipyard were erected upon it. Meantime, we are told, the Wallabout had come to be on the highway of travel between the interior of the island and the ferries at Brooklyn. Before 1802 the people of Flushing traveled to Brooklyn by way of Jamaica and the Jamaica Road, through Bedford to the ferries. Then William Prince, of Flushing, organized the Flushing Bridge and Road Company, which built a causeway and bridge over the salt meadows at the head of Flushing Bay, thus reducing the distance to Brooklyn by four miles. The farmers now came through Newtown, and so, by the Cripple Bush Road, still through Bedford. Prince, in 1805, saw a chance to cut off another three miles by a causeway and bridge over the flats at the Wallabout Cove, and, accordingly, organized the Wallabout and Brooklyn Toll-bridge Company. Leaving the Cripple Bush Road where Flushing Avenue is now, the new road led toward the hills of which Sands Street forms the ridge. The bridge and causeway extended from the end of Sands Street to the corner of Flushing and Portland avenues, where was the tollgate. This diversion of traffic caused a nuclus of the later city to gather at the Wallabout. Ship-carpenters had already settled there, while a ropewalk stretched from Classon Avenue to Graham Street, and in 1832, when streets were laid out, the population was sufficient to constitute a village by itself.

The component towns were growing apace during the first decades of the last century. Steps were taken in 1809 to make a turnpike of the road from Flatbush to Brooklyn, upon which a tollgate was placed near the junction of the Jamaica Road, at the present intersection of Fifth and Flatbush avenues. Flatbush in 1821 organized a fire department, and in 1830 a line of stages

A BAY SHORE BIT

was established between the village and Brooklyn, a stage leaving in the morning and returning in the afternoon. The same year the county poor-farm was bought at Flatbush, but when, in 1832, fire destroyed the courthouse the county seat was removed to Brooklyn, which thus became the shire town. Erasmus Hall, meantime, had been considerably enlarged, and in 1834 had for its principal the Rev. William H. Campbell, afterward for many years the president of Rutgers College. The Reformed Church of Flatbush became an independent organization in 1822 with the Rev. Thomas M. Strong, who served until 1861, as its sole pastor. In 1824 a church was organized in the New Lots of Flatbush, now the Twenty-sixth Ward of Brooklyn, with Flatlands forming a part of the parish. New Utrecht became a separate congregation in 1809, and in 1832 Gravesend called a pastor of its own. Other sects were the while gaining a foothold in the outside towns. A Methodist church was organized at Bay Ridge in 1831, and three years later St. John's Episcopal church was established at Fort Hamilton.

An interesting story lies behind the founding of the latter church. Fort Hamilton was completed in 1831 as part of a plan of defense for the harbor of New York, and a couple of officers attached to the garrison, with three or four families of the neighborhood, formed the nucleus of a congregation that grew with the years. The worshippers at the outset met every Sunday morning in the district school room, and for the afternoon service in the fort. At the end of three years a tract of land at the corner of the present Fort Hamilton Avenue and Ninety-ninth Street was donated as a site for a church, and thereon was erected a structure which was dedicated in July, 1835. The original St. John's, a wooden building, modest in dimensions, with the altar pointing due east, and having the semblance of a castellated steeple over the front elevation, was torn down in 1895 to make room for a larger and more durable stone structure, but luminous memories attach to its vanished walls. Robert E. Lee, when an officer of engineers stationed at Fort

Hamilton, served as vestryman of St. John's, and there Thomas Jonathan ("Stonewall") Jackson received the sacrament of baptism. Old residents at Fort Hamilton recall Jackson as a rigid Sabbatarian, who never travelled on a Sunday, never called for his mail on that day, attended church both morning and evening, and taught in two Sunday schools.

The population of Brooklyn in 1830 exceeded 15,000 souls, and the rapid growth to which this fact bore witness, led to active agitation for incorporation as a city. The people of New York City strongly opposed and for a time defeated such a measure, but in April, 1834, a bill for incorporating the City of Brooklyn was passed by the legislature and became a law. The village had included only a part of old Breuckelin, but the earliest city took in all of the town, including Wallabout, Cripple Bush, Bedford, Gowanus and Red Hook. It was divided into nine wards, each of which chose two aldermen, and these in turn elected the mayor. George Hall, a leading merchant, was chosen first mayor of the city, and again held that office when the first consolidation brought Williamsburg within the corporate limits. One of the first acts of the city authorities was the erection of a city hall. The site selected was the plaza formed by the diverging lines of Fulton, Joralemon and Court streets, and the then open fields between them. The panic of 1837 caused a long break in the construction of the building, and it was not completed until 1849, by which time the population of the city exceeded 60,000.

This growth, which made Brooklyn "New York's bedroom," led also to an increase of ferries between the two cities. South Ferry, running its boats from the foot of Whitehall Street in New York to Atlantic Street (or Avenue), Brooklyn, began operation in 1836, and in 1846 the Hamilton Ferry was established, with boats plying between the southern end of Manhattan and the Atlantic Basin, of which more in another place. A later venture was the ferry which after 1853 connected Wall Street, New York, with Montague Street, in

Brooklyn. All three were managed by the Brooklyn Union Ferry Company, which also controlled the Fulton Ferry.

Brooklyn in its first days as a city was protected against fire by volunteer companies established in different parts of the town, but after 1855 the firemen were organized as the Fire Department of the City of Brooklyn, two members from each hose company constituting a board of management. The city during this period was twice visited by destructive fires. The first of these broke out on the night of September 9, 1848, in a frame building on Fulton Street, opposite Sands. The flames swept swiftly over the entire block, reaching back to Henry Street, and then across Middagh Street, on the one side, and Fulton on the other. Nearly all the houses on Sands Street to Washington were consumed, while on Fulton Street there was almost total destruction of the three blocks between it and Henry, as far as Orange Street on the west, and of the blocks on the east between it and Washington, as far as Concord Street. The firemen, aided by twenty engines from New York, made a heroic fight, but a scarcity of water rendered their efforts without avail, and the progress of the fire was stayed only by the blowing up with gunpowder of the houses in its path. The total loss exceeded one and a half million dollars. The second fire occurred in July, 1850, and raged for several hours among the storehouses on Furman Street, with a loss of $400,000.

Four years later the city was disturbed by a riot of serious proportions. During the months of May and June, 1854, we are told, "persons of the Primitive Methodist persuasion held open-air preaching services in the Brooklyn streets. Such a meeting held on May 29 on the corner of Atlantic Avenue and Smith Street, was attended by some 300 Know Nothings from New York. The Know Nothings were violently anti-Catholic, and, on their way home across the Catherine Ferry, they had to pass through an Irish and Catholic neighborhood. The ill-feeling thus aroused prompted an attack upon them on their return from another open-air service on June 4, when a lively

fight ensued in the vicinity of the Catherine Ferry, at Main and Front streets. The New Yorkers were assailed with clubs and stones, and replied with pistols. The Brooklyn police, who had tried to disperse the attacking mob before the trouble began, did noble work in restraining and arresting the rioters, but the militia had to be called out to aid them in the restoration of order. The following Sunday, the mayor was fully prepared with police and military to quell any possible disturbance. The street-preaching was not forbidden, for the principle of free speech was in peril and must be vindicated; but the display of force prevented any further rioting."

Brooklyn's growth during its first decades made itself felt in varied ways. Many of the existing thoroughfares were widened, while Water Street was laid out on land where aforetime were marshes and mud flats; and warehouses and factories were built beyond the former line of beach at the rear of the houses on Front Street. The shore at the same time was pushed far beyond the old road under the heights; the road leading from what is now the crossing of Fifth and Flatbush avenues to Gowanus gave way to the present Fifth and Third avenues, and quick development was assured to another part of the town by the laying out of Myrtle Avenue, in 1853 extended beyond the city limits into the Myrtle Avenue and Jamaica Plank Road. About the same time, to foster intercourse between the city and the interior of the island, the toll bridge on the Flushing and Newtown Road (now Flushing Avenue) was made free, and the Brooklyn, Greenwood, and Bath Plank Road built from Fourth Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street to the Bath House in New Utrecht, to be transformed with the years first into a dummy-engine and then to a trolley car road.

Gas was first used in Brooklyn on an extensive scale in 1848, and six years later street cars made their first appearance in the town. These were the cars of the Brooklyn City Railroad Company, which came into being in December, 1853, and the routes upon which they were run were Fulton, Myrtle and

Flushing avenues and Court Street, thus carrying passengers to the four quarters of the town. Another enterprise vitally affecting the growth and development of Brooklyn was the construction of the Atlantic Basin. "Along Buttermilk Channel, from Red Hook northward, were numerous inlets or ponds, issuing by narrow mouths into the bay. They were filled at high tide, and the surrounding flats covered, but at low tide the flats were bare and the ponds shallow. Daniel Richards, about 1840, conceived the idea that out of these ponds and flats could be constructed a basin into which vessels could be conveyed and sheltered while they discharged their cargoes for importation or reshipment into adjoining warehouses. Accordingly, a company organized by him purchased forty acres of flats and inlets along the shore of Buttermilk Channel, opposite Governor's Island. Cribs of piles filled in with stone were built upon the outside flats, and as the shallow ponds were deepened, the mud and soil thus secured was made to increase the solidity of the outer portion. Upon these was built a half-mile row of four-story granite warehouses, broken in the center by a passage two hundred feet wide, which opened into a basin capable of holding hundreds of large sea-going vessels. Piers and wharves were thrown out into the middle of this basin, and another line of warehouses built along the shore in its rear. The construction of the Basin, begun in 1841 and completed during the next decade, secured an immense concentration of traffic, and gave to Brooklyn accommodations for import trade far superior to anything New York could offer, as goods could be transferred from ship to storage without intervening transportation upon carts." It also led to the quick development of the section of Brooklyn in the vicinity of the Basin. Before the end of 1848 no less than thirty-five streets were laid out in the neighborhood, and soon houses were being built along all of the new thoroughfares.

The city's financial institutions had now been increased by the organization of the Atlantic and Brooklyn, the Long Island

and the City Banks, and in the same period fell the establishment of the Long Island and Phœnix Fire Insurance Companies. City and island had the while engaged with energy in the construction of steam railroads. The Brooklyn and Jamaica Railroad Company was incorporated in 1832, and in April, 1836, began to run trains to Jamaica over its double track of eleven miles. The same year and month the Long Island Railroad Company, chartered in 1834, broke ground for the continuation of the road to the end of the island. The promoters of this enterprise aimed to provide a quick means of transit between New York and Boston, but before the road was completed in 1844, direct communication was established between the two cities, involving no transfer of boats, and the Long Island Railroad has, therefore, remained until the present time simply a developer of insular interests and traffic. The road, at the outset, started at South Ferry, pierced Cobble Hill by a tunnel and sunken roadbed nearly a mile in length, and thence ran through and out of the city along the line of Atlantic Avenue. The speed attained, we are told, was never more than twelve miles an hour, but residents upon Atlantic Avenue objected to the perils of a train rushing along at that rate of speed; and so, after a time, the company was forced to leave its terminus at South Ferry, close up the tunnel with its approaches, and betake itself to regions quite outside the city limits. Flatbush Avenue being as yet without the line of dense population, the trains might run on Atlantic Avenue beyond that point, but the main offices and station were taken to Hunter's Point, and, as the result of the excessive nervousness of a few hundred citizens, Brooklyn is still practically only a side station, with the terminus of its railroad system at an inconvenient point.

An important event of 1841 was the founding of the "Brooklyn Eagle," the first number of which appeared on October 26 of that year. The founder and publisher of this journal, so closely and honorably identified with the growth and

advancement of Brooklyn, was Isaac Van Anden, who until his death in 1875 retained practically unbroken control and ownership. Its first editor was Henry C. Murphy, long regarded as the man most distinguished among those native to the soil of Brooklyn. Mr. Murphy, however, soon returned to his law practice, and was succeeded in the editorship of the "Eagle," first by Richard Adams Locke and later by William R. Marsh. When Marsh died in 1846 the vacant chair was taken by a man whose fame in after years filled the world. This was Walt Whitman, who held the editorship for a year, and then resigned on invitation. The "Eagle's" historian records that Whitman carried into his work the eccentricities of his genius, or rather they carried him out of the work, for when the sun shone nature wooed him to her charms to such a degree that stormy days were hailed with satisfaction in the "Eagle" office as being days on which work could be gotten from the editor. On other days he was "loafing and inviting his soul" on the hills where Prospect Park now rests or in the forest that lay back of Brooklyn. Later editors of the "Eagle" were Henry McCloskey, Thomas Kinsella and Andrew McLean. The post has been held since 1886 by St. Clair McElway.

Brooklyn was visited by the scourge of Asiatic cholera during the summer of 1849, and nearly 650 people fell victims to it. The plague came again in 1854, when the deaths slightly exceeded those of the previous visitation. Reference to those dark days naturally calls to mind a distinguishing feature of modern Brooklyn—the great number of cemeteries in and about the city. Greenwood, perhaps America's most beautiful City of the Silent, covers the hills of Gowanus, upon which was raged the most desperate fighting of the Battle of Long Island, and dates from 1840, when the first person was buried there. Its present dimensions exceed 400 acres, and, what with its superb location and the skill and taste which have wrought its adornment, it has long been, despite its funereal associations, one of Brooklyn's chief boasts. Cypress Hills,

which crowns a range of hills lying along the Jamaica Road, was initiated in 1848, and the following year lovely Evergreens were laid out upon the utmost ridge of the island's backbone, but nearer the city than its sister cemetery. Calvary, Holy Cross, Linden Hill, Mount Hope, St. Michael's, and St. John are most of them creations of a more recent time.

Brooklyn after its incorporation continued to strengthen its claim to be called the City of Churches, for their number multiplied as the town grew in population. The first Unitarian Church (of the Saviour) was organized in 1834, and the first Universalist Church in 1841, the one finding a home on Pierrepont and the other on Adams Street. Meanwhile, the second Dutch Church, organized in 1837 and housed after 1850 in a spacious structure on Pierrepont Street, was winning fame through the ministry of the Rev. George W. Bethune, counted one of the foremost orators of his time. The year 1845 found three Dutch Reformed, eight Episcopalian, an equal number of Methodist and seven Presbyterian churches flourishing in Brooklyn, while the number of Roman Catholic churches had so increased that in 1853 Long Island was created a diocese with the Very Rev. John Loughlin as bishop.

The most noteworthy religious event of the period under review, however, was the founding of Plymouth Church by nine members of the Church of the Pilgrims, who had been set apart to organize another Congregational society. The building and grounds of the first Presbyterian Church on Orange Street were purchased; in June, 1847, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Indianapolis, Ind., was called to be the pastor of the new church, and in October of the same year he began the labors which were to cover two score years and win him enduring renown. Mr. Beecher belonged to a family remarkable for moral and intellectual endowment. Son of Dr. Lyman Beecher, a rugged, intrepid pioneer not only in social, but in ecclesiastical reform; touched with Boston life for four or five years and seasoned with salt before the mast in a stretch of

seafaring; graduating at Amherst and then transplanted to Lane Seminary, Ohio, under the training of its president, his father, he entered the ministry in the West, and in his formative years drank in the large unconventionalities, the fearless enterprise, the blunt individuality, the sense of human kinship, and social interdependence born only of pioneer life. Thus, he entered the Plymouth pulpit at the age of thirty-four fitted for a work which we now see could have been accomplished by no other man of his time.

Plymouth Church had only twenty members when Mr. Beecher became its pastor, but, before the end of the first year, his eloquence and independence gave him a growing army of admiring listeners. A visitation of fire made it possible to replace the damaged church with a new and spacious edifice, which was completed and occupied on New Year's Day, 1850. Here was a novelty in church enterprise, for with a structure having a seating capacity of 2,800 and an organ costing $22,000, the entire outlay scarcely exceeded $90,000, and this plant became exceedingly thrifty, bringing in a largess of pew rentals reaching from $11,000 in 1853 to more than $60,000 in the later years of Mr. Beecher's pastorate. The society, however, did not confine its activities to Plymouth Church. In 1866 it adopted the Bethel Mission, expending more than $75,000 in the purchase of the church buildings, and six years later it increased its range of work by adopting the May Flower Mission, providing upwards of $25,000 for its building in Jay Street. The parent church during this period numbered 3,000 members, and the great edifice could hardly hold them in a single congregation.

The usual answer given to strangers in New York inquiring the way to Plymouth Church, was: "Cross Fulton Ferry and follow the crowd." Standing room was always at a premium, and scarcely a Sabbath passed when hundreds were not turned away for want of even standing room. Mr. Beecher's oratory has been happily described by one who often felt its spell. "He was," we are told, "poet,

philosopher, actor, wit, humorist, and more, rolled into one. To some the ministry is a cage. To him the gospel was wings. To some a pulpit is a prison. To him it was a standpoint wherefrom he saw his field, which was the world. To some a text is a guide. To him it was only a hint—to be taken or thrown away. He regarded a theme as something which he transformed into wine for the weak, bread for the hungry, hope for the depressed, milk for babes, meat for strong men, and pabulum for all according to their needs. The love, faith, fear, shame, remorse, sorrow, repentance and exaltation he inspired in others were invoked by him at will, because he felt them himself in his constant dramatization of life into sermons. His mind, heart and temperament were an unique equipment. They brought to him grief as well as joy, trouble as well as success, temptation as well as triumph, enmity as well as devotion,—but they made him the strongest personal power our pulpit has known." The principal charm of Mr. Beecher's sermons lay in the fact that they were neither bookish or shopworn. There was none of the atmosphere of the study on them, nor the flavor of midnight oil.. He gathered his material in the shops and stores, in the streets and in the ferry boats; and he preached to his people, not at them. When shall we see his like again?

THE PARK AND WATER TOWER—RIVERHEAD.

The Whalers of Suffolk

THE most stirring pages of Suffolk history during the last century have to do with the county's part in the whaling industry. Three-score years ago Sag Harbor sent forth a fleet of five-and-sixty whaling vessels, and the male population of the town was divided into those who were away on a whaling voyage, those who were just returning from one, and those who were preparing to start on one. The youth who had not doubled Cape Horn was counted a sluggard, and had no more chance with the village belles than a non-combatant has with those of a garrison town. Summer loiterers in Sag Harbor may still hear snatches of "Round Cape Horn," a song much in vogue when the whaling industry was at its height. A few characteristic stanzas follow:

I asked a maiden by my side,
  Who sighed and looked to me forlorn,
"Where is your heart?" She quick replied,
    " 'Round Cape Horn."

I said, "I'll let your fathers know,"
  To boys in mischief on the lawn;
They all replied, "Then you must go
    'Round Cape Horn."

In fact I asked a little boy
  If he could tell where he was born;
He answered, with a mark of joy,
    " 'Round Cape Horn."

There was truth in these stanzas. A woman who had no children to keep her at home considered it her duty to share the

perils of her husband's calling. For a whaler's wife to have doubled the Cape half a dozen times was nothing unusual, and many a bride stepped from her home aboard her husband's ship for a honeymoon on a three years' voyage to the Pacific and Arctic oceans, to return perhaps with a toddleskin or two born at sea. Again, "every vessel that sailed carried messages to relatives and friends thousands of miles away, and every vessel that came to her moorings brought tidings of cheer and sorrow from distant ones. A wife might have the letter which she had written to her husband two years before returned to her, because his vessel had not been spoken,—and alas! she had not been spoken by any of the vessels that had returned during the year. Time would surely deepen the mystery of the husband's fate, and perhaps the wife would never know whether his ship was cut upon one of the islands of the Pacific and the crew massacred by the savage inhabitants, or split upon a sunken reef and engulfed with all hands; and so she would sit weeping in her lonely chamber while her neighbors made merry over the return of a son, father, lover, or husband, and the streets rang with the songs of happy Jack. Whalemen returning home frequently found that many changes had taken place during their long voyages. One old whaleman was obliged to sail on a voyage just after his mother's burial, leaving his father bowed down with grief. His vessel was hardly at her moorings three years later before said father slapped him on the back and said, 'Alfred, come up to the house and I will introduce you to your mother!'"

What with its manifold and varied perils whaling developed men who seemed born to command. "All the sources of a quick, ready mind were often called into play during a whaleman's career, not only in weathering storms and in avoiding destruction of boats and loss of life when attacking whales, but also in escaping massacre from savage islanders and in outwitting pirates. Many years ago the whale ship *Syren*, while on a voyage to the eastward of Cape Horn,

met with an adventure that would have proved fatal to all hands but for a quick stratagem of the mate. One fine day, off one of the Pelew Islands, all the boats being after whales, and but a few men left aboard the vessel, a large band of armed natives suddenly swarmed over the bulwarks. The crew fled to the rigging, leaving the naked, howling savages in full command of the ship. The mate, on coming alongside, took in the situation at a glance, and quickly ordered the men to open the arm chests and scatter on deck all the tacks they could find. In a moment it fairly rained tacks upon the naked savages. The deck was soon covered with these little nails. They pierced the feet of the islanders who danced about with pain which increased with every step they took, until, with yells of rage and agony, they tumbled headlong into the sea."

Old whalers also delight to tell of the adventure which befell the ship *Awashonks,* when she touched on an autumn day in 1835 at Ramarik Island, one of the Marshall group. "The natives, as was customary, came on board, but not in unusual numbers. About noon, the ship's company being scattered, the natives made a sudden rush for the whaling spades and began a murderous onslaught upon all on deck, killing the captain and the first mate. The third mate escaped by jumping down the fore-hatchway. The natives, now in possession of the deck, fastened down the hatchway and closed the companion-way, after which their leader took the wheel and headed the ship for shore. But the men aloft on the lookout for whales promptly cut the braces, and, the yards, swinging freely, the ship lost her steerageway and slowly drifted toward open water. Meanwhile those below had worked their way aft to the armory in the cabin, from which they fired with muskets whenever a savage presented a mark. The third mate now ordered a keg of powder up from the run, and a large quantity of its contents was placed on the upper step of the companion-way and a train laid to the cabin. Commanding the men to rush on deck the moment of the explosion, regardless of the

consequences to him, the mate fired the train. With the crash of timbers were mingled the yells of wounded and mangled savages; and the crew, rushing on deck, swept the terrified islanders overboard. The third mate took charge of the ship and brought her home."

Now and then a whaling ship was sunk by a whale. Such was the fate of the *Essex,* Captain George Pollard, which in August, 1819, sailed for the Pacific. The afternoon of November 16, the ship's boats being in a school of whales, the boat of First Mate Chase was stove in by a whale and returned to the vessel for repairs. Then it was that he discovered a huge sperm whale lying about twenty rods off the weather bow. Let the rest of the story he told in his own words:

"He spouted two or three times and then disappeared, but almost instantly came up again, about the length of the ship off, and made directly for us, at the rate of about three knots. His appearance and attitude gave us at first no alarm; but while I stood watching his movements, and observing him but a ship's length off, coming down for us with great celerity, I ordered the boy at the helm to put it hard up, intending to shear off and avoid him. The words were scarcely out of my mouth before he came down upon us with full speed, and struck the ship with his head, just forward of the forechains with a jar that nearly threw us all on our faces. The ship brought up as suddenly as if she had struck a rock, and trembled for a few seconds like a leaf. We looked at each other with perfect amazement, deprived of the power of speech. Many minutes elapsed before we were able to realize the dreadful accident, during which time he passed under the ship, grazing the keel as he went along, came up to leeward, and lay on top of the water, stunned with the violence of the blow, for the space of a minute, after which he started off to leeward.

"Recovering in some measure, from the sudden consternation that had seized us, I of course concluded that he had stove a hole in the ship, and that it would be necessary to set the

pumps going. Accordingly they were rigged, but had not been in operation more than a minute before I perceived the head of the ship to be gradually settling down in the water. I then ordered the signal to be set for the other boats, which scarcely had I despatched before I again discovered the whale apparently in convulsions, on top of the water about one hundred rods to leeward. He was enveloped in the foam that his thrashing about in the water had created around him, and I could see him smite his jaws together as if distracted with rage and fury. He remained a short time in this situation, and then darted off across the bows of the ship to windward. The ship by this time had settled down a considerable distance in the water, and I gave her up for lost. However, I ordered the pumps to be kept constantly going, and turned to the boats, two of which we then had with the ship, with the intention of clearing them away and getting all things ready to embark in them if there should be no other resource left. While thus engaged I was aroused with the cry of a man at the hatchway: 'Here he is! He is making for us again!'

"I turned and saw the whale about one hundred rods ahead of us, coming down apparently with twice his ordinary speed, and with tenfold fury and vengeance in his aspect. The surf flew in all directions about him, and his course towards us was marked by a white foam a rod in width, which he made with the continual violent thrashing of his tail. His head was about half out of the water, and in that way he came upon, and again struck the ship. He struck her to windward, directly under the cathead, and completely stove in her bows. He passed under the ship again, went off to leeward, and we saw no more of him."

Barely, in the face of this fresh disaster, had the mate cut adrift and launched the spare boat, than the ship fell over on her beam ends, full of water. The captain and the second mate and their boats had now come up, and all haste was made to secure provisions, water and a few nautical instruments from the sinking ship. This done, the boats left the *Essex*, more than

a thousand miles from land, and shaped their course south-southeast. Each man at the outset was allowed one biscuit and half a pint of water per day, but this had to be reduced one half before land was sighted on December 20. The landfall, however, proved to be Ducie's Island, a tiny stretch of rock and sand, and at the end of a week it was abandoned by all but three of the crew, who chose to remain there rather than face added suffering at sea. The boats were separated by a storm on January 12, 1820. "We were as yet just able," Chase wrote in his journal, "to move about in our boats and slowly perform the necessary labors appertaining to her; but we were fast wasting away, and we daily almost perished under the torrid rays of a meridian sun; to escape which we would lie down in the bottom of the boat, cover ourselves with the sails, and abandon her to the mercy of the waves. Upon attempting to rise the blood would rush into the head and an intoxicating blindness come over us, almost to occasion our suddenly falling down again."

Another week reduced them to a still more wretched condition. "We were now hardly able to crawl around the boat," wrote Chase. "Our ounce and a half of bread, which was to serve us all day, was in some cases greedily devoured, as if life was to continue but another moment; and at other times it was hoarded up and eaten crumb by crumb, at regular intervals during the day, as if it was to last us forever." One of the crew went mad and collapsed on February 8, and his comrades, as the only hope of prolonging their life, agreed that his body should serve as food. Thus Chase and two others sustained life until February 18, when, after having been nearly three months at sea, they were rescued by the brig *Indian* of London, and a week later landed at Valparaiso.

The second mate's boat became separated from the captain's on January 28, and was never heard of more, but not before the flesh of three negroes who had died of exhaustion was divided between the two boats. Three days after the separation, the captain and the three other men with him, finding

themselves once more without food, drew lots to see who should die and who would be the executioner. We are told that it fell upon Owen Coffin to die and upon Charles Ramsdale to slay him. Coffin was a kinsman of the captain, and the latter begged Ramsdale to kill him instead of the doomed man; but Coffin would not allow the sacrifice. The death on February 11 of Barzilla Ray left Pollard and Ramsdale the only survivors, and they were raving with hunger and exhaustion when picked up a few days later off the island of St. Mary by the whale-ship *Dauphin*. The three men who remained on Ducie's Island were rescued by an English skipper who found them almost too weak to talk. Pollard on his next voyage wrecked his ship on a reef, whereupon he retired from the sea, but Owen Chase's subsequent voyages were invariably fortunate ones.

The whalers of Long Island did not all hail from Sag Harbor. Southampton also furnished captains and sailors to man the ships which sailed from the harbor of Sag to the uttermost parts of the sea; and in the closet of more than one of the old houses of the town still lie the canvas-bound logbooks of whalers which went out in command of Southampton captains. Their time-stained pages would furnish material for a small library of the most entertaining books that ever were written; and they would all be, in their main features, absolutely true. Let the memories which attach to an old house yet standing in the angle made by Southampton's main street and the North Sea Road prove this statement. The house in question, a picturesque gambrel roofed structure half hidden by the trees, was bought by a whaling captain for his bride in the early part of the last century; and in the dining room may still be seen the old fireplace before which he delighted to sit and recount the stories of his voyages.

He made seventeen in all, the last as captain, but the one of which he most delighted to tell belonged to his early manhood. "He had long carried in his mind," so ran the captain's story, "the image of a certain maiden of the village, and he re-

solved to win her before he sailed on his next voyage. Her apparent indifference only added fuel to his determination; but she was obdurate and would not listen to his proposals. The young man sailed away, and for many a month no news of his ship came to Southampton. There was good reason for the silence. The vessel had been wrecked on the shores of Brazil, and while the anxious ones at home were watching and waiting, a score of unkempt white men were laboriously pushing their way through the forests toward Rio Janeiro. When a year had come and gone and no news of the ship had reached Southampton, it was revealed to one young woman that she cared whether some one came back or not.

"One afternoon, a month or more after the whaler had gone to pieces, a company of men in torn clothing straggled down the streets of Rio Janeiro to a sailor's boarding house. Here they told their story to the captain of a small vessel about to sail for New Bedford, and begged him to take them with him. He replied that he had room for only a few, and that they should draw lots to determine who should be the few. Lots, accordingly, were drawn, but the young man for whom the Southampton maiden longed was not among the fortunate ones. Yet when the ship sailed there was one more of the whaling men aboard of her than the lot had selected, for the young man with a sweetheart at home had decided that it was of great importance that the vessel should not sail without him. He was not discovered until the ship was far out at sea, and then he received with cheerfulness the captain's ultimatum that he should serve before the mast for his passage.

"Thus it came about that on a September afternoon in the same year two men, one with a youthful face, grimed with the dust of the sandy highway, approached Southampton on the Sag Harbor road. The white shingled houses of the village stretched out along the plain could be seen among the trees. They were again in sight of home. A woman chanced to be standing at the gate in front of her house, which fronted on the

BABYLON FROM THE GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Sag Harbor road. The two men came trudging into view. She glanced at them, took a longer look, and then rushed down the road crying: 'Oh, Lord a' massy; there comes them two poor fellows that was drownded in the bottom of the sea!' It did not take long for the news to travel over the village that the lost ones had returned to their own; and many times were they called upon to tell the story of their escape. Three years later the young man bought the gambrel roofed house in the angle of the main street and the North Sea Road, and took there as his bride, the maiden who had once lent an unwilling ear to his suit, but whom shipwreck and silence had taught to read aright the world-old story that is always new."

One of the tales the captain would tell as he sat before his fire in after years was of an adventure that brought glory and promotion to the young second mate of a whale ship. It was an August afternoon in the North Pacific that all the boats were lowered for a sperm whale of uncommon size. The skipper ordered the second mate to attend upon the other three boats, but he managed to creep up and get fast, the first and third mates' boats being already so, but apparently unable to do anything. Let the rest of the story be told in the captain's own words:

"The whale was a fighter and soon had the lines of the three boats so snarled that they could not get near him. They were making ready to cut adrift and begin again when of a sudden the whale turned a somersault beneath them and again rose to the surface with the second mate's line entangled in his lower jaw. The other two officers seeing that the game was now in the hands of the second mate, cut adrift, whereupon, the whale, as if conscious that he had now won two-thirds of his freedom, darted forward at full speed, defying all efforts of the crew to get up close to him. Night was now at hand, and only a few minutes remained before the darkness would close in upon them, yet every one of these minutes carried them farther from the ship and from their fellows in the other boats. The last

faint streaks of light were fading when the second mate succeeded in hauling up on the whale's flank and giving him a thrust which put an end to the fight.

"The monster's dying agonies were soon over, and the mate hastened to bore a hole in the whale's fluke with his boat spade wherein to secure the tow line for hauling the prize alongside the ship. While thus engaged he split his hand open to the bone on the spade's edge. But the work was finished, and with the whale secure the young man set about binding up his hand. He had hardly completed his rude surgery, however, when a huge Kanaka, his harpooner, suddenly became crazy with fear of the darkness and his inability to see the ship, howled with fright and demanded water and food. The mate strove to quiet the frantic man, but in vain. Then, noting that the rest of the crew showed signs of demoralization, he reached for his bomb-gun, and calling all hands to witness that if compelled to shoot the Kanaka, he was doing such an act only in the common interest, he sat pointing the gun with its awful charge at the madman, trying the while to forget the pain which was slowly deadening his left side from the jaw to the waist.

"There is little doubt he would have died had not his after oarsman in a happy moment thought of filling the only pipe in the boat with strong, rank tobacco. Lighting it with the flint and steel he passed it to his officer, who smoked it and felt it send a blissful feeling of lethargy all through his frame. So sweet was the sensation that when the pipe was smoked out he asked for another, and when that had been consumed he felt entirely happy, not sleepy, but free from pain. Thus throughout the long night, this youngster of twenty-one sat calmly in his boat's stern, his prey wallowing at his side, and before him the sleeping forms of his crew covered with the boat-sail, until the first blush of dawn mantling the eastern blue ended his vigil, and he saw afar off the silhouette of the ship. Even then, however, he had need of all his firmness of purpose to prevent his being compelled by his men to cut adrift from

his whale and pull for the ship, so fearful were they that she would miss them; and two hours of sternly holding his own with them passed slowly away, before it was seen that she knew of their whereabouts, and all was well."

Three other short yarns must close this record of the perils and romance of whaling. The ship *Ann Alexander,* in August, 1850, raised a whale and lowered for it. The monster at once took the offensive, smashed two boats, and pursued a third to the ship, which it then attacked, breaking a large hole through her bottom. All hands were obliged to take to the boats, but were rescued a few days later by a sister ship. No less exciting was an earlier adventure of the whaler *Hector.* A whale with which her crew was engaged struck the mate's boat, staving it badly. "When the captain's boat advanced on the whale, the monster turned, seized the boat in its jaws, and shook it to pieces. Then the mate led another attack with a picked crew; but the whale again assumed the initiative, and the order was given to 'Stern all!' for life. The monster chased the boat for half a mile, often bringing its jaws together within a foot of it; but at last the mate succeeded, as the whale turned to spout, in burying his lance in the cetacean's vitals. When it was cut in two, harpoons belonging to the ship *Barclay* were found, and it came out later that a few months before the *Barclay's* mate had been killed by this whale."

The third yarn has to do with the mate of a whaler who was pursuing a sperm whale, when the monster dived, rose again beneath the boat, and bit it in two, after which it seized the mate in its mouth, and went down with him. The captain coming to the rescue, saw the body of the mate in the jaws of the whale as it disappeared from view. He waited on the spot, knowing that the whale had not finished its spoutings out or number of breathing times, and soon the monster rose again, with the mate's body yet hanging on the edge of its lower jaw. The captain leaped overboard on the instant, and holding the tow line with one hand, with the other snatched the body of

his mate from its awful position. Then, regaining his boat, he left the whale to the second and third mates, and raced for the ship, when it was found that the sufferer had not been wounded. Instead, the whale's teeth had only gone through his clothing; and he still lives, hale and hearty, at the age of ninety.

The master whaler's quick wit and readiness of resource often stood him in good stead when not in pursuit of his chosen game. Two whaling sloops, commanded by Isaiah Chadwick and Obed Bunker, were once lying at anchor in the harbor of Abaco in the Bahamas. A ship off the mouth of the harbor signalled for assistance, and one of the captains, with a crew made up of men from both sloops, went to her aid; but when he boarded her the commanding officer presented a pistol to his head and ordered him to pilot the ship into the harbor. The Yankee skipper made haste to obey, but saw to it that the vessel cast anchor where a point of land lay between her and the sloops. He also took notice, before being dismissed, that all of the men on the deck of the ship were armed, while one unarmed man paced the cabin. The inference drawn from these circumstances was that the ship was in the hands of pirates or mutineers, the man in the cabin being the former captain, and plans were at once laid by the whalers to recapture the vessel.

The usurping captain was, accordingly, invited to dine on one of the sloops; and when he came aboard, accompanied by the boatswain and the man who had been seen pacing the cabin, he was, at a given signal, seized and bound. The actual captain whom the usurper had introduced as a passenger, now explained that the crew had mutinied in order to turn pirates; and the whalers promised immunity to the boatswain if he would return to the ship, come back to the sloop with the former mate who was in irons, and aid in the recapture of the vessel. They coupled this offer with the intimation that a man-of-war was close at hand, and said they would set certain signals when they had obtained help from the vessel of war. The boatswain, playing false, failed to reappear, and one of the sloops put to

sea as if to invoke the aid of the man-of-war. The mutineers shifted their guns and trained them so as to sink her, but the sloop, suddenly changing her course, swept by on the opposite side, and was soon out of sight. An hour or two later she reappeared, and, flying the signal agreed upon with the boatswain, made straight for the corsair. The latter's crew, when they saw the signal, at once concluded there was an armed force from the man-of-war aboard the sloop, and taking to their boats, they fled to the shore. The whalemen took possession of the prize, released the mate, and sailed the ship to New Providence, where a handsome bounty was awarded them. All of the mutineers were afterwards captured.

Hundreds of islands in the Pacific Ocean were discovered and charted by whalemen; and it was one of the voyages of Captain Mercator Cooper, of Southampton, which gave to that village the honor of opening up Japan and introducing her to the family of nations. There came a time, however, when whales grew fewer and farther between; profits declined in the face of the discovery and use of petroleum; few new ships were built, and finally most of the time-tried whalers became the property of the government and went to make up the "stone fleet" sunk in Charleston Harbor during the Civil War. The town's last whaling vessel was sold in 1862, and Sag Harbor began to live on its eventful past. To-day one finds its wharves deserted, and its handful of ancient mariners fallen into the sere and yellow leaf. Loss of life and trade, however, give it an added charm for the wayfarer. Every house is full of mementoes of distant voyages,—idols from the South Seas, wooden goggles worn by Eskimos, rough relics from the Middle Ground, and quaint carvings done by idle sailors becalmed on the Spanish Main,—while the village itself is as lovely as one would expect to find an old sea-port on a sheltered bay. Stately mansions with pillars in front stand back from the rambling street, with wide stretch of lawn in front and shaded breadth of garden behind; and between them are scores of ancient houses, built a

hundred years or more ago, but whose picturesque gables, rose-embowered doorways and narrow windows promise for many a decade to delight the eye of the artist. Age sets more gracefully upon Sag Harbor than upon most men and women.

Southampton also fell into peaceful and pleasant slumber when the whaling industry declined, only to wake into new life a few years ago as a resort for artists and for summer sojourners from the city. Now the tide of modern wealth has set in upon it; the old and the new jostle and mingle delightfully in the village of to-day, and in a walk along its main street, lined all the way with splendid elms, one comes upon venerable landmarks like the old Sayre house, built in 1648, and handed down from father to son for ten generations, touching elbows with smart summer cottages of the most recent pattern. The palace of a new-made millionaire keeps company with the old Pelletreau house, where Lord Erskine made his headquarters during the British occupation of 1779; a golf-link and a club house are within sight of the ruins of three forts which that nobleman caused to be erected, and along the shores of old Town Pond, transformed by recent comers into Fort Agawam, and over the Ox Pasture and Great Plains roads, thoroughfares opened in the middle of the seventeenth century and flecked with windmills of the olden time, the visitor drives by a hundred modern villas, the creation of yesterday.

Easthampton has also become a resort for city dwellers who flock to it for their summer homes; but everything about the old town is still a suggestion of the men and things of an earlier time. Lyman Beecher, the famous father of yet more famous children, was ordained in Easthampton and for a dozen years was pastor of its church. "How did Lyman Beecher preach?" was once asked of an ancient resident of the village. "How did Lyman Beecher preach?" was the reply. "I will tell you how; he would get up and read a psalm and a chapter in the Bible, just like other ministers. Then he would take his text and shut up the book and lean over the pulpit, and

the way that man would talk was a caution." The three pastorates of the Easthampton church prior to that of Lyman Beecher covered a period of 154 years. The third of these, that of Dr. Samuel Buell, embraced a period of fifty-three years. Dr. Buell was installed in 1746, and was still vigorous in mind and body at the time of the Revolution. His sympathies were with the patriot cause, but when the British occupied the eastern end of the island, he managed to keep on good terms with the royalist officers, and often joined them in the chase. He was late on one of these occasions, and the rest of the hunting party had mounted when he came in sight. Lord Erskine commanded all to dismount and receive his friend. Lord Percy obeyed this order with ill grace, and when Dr. Buell was introduced to him took no pains to conceal his disgruntlement. "May I ask what portion of his majesty's forces you have the honor to command?" was the clergyman's courteous greeting. "A legion of devils just from hell!" was Lord Percy's churlish reply. "Then said Dr. Buell, with a low bow, "I suppose I have the honor to address Beelzebub, the prince of devils."

It was at Dr. Buell's suggestion that Clinton Academy was established in 1784. This school was famed throughout Suffolk county for four-score years, and educated many men who later played leading parts in the history of the island. William Payne, father of John Howard Payne, taught in Clinton Academy for some time, and a weather beaten house, half covered with vines, which stands near the old Easthampton cemetery, is pointed out as the birthplace of the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Payne himself maintained that he was born in New York, but persons of authority declare that the weight of evidence is in favor of Easthampton. Payne's story is one of the romances of our literary history. He was a boy prodigy on the stage, and a commonplace actor in his maturity. Thrown into a London jail for debt, he opened his prison door with a successful piece of play-making. Then he sent some plays in manuscript to Charles Kemble.

One of these was "Clari, the Maid of Milan," now remembered only for the song of which it was the original setting. That plaintive ballad, wedded to the melody the loitering playwright had first heard sung by an Italian peasant girl, melted the heart of London and of the world, and with its one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, rendered Payne's name immortal. Its author, however, never again wrote or did anything memorable. He returned to America, and in 1843 he was appointed consul at Tunis, where in 1852, "an exile from home," he died. Thirty years later his remains were brought back to his native land, and laid finally in Oak Hill Cemetery, near Washington. The federal city holds many monuments, but none of them is visited by a greater throng of pilgrims nor shrines a memory with a tenderer appeal to all of them than that of the "wide-wandering actor who lived and died alone, and of whom nothing is remembered but that he wrote one song."

Cooper is said to have laid the opening scenes of his "Sea Lions" near Southampton, and the place is rich in other strange and moving memories. On an April day in 1840 there came an unusual visitor to the hamlet's solitary inn. The new-comer was a man of fifty, handsome, courtly, reserved, and both he and the servant who accompanied him spoke with a marked Scotch accent. They were assigned quarters by the inn-keeper, and with him they remained five years. Then the servant went away, and the master found a home with a leading family of Easthampton. His means were ample and remittances reached him regularly through a chain of banks. The life he led in the quiet town was in every way a sweet and lovely one. He was the constant patron of the poor, the warm friend of all the boys in the village, prompt and generous in every good work, and a regular attendant at church, contributing freely to the building of a chapel at Easthampton.

And yet for more than thirty years this singular man led the life of a hermit. But once in that time did he pass the limits

of Easthampton, and that was to visit Southampton, only a few miles away. During all these years his identity remained unknown to those about him. John Wallace was the name he gave when he came to Easthampton, and John Wallace is the name you will find carved on the white slab that stands above his grave in the village cemetery. At rare intervals he would come from the post-office holding a letter in his hand and remark to the members of the family with whom he lived, "This is from my lady friend in Edinburgh." And this was the only hint he ever gave of his former life. He was eighty-one years old when he died on a stormy night in December, 1870. After he was gone his landlady wrote a letter describing his end, addressed it to "Mr. Wallace's Lady Friend, Edinburgh," and despatched it through the New York bank by which the old man's remittances had reached him. Months later there came a reply, brief, formal and unfeeling, signed "Mr. Wallace's Lady Friend."

Years after, quite by accident, the mystery of the dead man's life came out. In 1840 the sheriff of a great Scotch county was a certain man residing in Edinburgh. He was a bachelor of middle age, of upright life, benevolent impulses, the ever generous friend of those in distress, and widely known and universally beloved on account of his good works. Of a sudden a grave crime was charged against him. One evening the lord high advocate visited a friend of the sheriff and told him that at ten o'clock next morning a warrant would be issued for the sheriff's arrest. That night the sheriff disappeared from Scotland, and a few weeks later John Wallace's long and lonely penance in the little village on Long Island had begun. Now it is ended, and he sleeps as peacefully in the Easthampton burial-ground as he would in the soil that gave him birth.

Queens and Its Worthies

THE county of Queens during the last century may be aptly described as a country without a history, for its record during that period is one of steady and uneventful growth. The population of Newtown, the most westerly township in the county, had by 1793 reached 3,000 souls; and before the end of the same decade there was a line of stages which ran regularly to Brooklyn three times a week. The Flushing Avenue extension of the Cripple Bush road in 1805 lessened by four miles the distance to Brooklyn, and in 1816 the completion of the Williamsburg turnpike opened traffic from Newtown direct to the new ferries at that point, thus reducing by one-half the distance to New York. By 1850 the town's population exceeded 7,000, and when in 1854 the Long Island Railroad built its North Side branch to Flushing and beyond Newtown found itself on the way to become a suburb of Brooklyn. It was not, however, until 1876, that a line of horse cars was extended from the city to the village.

De Witt Clinton during the opening years of the last century had his country residence in the Maspeth section of Newtown. This uncommon man was born in 1769, and was graduated at Columbia in 1786, first among the honor men of his class. He studied law, soon entered public life, and in 1799 was elected to the Senate of New York, where he at once took a leader's place. Three years later he was elected to the federal Senate, but resigned from that body in 1803 to become mayor of the city of New York. This post he held, excepting two years, until 1815, serving at the same time as State senator and lieutenant-governor. He was the Federalist candidate for President as opposed to Madison in 1812, but received only eighty-nine electoral votes.

THE TROUT STREAM—SUNKEN MEADOW.

Clinton was made governor of New York in 1818, and thereafter his career was identified with the building of the Erie Canal, of which he had early become the enthusiastic and persuading advocate. He was re-elected governor in 1820, and though he declined a third nomination in 1822, he continued from 1816 to 1824 to act as president of the canal board. Then his enemies induced the legislature to remove him from office, without either charges or trial; but this action aroused profound disgust, soon leading to fury, and he was at once renominated and elected governor by an unprecedented majority. The Erie Canal was finished the following year, and a celebration took place which was the wonder of the nation. Clinton was again chosen governor in 1826, and died at the close of his term. The Maspeth house, where he was wont to enjoy rest from political agitations and his contention for the canal, came to him from his first wife, Maria Franklin, the daughter of a Quaker merchant of New York. It yet stands at the corner of Flushing and Maspeth Avenues, and may be seen by railroad travellers on the way to Jamaica, partially hidden by trees, many of which Clinton planted with his own hand.

Woodside, Winfield, Elmhurst and Corona are settlements within the old township of Newtown, which have come into being during the last half century. Long Island City, now become a part of the Greater New York, is also a growth of modern times, although the history of some of its component parts goes back to the day of first things. Settlers located in the vicinity of North Beach and Bowery Bay as early as 1638, when Breuckelin was yet to come by eight years; what is now Hunter's Point but was once the Domine's Hook was settled in 1643; and the Hallett's Cove of an earlier time derived its name from William Hallett, an Englishman, who emigrated hitherward from Dorsetshire in 1652, and became, by grant from Stuyvesant and by purchase from the Indians, owner of all the lands in the section now known as Astoria. Nearly all of these first settlers were tillers of the soil, but men of other callings came with

the years, and Thompson, writing in 1839, describes the vicinity of Hallett's Cove as a "theatre of activity and enterprise in various branches of business." He adds that its industries then included a carpet factory, a chair factory, a wood card factory, a bellows factory, and chemical works. The nurseries of Grant Thorburn, America's pioneer seedsman, were likewise located here, and that quaint and interesting individual for some years served as postmaster of Hallett's Cove. He and his wife were among the founders, in 1839, of the Reformed Church of Astoria, and a granite shaft in the rear of the present structure marks the site of his family vault.

Many wealthy men, lured by the beauty of the situation, had by this time established country seats along the shore of Hell Gate. One of these was General Ebenezer Stevens, whose substantial summer home topped an eminence which faced the little bay opposite the northern end of Blackwell's Island. The son of General Stevens married the daughter of Albert Gallatin, whose service as secretary of the treasury gave him a place in our financial history second only to Alexander Hamilton. Gallatin when he retired from public life became the president of a bank in New York, still in existence, first called the National and now the Gallatin Bank. He withdrew from all sorts of business in 1839, and thereafter passed much of his time at his daughter's home on the East River shore. There he passed away on an August day in 1849, three months after his aged wife, who had died in the adjoining room to his own, he so helpless that he could not leave his bed. His grave is in Trinity burial-ground, New York, near that of Hamilton.

The Hallett's Cove region became an incorporated village in 1839, and, John Jacob Astor having promised to contribute to the support of a female seminary then building, it took the name of Astoria. Homer Whittemore was chosen first president of the village, which, soon connected by ferry with Eighty-sixth Street, New York, thereafter enjoyed a steady business and industrial growth. Meanwhile other sections of the Long

Island City of the future, were becoming centres of activity. The Ravenswood neighborhood, lying midway between Astoria and Hunter's Point, was, after 1841, connected with New York by stages, which ran by way of Astoria and the Eighty-sixth Street Ferry to the lower end of the Bowery. About the same time one Neziah Bliss purchased a large tract on the further side of Newtown Creek, in the section called Dutch Kills, and gave the name of Blissville to the settlement which grew up on his lands. Bliss had for a partner in his ventures no less a person than Dr. Eliphalet Nott, president of Union College, and the latter's holdings being eventually turned over to that institution sold at a later time for nearly a million dollars.

It has been told in another place how the fears of the dwellers on Atlantic Avenue, in Brooklyn, compelled the Long Island Railroad Company to remove its principal terminus to Hunter's Point. This action, though hurtful to Brooklyn, assured increased ferry facilities and quick development to the Hunter's Point section. By 1869 the western end of Newtown township could boast a population of 16,000, and this led to active agitation for incorporation as a city. Accordingly a charter was duly prepared and laid before the legislature. Many of the landed proprietors of the section, fearing an increase in taxes, strongly opposed the measure, but it passed both branches of the legislature, the governor signed it, and on May 6, 1870, it became a law. The charter divided the city into five wards—the First Ward, or Hunter's Point; the Second Ward, or Blissville; the Third Ward, or Ravenswood; the Fourth Ward, or Astoria, and the Fifth Ward, or Bowery Bay.

Abram D. Ditmars was elected first mayor of the new city, and its twenty-seven years of independent existence were marked by steady growth. The piano house of Steinway and Sons in 1870 and 1871 began to erect their plant in the neighborhood of Bowery Bay, thus bringing into being the now thriving town of Steinway, while in 1872 the Empire and Standard Oil works were established along the East River, to be later

pushed back close upon the banks of Newtown Creek. The year 1872 also saw Long Island City made the county seat of Queens, and this action was followed by the erection of a roomy court house built of brick with granite trimmings. Long Island City during all its years of separate existence was a storm centre of politics, with Patrick J. Gleason easily the most striking figure in the series of battles which marked its history.

Gleason was born in Ireland, in 1844, and was one of eight brothers, three of whom had preceded him to America, when he arrived in New York at the age of fifteen. His first job was in a Brooklyn brewery at five dollars a month and his board, but he soon left it to conduct a hotel in Newtown. Then the Civil War broke out, and Gleason went to the front as a volunteer. His record was a good one, and he came out of the service with the rank of lieutenant. The war ended, he engaged in the distillery business in Flushing, but in 1869 failed and lost all his savings. About this time he entered politics, and in 1872 was a candidate for member of assembly in the seventh district of Kings county. "I was elected," he used to say in after years, "by 235 votes and counted out by fifteen." Just before this he had secured a franchise to run a street railroad from the Long Island City Ferry to Calvary Cemetery, but he took his defeat so sorely to heart that he borrowed money enough to take him to a brother in San Francisco and started for that city, vowing he would never return to the East.

Gleason had not been long on the Pacific coast when he met a distiller to whom he sold a distilling secret for a handsome sum. With this money he speculated in mining shares, and soon had $32,000 to his credit in bank. Then he read in a New York newspaper that some men were going to build a street-car line on his franchise. This aroused his fighting blood, and, hurrying back to Long Island City, he began to build his railroad, working with the laborers who constructed the roadbed. When it was completed he found himself with one car, some tracks and two or three horses. He slept in the stable,

cleaned and fed the horses, drove the car, and collected the fares. "And many a run in," he would say, "I had with passengers who didn't want to pay." He prospered, however, and secured other street railroads, until he controlled nearly all the lines in Long Island City.

Gleason, meanwhile, had re-entered politics, and in 1887 was elected mayor of Long Island City. He found its affairs in a wretched condition—its treasury empty, and its school teachers, police and other officials many months in arrears for salary. There was no fire department, no street or gas fund, and the city was without credit. The new mayor, however, changed all this in a short time. He straightened out the tangles in every branch of the government, established a paid fire department, built school houses, created an excellent water supply system, wiped out the floating debt, reduced the tax rate, and from the verge of bankruptcy restored the city to a solid financial basis. He had always a fight, great or small, on hand, but the struggle of his life was with the Long Island Railroad Company, which had closed up various city streets with gates and sheds. Often the mayor, sallying out axe in hand, would chop down the obstructions himself; and once, arming the entire police force with axes, he made a clean sweep of all the railroad property which he thought was on the city lands.

Mayor Gleason also fought the Standard Oil Company for years, and though he made a resolute stand, he was, in the end, compelled to admit that the undertaking was too much even for a fighting mayor. He did not cease, however, to fight telephone, telegraph and lumber companies, when they exceeded their rights; and he fought the ferry companies, compelling them to reduce the fare from four to three cents. After serving as mayor for two terms of three years each, he was defeated for re-election in 1892, but refused to admit defeat, and remained in possession of the city hall until the police, acting under an order from the court, ejected him. Gleason had always one platform which he would not alter to suit the different issues

of different campaigns. "I always win," he once said, "by just driving round and yelling at me friends, and there's no platform, no nothing,—just me, Paddy." These tactics led to his re-election as mayor in 1895, and he had a year to serve when Long Island City became a part of the Borough of Queens.

Taking up now the history of Flushing, it is to be recorded that as early as 1801 communication with New York was regularly established by means of a stage which ran daily, passing through Jamaica and Bedford, a distance of twenty miles. A few years later a bridge was built over Flushing Creek, and a road and causeway by way of Yonkers Island over the salt meadows about Flushing Bay. After that the stages ran direct from Flushing to Williamsburg, crossed the Grand Street Ferry, and thence made their way to the Bowery and Chatham Square; and this continued to be the order of things until in 1854 the Long Island Railroad was extended to Flushing. Before this the settlement at the head of Flushing Bay, now grown to nearly 2,000 souls, had been incorporated as a village. This event occurred in 1837, ten years after the founding of an institution which was long the pride and boast of the village.

It was in 1827 that the Rev. William A. Muhlenburg, a young clergyman of great ability and high aims, during a casual visit to Flushing was invited to fill the vacant rectorship of St. George's Episcopal Church. He consented only to a provisional arrangement, as it was his cherished purpose to devote himself to the education of youth upon new and original lines; but he had not been long in Flushing before an opportunity came to him to carry out his ideas. Thus the corner stone of the Flushing Institute was laid in August, 1827, at the corner of the present Main and Amity streets, and early in the following year it was ready for occupancy. Dr. Muhlenberg, while making the religious influence foremost in his work, sought at the same time to foster the closest ties of affection between teacher and pupil; and so well did he succeed that "his method was a revelation to the age in which he put it into

practice." When, as will be told in another place, he transferred his work to College Point, the school at Flushing was abandoned, but in 1845 Ezra Fairchild bought the property, and carried over to the Institute a school which he had previously conducted in New Jersey. The work after his death was taken up by his son, Ezra A. Fairchild, who has since successfully carried it forward upon lines similar to those laid down by Dr. Muhlenberg. A noteworthy feature of this school for many years was the number of boys from Cuba and the South American republics enrolled among its pupils.

Flushing, long before it became an incorporated village, had won fame through its nurseries. The Linnœan Botanic Garden was established in 1750 by William Prince for the purpose of raising young fruit and shade trees for sale; and so much success attended the venture that before 1839 sixty acres were needed to accommodate the Prince nurseries. The Parsons nurseries were established in 1838, and although the main business was in 1872 removed to Kissenah Lake, the old nurseries on Broadway, near Bowne Avenue, are still the wonder and delight of every visitor to Flushing. The building of the North Side branch of the Long Island Railroad to and beyond Flushing brought a growing army of city workers to dwell in the village, and this movement gained added impetus when the trolley cars came to make direct and quick connection with Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Long Island City, and the upper part of New York by means of the Astoria Ferry to Ninety-second Street. Streets were laid out upon the high ground east of Flushing, and it had become a town of 20,000 population, when consolidation made it a part of the greater city.

College Point, at the northerly end of the Flushing township of other days, derives its present name, if not its being, from Dr. Muhlenberg, who, in 1835, bought here a large tract of land facing the Sound. It was his purpose to make his purchase the site of St. Paul's College, for the preparation of young men for the ministry of the Episcopal Church. The finan-

cial panic of 1837, however, played havoc with his plans, and the college was never realized on the scale designed by its founder. The college buildings were finished and occupied in 1840, but Dr. Muhlenberg left the institution at the end of six years to begin his career as rector of a free church and founder of St. Luke's Hospital, New York, and, those who succeeded him proving unequal to their task, before 1850 the existence of St. Paul's College came to an end. College Point, after the failure of this educational venture, became an industrial centre, mainly through the efforts of Conrad Poppenhusen, a German who in 1854 established here a factory for the making of hard rubber knife-handles. Ribbon mills, ultra-marine works and a brewery were later added to the industries of the town. In 1868 Mr. Poppenhusen induced the Long Island Railroad Company to build a branch from Flushing to College Point, and in 1880 came the incorporation of the latter as a village.

Whitestone, a few miles east of College Point, has been since 1845 an important manufacturing center. Thence a fine road leads along the shore of Little Neck Bay to Willett's Point, where since the middle years of the Civil War there has been a federal military reservation of upward of a hundred acres admirably located and laid out for the defense of New York harbor. Willett's Point has long been the headquarters of a battalion of engineers, and is essentially a training school for the engineer corps of the army. "The garrison," we are told, "is composed of some 500 engineer soldiers, who are constantly exercised in the duties of this special branch of service as well as in infantry drill. These men as a rule are of a high order of intelligence, and are required to become familiar with the principles of mechanics; to construct and lay bridges; to sink, explode or take up torpedoes; to understand the nature and operation of high explosives, steam-engines, and electrical apparatus, as well as the duties formerly appertaining to sappers and miners." Bayside, on the west shore of Little Neck Bay; Douglaston, nearer the head of the bay, and Little Neck, on its

eastern bank, are other settlements just within the precincts of Flushing that has come into being during the last half century.

The most interesting event in the history of Jamaica in the years immediately following the Revolution was Washington's visit to the town in the spring of 1790. Washington left New York, then the federal capital, on the morning of Tuesday, April 20, and his first day's journey, which included Brooklyn, Flatbush, New Utrecht and Gravesend, ended at Jamaica, where he lodged over night at Warne's Tavern, described by him in his diary as "a good and decent house." The journey, resumed the following morning, was extended to Brookhaven, Coram, Setauket, and by way of Smithtown, Huntington, Oyster Bay, and Manhasset back to Flushing, which was reached on Saturday morning. Then passing through Newtown, Bedford and Brooklyn the President and his party crossed the ferry and were back in New York on the evening of the same day.

The year after Washington's visit occurred another important event in the history of Jamaica, the founding of Union Hall Academy. This was due, in the main, to the efforts of Rynier Van Nest, pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church. As the result of a meeting held in March, 1791, a fund of $2,000 was pledged by the citizens of the towns of Jamaica, Newtown and Flushing, and a building erected on Union Hall Street, which on May 1, 1792, was opened with elaborate ceremony. Maltby Gelston was the first principal of Union Hall Academy, and he and his successors labored to such good purpose, that in 1816 a female academy was added which gave instruction to young women in "all branches of a polite and finished education." Four years later the first home of the academy gave way to a larger building, which, we are told, "contained recitation-rooms for a principal and five assistants, a library, and a room fitted up with philosophical apparatus." The fame of the school had by this time become widespread, and many of its principals were men of note in their calling. The best known of these

was Henry Onderdonk, who taught at Union Hall from 1832 until 1865, and whose exhaustive researches into the early history of Long Island have placed later students under lasting obligation to him. The fortunes of Union Hall, however, declined with the growth of the public school system, and in 1873 its existence came to an end. Its old home, wholly changed in outward seeming, is now used for residence purposes.

Jamaica, during the period under review, numbered many citizens of mark. The one best remembered by men of a later time was Rufus King, who, born in Boston in 1755, was graduated at Harvard at the age of twenty-two, and later studied law with Theophilus Parsons, one of the leading jurists of his generation. During the Revolution he was aide-de-camp to General Glover and proved himself a brave and capable soldier. He was a member of the Massachusetts legislature in 1783, and thereafter was for three years a delegate to the Continental Congress, taking a leading and forceful part in its deliberations. His State in 1789 sent him as a delegate to the convention that framed the Federal Constitution, and its proceedings show that he was easily one of the great leaders of that body.

Young King was married in 1786 to Mary Alsop, daughter of John Alsop, a member of the first Continental Congress from New York, to which State he transferred his domicile in 1789, shortly after the adoption of the Constitution. "He had been so busy with his political duties," writes one of his biographers, "that he had no time to make himself acquainted with the people of his new home. Great, therefore, was his surprise, in the same year when they elected him to the New York Assembly, and greater still a few days after joining that body, when made their choice with Philip Schuyler for colleague as senator from New York to the first Congress of the nation. His career in the Senate was marked by ability and fidelity, as well as by infinite patience. He was always in his seat, and attended every session of the committees of which he was a member. He took a strong part in the important debates of the period, and was

instrumental in shaping the course of legislation as well as the policy of the government. Now that a century has elapsed it is easy to see that he was one of the great men of that body, and that to him was due much of the welfare which the nation subsequently enjoyed. In 1796 Washington sent him as minister to the Court of St. James, where he remained during the administration of Adams and part of Jefferson's first term. Much work devolved upon the minister at that time, more in fact, than is the case to-day, but King, with characteristic industry, attended to every matter, great and small, working sometimes eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. He stood the strain for seven years, and then, finding that his health was giving way, he was relieved at his own request."

Upon his return to America King settled in Jamaica, where he led for several years a studious but busy life, expressing himself with force upon the public questions that arose from time to time, often, with unusual independence, taking issue with his own party—the Federalists. He was again chosen senator in 1813, and seven years later returned to the same office. He was a second time appointed minister to England in 1825, but after a few months he found that his failing strength was unequal to the burdens of the office, and he accordingly resigned and returned home. He died in 1827, and rests in the Episcopal burying-ground at Jamaica. William Sullivan, whose book on "Public Men of the Revolution" is rare, says of King: "At thirty-three years of age he was an uncommonly handsome man in face and form, had a powerful mind, well cultivated, and was a dignified and graceful speaker. He had the appearance of one who was a gentleman by nature, and who had well improved all his gifts. It is a rare occurrence to see a finer assemblage of personal and intellectual qualities, cultivated to the best effect than were seen in this gentleman. King was a public man through his long life, and he may be considered as one of the most successful of the eminent men whose relations to the public endured so long."

He was that and something more. His letters advocating the expulsion of Spain from America, show that he comprehended, perhaps more fully than any man of his time, the destiny of his country; and there is no doubt that had the United States, mindful of her own debt to France, taken a corresponding part in the liberation of Spanish America, the inevitable consolidation of the New World in a republic far more magnificent than was the Roman, would have been hastened by at least a century. Many of King's descendants have played a prominent part in affairs, and in 1856 his eldest son, John Alsop King, was elected governor of New York. The King place at Jamaica is now a public park.

Jamaica became an incorporated village in 1814, when its population was nearing a thousand. Its growth thereafter was slow but steady until the building in 1836 of the Brooklyn and Jamaica Railroad gave its people quicker and easier access to the outer world. The opening in 1854 of the Myrtle Avenue and Jamaica Plank Road greatly shortened the distance to Brooklyn, and later horse-cars ran from Jamaica to East New York, where they met several lines of horse cars, or dummy trains from the Brooklyn ferries. Later still the Rapid Transit trains of the Long Island Railroad were made to run at regular intervals to Jamaica, and in the opening years of the last decade came the trolley-car to complete the system of quick and constant communication between this end of the greater city and its more central portions. Population and development followed close upon these means of travel, and now there is a series of settlements extending in an almost unbroken line from East New York through Jamaica to the pleasant little town of Queens. One of these, Woodhaven, is the seat of a great agate-ware factory, which started in a small way in 1863 now covers three acres of ground, with no less than ten wide spreading brick buildings.

The story of the making of the greater city will be told in another place; but here it must be noted that by the act of con-

solidation three of the six townships constituting the county of Queens—Newtown, Flushing, and Jamaica,—fell within the territory of the Greater New York throughout their whole extent. There was also included within the corporate limits a small strip of Hempstead along its western border; but the remainder of that township, together with those of North Hempstead and Oyster Bay, were erected into a new county called Nassau, an appropriate reminder of an ancient name of Long Island. The best remembered dwellers within the limits of Nassau county during the last century were Elias Hicks, the Quaker preacher, and William Cullen Bryant, the poet. Hicks was in many ways the most remarkable man Amercan Quakerism has yet produced and the leader in the most serious schism that has marked its history. He was born and reared in the town of Hempstead, but in 1771, when he was twenty-three years old, he took to wife a Quaker maiden of Jericho, which became and remained his home until his death in 1830, at the ripe age of eighty-two.

The youth of Hicks, he tells us in his journal, was one of indifference to the faith in which he was born, but the coming of his twentieth year witnessed a great change in his thoughts and mode of life, and seven years later he entered the Quaker ministry, laboring therein with untiring diligence for more than half a century. It is recorded of him that he travelled above 10,000 miles on foot, visiting in this way Canada and almost every State of the Union and preaching more than a thousand times in the open air. A poor man all his days, he asked and would accept no compensation for his services, and when not preaching labored on his farm in the outskirts of Jericho. The doctrines which Hicks expounded with so much vigor and power may have slight significance for the men and women of another generation, but the fact lives that this lion-hearted old man early opposed negro slavery, wrote and preached against it, and was chiefly instrumental in securing the passage of the act that on July 4, 1827, gave freedom to every slave within the

State of New York. Therein he wrote for himself a nobler epitaph than could have been graven by the hand of man.

From Jericho, with its memories of Hicks, it is scant eight miles to Roslyn, long the home of William Cullen Bryant. Roslyn has a history running well back into the eighteenth century, but was a village of only a few hundred souls when Bryant visited it in 1843, and making it his place of summer abiding, soon grew to regard it as the most beautiful spot he had ever seen. Love of nature was the poet's absorbing passion, and to this taste Roslyn ministered with gentle prodigality, furnishing the inspiration for much of his sweetest verse. Though he yearly made pilgrimage back to his New England home at Cummington in the Hampshire Hills, Roslyn grew to be the spot he loved best in all the world, and in his latter years he hastened to it early in the spring and lingered there until late in the fall.

The Quaker homestead to which Bryant gave the name of Cedarmere and in which he dwelt for thirty-five years, is a roomy, rambling structure in the colonial style, with broad piazzas, quaint extensions, and heavy oaken timbers as staunch and perfect as when they were put in place more than a hundred years ago. It stands on a bench in the hillside, flanked on the one hand by a lake and brook, and on the other by a garden teeming with flower-beds and fruit. Before and below it the glimmering harbor spreads its ever changing panorama. Inside Cedarmere are wide, open grates, huge-throated chimneys, and antique balustrades, while a broad hallway runs the entire length of the house, which has altered little since Bryant knew and loved it. Reverent hands shield it from neglect, and each pleasant day in summer finds some visitor knocking at the old-fashioned door for a ramble over the poet's home. Bryant's grave is in the village cemetery, whose burial-stones whiten the slope of a neighboring hill. The lot is large and hemmed in by trees, with a plain granite shaft in the centre. On one side of the shaft is recorded the death of Frances Bryant, the poet's wife, who was "the beloved disciple of Christ,

exemplary in every relation of life, affectionate, sympathetic, sincere, and ever occupied with the welfare of others." On the other side appears the poet's name and birthplace, and the time of his birth and death. There is no epitaph and none is needed.

The Second War with England

LONG ISLAND was not the actual site of battles, but her sons had a hand in most of the hard fighting of the second war with England, which proved American ships and American seamen the best and bravest on the seas. Warships built and manned on this side of the Atlantic were more than equal, ship for ship, to those sent out by England, while a fleet of privateers, which swarmed like bees upon British commerce, carried the American flag into every navigable water on the globe. The aim of these privateers was to destroy British commerce, but being fleet, strong, powerfully armed, and manned with stout-hearted American tars, eager to cross cutlasses with the enemy wherever found, they did not hesitate when cornered to give battle to ships of the line. The odds in such encounters were always with the enemy; but the American privateers won as often as they lost, and more than once took a part in the making of history.

Baltimore furnished a larger number of privateers than any other port, but Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Salem and Sag Harbor each sent out their dozens. "They varied in size," we are told, "from mere pilot boats, with twenty to forty men each, to harrass the small trade of the British West Indies, to the largest and most powerful frigates, fit to cope with the best ships of the British navy. By far the largest number were schooners, swift, medium-sized, powerfully armed. Several brigs and brigantines sailed also. They went out overloaded with men, so as to have crews to bring home the prizes which they expected, as a matter of course, to take. Sometimes a privateer would capture half a dozen or more British ships while on a cruise, and would return so depleted of seamen that she had scarcely men enough to handle sail."

Most of the privateers which sailed from New York and New England ports were in part manned and in some cases commanded by Long Island men. Take the case of the *Scourge,* a 250-ton schooner built and owned by Peter Schenck and Frederick Jenkins of New York, mounting fifteen carriage guns, manned by a hundred men, and commanded by Captain Samuel G. Nicoll. The log of the *Scourge,* still preserved by the family of its commander, tells the story of a dozen thrilling encounters. On May 26, 1813, the schooner lay in Long Island Sound with the United States ships *Macedonian, United States* and *Hornet,* awaiting information concerning some British men-of-war reported between Block Island and Montauk Point. The sloop *Beaver* from the Vineyard was hailed early in the afternoon, and reported that three ships composed the British squadron. The *Scourge* and the warships thereupon weighed anchor and made for the eastern entrance of the Sound, speaking on the way a sloop from Block Island which reported that the enemy's vessels consisted of two 74's and a frigate.

Further searching, however, yielded no trace of the British, and on May 28, the *Scourge* parted from the warships and stood out to sea. One month to a day later she was off the coast of Norway, where she made her first capture, a British bark from London bound for Archangel. A prize crew was put on board with orders to proceed to Drontheim. An English ship mounting eight guns was taken after a short action on July 14; and then the *Scourge,* working well to the southward, was soon on the cruising ground of the enemy's ships of war. On the morning of Sunday, July 18, a vessel was sighted with a brig hard-by. Foggy weather prevailing at the time, Captain Nicoll, to establish her identity, ran up within gunshot and opened fire on the stranger, only to find that he was engaging a ship of war, which hove about and stood for him. The *Scourge* fled from the scene under full sail. Certain signs, however, led Captain Nicoll to believe that his supposed enemy was an American frigate. Accordingly, he signalled with the private code sup-

plied to all privateers and national vessels, and, receiving a favorable reply, ran down under the stranger's lee, to be informed by Commodore John Rodgers that the supposed enemy he had engaged was the United States frigate *President*.

Captain Nicoll was ordered to come aboard and explain his action, and that his explanations were deemed satisfactory is shown by the fact that, after sinking an English brig, the two ships started in company on a cruise. The second morning two sails were discovered to the southward, and chase was made with crews at quarters, but when almost within gunshot, the strangers were found to be a British line-of-battleship and a frigate. The chasers now became the chased, but the Americans managed to elude their pursuers, and the *Scourge* at the end of a twenty-four hours' run found herself out of sight both of the *President* and of the enemy. A fortnight later she had another narrow escape from capture. "Saw a sail bearing south southeast, which gave chase to us," runs the record in her log book. "Out boats and pulled away with our sweeps, but she bringing up the wind with her neared us fast. Wet our sails; started twenty-five casks of water; hove overboard most of our ballast, and cut away the small bower and kedge from the bows. Discovered the chase to be a two-decker man of war. She keeping up well to windward nearly becalmed our sails. The chase fired several shots that fell short. At 11 A. M. she showed English colors and gave us a gun. Kept the sweeps going and encouraged the men. At 10 P. M. got the weather-gauge of the ship; gave her long Tom—the forward gun—and its contents, when a thick fog came on and a fresh breeze with it. In sweeps at 11 P. M. Squared the yards; made all possible sail and stood in for the land."

The *Scourge* had been joined the while by the privateer brig *Rattlesnake*, with which she now cruised about the mouth of the Elbe, a field of operations which yielded a harvest of prizes in the shape of English ships trading with the Baltic ports. Two vessels were sighted on August 19, and the *Rattle-*

THE MERRICK ROAD IN WINTER.

snake started in pursuit of one, an unarmed bark, while the *Scourge* chased an armed brig, whose captain did not seek to escape, but hove up into the wind and awaited her coming. The fight that followed came soon to an end. "Captain Nicoll," we are told, "held the weather-gauge, where, beyond the reach of the enemy's guns, he pounded him with his bow chaser until, unable to make effective reply or to escape, the Englishman struck his colors and surrendered. The capture proved to be the armed brig *Burton* on a cruise. With six vessels the result of their joint operations, the two privateers proceeded to Drontheim, where one of the captured brigs was turned into a prison ship for the detention of the crews of the prizes. From Drontheim the two privateers sailed to the southward to cut off stragglers from the British convoys bound in and out of the Baltic. They were separated by foul weather, and the *Scourge* arrived first at the cruising ground, just in time to cut off a brig that had fallen to leeward of a southward bound convoy. A British frigate guarding the rear of the merchant fleet detected the object of the *Scourge* and started in pursuit; but Captain Nicoll followed his prey until after dark, under cover of the night and almost within gunshot of the frigate, he captured the vessel, which proved to be the brig *Economy,* loaded with tar, bound from Archangel to Chatham. With three more prizes to their credit, the *Scourge* and the *Rattlesnake* sailed for Drontheim, where they arrived safely on September 16. 1813." Dissensions, however, now arose between the officers and crews of the two vessels, and they did not again put to sea.

Long Island men also helped to man the privateer which fought the last naval battle of the war. This was the brig *General Armstrong,* commanded by Captain Samuel Reid and owned by a syndicate of New York merchants. Reid, then only thirty-one years of age, had followed the sea from his youth, serving as a midshipman under Truxton, and among master sailors had few equals in skill and bravery. He sailed from New York with a crew of ninety men on September 9,

1814, and seventeen days later put into the port of Fayal in the Azores for water. It was Reid's purpose to proceed on his voyage in the morning, but before the day ended a British squadron bound for Jamaica to join Cochrane's naval expedition against New Orleans, cast anchor in the harbor. This squadron consisted of the frigates *Plantagenet* and *Rota* and the brig *Carnation,* mounting 130 guns and manned by 2,000 men.

The *General Armstrong,* with her crew of ninety men and nine guns, the largest a twenty-four-pounder, lay in the waters of a neutral power, but this fact did not weigh with the British, who at once resolved upon her capture. The light of a full moon enabled Reid to follow the movements of the enemy, and when boats were launched and arms passed into them, he moved his vessel a little nearer to the shore, and ordered her deck cleared for action. At midnight fourteen boats, each manned by forty men, approached the *General Armstrong* in solid column, while the *Carnation,* being light of draft, sailed up within shot of the privateer to be handy should she slip her cables and put to sea. The attempt to board was made upon every side at the same instant, but the Americans were ready for their assailants, and there followed forty minutes of fierce and bloody fighting. Reid and his men, leaning over the rails, poured a deadly fire from muskets and pistols into the approaching boats. The boarders swarmed up shouting, "No quarter!" "No quarter!" returned the Americans, shooting them down with pistols held in faces and prodding them with pikes, until the sides of the vessel and the sea were stained with blood. The fight ended in the total defeat of the British. Three of their boats were sent to the bottom and four others, filled with dead, drifted to the shore. Some were left without a man to row them, and the most that any one pulled away with was ten. The British had lost over 250 in killed and wounded. "But to the surprise of mankind," wrote an eye-witness of the battle, "the Americans had but two killed and seven wounded. God deliver us from our enemies if this is the way to fight!"

The following morning, despite the protests of the governor of Fayal, the *Carnation* made sail, and, approaching within short firing distance, poured broadside after broadside into the privateer, but soon the latter's return fire so disabled the brig that she had to be withdrawn from the fight. Then the *Plantagenet* and the *Rota* approached for a general attack, and Reid, seeing that further resistance meant useless slaughter, scuttled his ship and pulled for the shore. The British, having burned the *General Armstrong* to the water's edge, threatened to pursue him, but stayed their hand when the American captain and his men threw themselves within a stone fortress near the shore, and made ready for another stubborn defense. The fight at Fayal had a luckless sequel for the British. Ten days their ships were detained for burials and repairs, and this in turn delayed Cochrane's departure from Jamaica, so that the combined British fleet did not reach New Orleans until Jackson had possessed the city, and completed the defences which made possible the crowning victory of the war. Reid's heroic fight had saved New Orleans. He was highly honored upon his return to America, and without delay was appointed a sailing master in the navy. This place he held until his death, serving at the same time as a harbor master and as collector of the port of New York. He died at the Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, in 1861, and sleeps, with shame be it said, in an unmarked grave at the corner of Zephyr Path and Cypress Avenue, Greenwood.

Babylon on the south shore of Long Island saw the close of one of the most remarkable passages in the history of the war. It was early in July, 1812, that the frigate *Essex,* disguised as a merchantman, sailed out of New York. She was commanded by Captain David Porter, a sailor of intrepid valor, and when she returned to port two months later she could boast of the capture of ten prizes, among them the British warships *Alert* and *Mercury,* both of which were superior in guns and men to the *Essex.* Once more, on October 26, the *Essex* sailed from New York. Porter had orders to act with the

squadron of Commodore Bainbridge in an attack on British commerce in the South Atlantic, but missing his commanding officer, he boldly put his frigate around the Horn and began a cruise against the English whaling fleet, which ended only when he had sunk or captured every ship. Being out of reach of a port in which his prizes, all of which carried arms, might be condemned, Porter instead enlisted them in the navy of the United States, and cruised up and down the South Pacific with a fleet so large that at one time every officer of the *Essex,* save the surgeon, was in command of a vessel of his own. One of these was David G. Farragut, the future admiral, then a midshipman in his early teens.

Porter at the end of a year put into the harbor of Valparaiso, having inflicted fully $6,000,000 damage upon the commerce of the enemy. The British ships *Phoebe* and *Cherub* sought to surprise the *Essex,* but were foiled in the attempt. Then, on March 28, 1814, Porter spread his sails and made a bold dash for the open Pacific. A heavy squall, however, disabled the *Essex,* and compelled her to return to her old position in port, where the British, notwithstanding they were in neutral waters, opened fire upon her. The fight that followed lasted two hours, and was one of the bloodiest naval encounters in history. Twice was the enemy compelled to withdraw for repairs, and it was not until the *Essex* was on fire and three-quarters of her crew were killed or wounded that Porter struck his colors. Thus ended the cruise of the *Essex.* "We have been unfortunate, but not disgraced," wrote her captain. "The defence of the *Essex* has not been less honorable to her officers and crew than the capture of an equal force, and I now consider my situation less unpleasant than that of Commodore Hillgar, who, in violation of every principle of honor and generosity, and regardless of the rights of nations, attacked the *Essex* in her crippled state within pistol shot of a neutral shore."

The *Essex Junior,* one of Porter's fleet, was made a cartel ship and sent to New York. A British ship detained her off the

Long Island coast, and Porter, considering the detention a violation of the cartel agreement, escaped in a whaleboat and landed at Babylon. He was suspected of being a British officer, but when he showed his papers the citizens gave him a hearty welcome, and his progress to New York became a triumphal procession. Every village greeted him with glad acclamations; Congress passed him a vote of thanks, and banquets and public receptions innumerable were tendered him. The *Essex* was sent to England and added to the British navy.

The eastern end of Long Island was harrassed by British cruisers throughout the entire course of the war. Sir Thomas Hardy anchored his flagship in Gardiner's Bay early in April, 1813, and for many months thereafter a number of the ships of his squadron made Gardiner's Island headquarters. John Lion Gardiner was then proprietor of the island, and more than one exciting passage did he have with his unwelcome guests. Commodore Hardy, we are told, "prefaced his requisitions for produce from the island with promises of payment, but his seamen were perpetually coming ashore, and taking whatever pleased them. Oxen were often shot at the plow and carried to the vessels. Lewis Edwards, the overseer of the island, claimed and received the market price for what was taken with his knowledge; but his hatred of the British was very great and he tried to outwit them, not infrequently sorting out the poorest cattle and sheep and placing them where detachments coming ashore would see them first. Gardiner discovering that an attack was to be made on Sag Harbor, where a force of New York militia was stationed during the entire war, sent a trusty colored servant thither with a note of warning, directing him to keep a stone tied to the missive while crossing the bay, and if overhauled by the British picket-boats to drop it in the water. The negro accomplished his mission in safety, and when over a hundred assaulters, in one launch and two barges from the squadron, approached the village at midnight they were met by the militia and driven to their vessels in disorder."

Again, when the squadron of Commodore Decatur was blockaded in New London harbor by the British, a boat's crew of Americans managed to elude the vigilance of the enemy and landed on Gardiner's Island. "They concealed themselves in the woods until a party from one of the British ships, among whom were several officers came ashore and strolled up to the manor-house, then coming suddenly into view made them all prisoners. The astonished captives, enraged but helpless, were quickly and quietly conveyed across the water into Connecticut. Barges were at once ordered by the enemy to patrol the waters about Gardiner's Island, and troops were sent for the arrest of the proprietor, who was supposed instrumental in betraying the British into the trap, but who was really as much surprised as themselves, and entirely ignorant of the presence of the Americans until the skirmish occurred in his own dooryard. Gardiner escaped captivity through the presence of mind and ingenuity of his wife. He went to bed, feigning sickness, and being a delicate man the reflection of the green curtains of the bedstead and windows gave him a sickly look. A table was placed by his bedside with medicines, glasses and spoons. When the officers appeared and insisted upon seeing their victim, Mrs. Gardiner came forward, and, tearfully asking them to make as little noise as possible, admitted them to her husband's room. They were completely deceived, and not wishing to be encumbered with a sick man on board ship took their leave, but demanded as hostage his eldest son, a lad of ten—who was fortunately away at school."

While events like this were occurring on and about eastern Long Island, at its western end vigorous measures were being taken to guard against the approach of the enemy. Brooklyn and her larger sister, New York, were exposed on every side, and knowledge of this fact doubled the vigilance of their citizens. Manhattan Island bristled with redoubts and blockhouses, while on the Brooklyn shore haste was made to restore and strengthen the defences erected at the opening of the Rev-

olution. These stretched from Wallabout Bay to the head of Gowanus Creek. The Fort Greene of an earlier time now became Fort Fireman, Fort Putnam was renamed Fort Greene, and an oblong redoubt at Hudson and DeKalb avenues was called Fort Cummings. Cobble Hill became Fort Swift, so named in honor of the general who supervised the construction of all of the works, while upon a hill between what are now Bond, Nevins, State and Schermerhorn streets arose a new fortification called Redoubt Masonic. Men of all vocations and trades volunteered to labor on these works of defense, and, after the capture of Washington and the bombardment of Baltimore, so great was the rush of volunteers that turns had to be taken by the various trades.

Thus we read that on the first day at Fort Greene men from New York's Seventh Ward labored side by side with soldiers from the regular army. The second day those who worked on the trenches were tanners, curriers and plumbers, and a large force of exempt firemen, whose places were taken on the third day by a body of medical students. Men from other towns lent their aid, and on September 4, 1814, 800 citizens of Newark marched to Paulus Hook, crossed the North and East rivers, and plied spade and pickax at the Brooklyn lines. These were followed within the week by 200 men from Morris county, New Jersey, who came under the leadership of their pastor; and on another day seventy volunteers from Paterson, led by a veteran of the Revolution, labored in the trenches. Better still, we are told, that "labor was lightened by the whole-hearted enthusiasm which brought men hither in such large numbers, and which was fed by stirring mottoes, inscribed upon banners as they marched. The Newark men rallied under the sentiment, 'Don't give up the soil,' an adaptation of the then recent, and now immortal, command of the dying Lawrence. The Masons passed among their ranks as a watchword Lord Nelson's famous signal, modified to their own circumstances: 'The Grand Master expects every Mason to do his duty.' And upon roads

or streets or ferryboats as they marched or rode to the points assigned them, and in the trenches as they grew in strength from the Wallabout to Gowanus, the men sang the words or whistled the tune of a song called 'The Patriotic Diggers,' composed by the author of 'The Old Oaken Bucket,' Samuel Woodworth."

Fortunately the preparations for war carried forward in such hearty fashion were never put to the test. A treaty of peace was signed at Ghent by the commissioners of the United States and England, on December 24, 1814, and on the night of St. Valentine's Day, February 14, 1815, news of this event reached New York. All night long residents on Brooklyn Heights saw great numbers of moving lights passing up and down the streets on the farther side of the river. It was known early next morning that these were carried by people who had come from their beds to celebrate the return of peace; and before noon word was speeding to all the towns and villages of Long Island that the war was at an end. Her people were quick to feel the thrill of returning prosperity, and the antiquary of to-day who searches for visible reminders of those dark times will find that not a vestige remains save the twin cannon on the plateau where once stood Fort Greene.

That historic name, however, is preserved by the oldest of Brooklyn's many parks. Thanks to the efforts of a few public-spirited citizens, a law was passed by the legislature in 1847, which secured for a public park all the region around the old fort—an area of some thirty acres. This stretch of wood and dale was soon made doubly historic by the reverent reburial in its soil of the heroes who sealed their patriotism on the dreaded prisons ships of the Revolution; and skill and labor have since developed it into one of the most beautiful of pleasure grounds, with its noble view over two cities (now boroughs) and the river and bay between them. The way to it should never lack for pilgrims, for it leads to consecrated ground.

LYNNCLYFFE—GOOD GROUND.

The Island in the Civil War

FOR a round score of years after the Revolution old Bushwick, one of the five Dutch towns of the day of first things, remained essentially an agricultural community. The influences which were to make it a part of the modern city first manifested themselves in 1802, when Richard W. Woodhull, a New York merchant, bought a tract of land at the foot of the present North Second Street, and had it surveyed and laid out into city lots. A ferry at the same time was established to Corlear's Hook, where now is the foot of Grand Street, on Manhattan Island. A little later Thomas Morrell, of Newtown, bought a tract of land centering about the foot of the present Grand Street, Brooklyn, and also established a ferry to Corlear's Hook. The settlements which grew up about these two ferries, along with all the territory between Broadway and Newtown Creek, took the name of Williamsburgh, and in 1827 received incorporation as a village. The act of incorporation, however, excluded the portion of the later city known as Greenpoint at the north, and this rule still held when in 1835 the village charter was so amended as to add to its territory what are now the Sixteenth and Eighteenth Wards of Brooklyn.

Before this steam power had been introduced on the ferries, and a rapid and steady growth gave Williamsburg, in 1845, a population of 11,000, made up in the main of people engaged in business on the farther side of the East River. The Williamsburg "Daily Times," as it was then called, was founded in 1848; two years later a gas company was inaugurated, and in 1851 the Williamsburgh Savings Bank came into being. Meantime, in the short space of five years, the population had increased to 30,000, and on January 1, 1852, Williamsburgh

became an incorporated city. The city of Williamsburgh, however, enjoyed an existence of only three years. In 1854, William Wall, the mayor of the town, led in a movement for consolidation with Brooklyn. A bill looking to this end was passed by the legislature in the same year, and on January 1, 1855, Williamsburg became a part of Brooklyn.

The new and enlarged city covered the Brooklyn township of an earlier time, the city of Williamsburgh and the remainder of the old town of Bushwick, including Greenpoint on the banks of Newtown Creek, which during the preceding twenty years had grown to be a village of some importance. George Hall was elected first mayor of the Greater Brooklyn—since 1840 occupants of that office had been chosen by popular vote—and one of the notable achievements of his period of service was the assurance of an adequate water supply. The Nassau Water Company, soon to become the property of the city, was incorporated in April, 1855, and in the summer of the following year broke ground for its plant on Reservoir Hill. Water was first introduced into the pipes and circulated through the city late in November, 1858, and in April following the completion of this great public work was celebrated throughout the city with formal and noisy rejoicing. The introduction of an artificial water supply led in turn to an extension of the drainage and sewage system adequate to the needs of a rapidly growing community. In 1859 the city was divided into four districts, two of which aided by the slope of the ground, discharged water and house drainage into the Wallabout Bay and the East River, between the Bay and Red Hook, while at the north and south the sewers were scoured by means of tide gates placed in Newtown Creek and the Gowanus Canal, which held a supply of water when the tides went down, the head of water thus secured being sent into the sewers at ebb tide.

Meantime the city's horse car lines had been increased by the Atlantic Avenue lines to Greenwood and Bedford, which began operations in 1859. Yet another line after 1860 ran

from Grand Street, Williamsburgh, to Newtown, and in the same year a line was established between the Broadway Ferry and East New York. Within the years immediately preceding the Civil War also fell the construction of the Erie and Brooklyn Basins on Gowanus Bay, the one covering sixty acres south of Red Hook, and the other immediately adjoining it to the east. The period was, in truth, one of widening and quickening activity. Industrial plants of many kinds sprang up in Williamsburgh, Greenpoint and old Bushwick, and around the Wallabout, giving employment to hundreds and thousands of men. The Brooklyn City Hospital began its work in 1855, and four years later came the organization of the Long Island College Hospital. By 1855 the number of public schools had increased to twenty-seven, and there were more than a hundred churches within the city limits. The organization of the Mercantile Library Association was one of the noteworthy events of 1857, while the opening in January, 1861, of the Academy of Music assured adequate accommodations for the higher amusement of the people. Before this the number of Brooklyn newspapers had been increased by the founding, in 1859, of the "Standard." The "Union" was established in 1863, and later, by consolidation with its forerunner, helped to form the "Standard-Union" of the present time.

We have come now to the eve of the Civil War. The first call for troops which followed the fall of Fort Sumter met with quick and hearty response from all parts of Long Island. There were then four regiments of the National Guard of the State of New York in Brooklyn—the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Seventeenth and Twenty-eighth. These were speedily recruited to their full quotas, and on April 20 the Thirteenth and Twenty-eighth went to the front for three months. Neither regiment was under fire during its period of service. The men of the "Fighting Fourteenth," on the other hand, having enlisted for three years or until the end of the war, went forward on May 19, and a few weeks later took part in the bloody conflict at

Bull Run. Colonel Alfred M. Wood, commander of the Fourteenth, was severely wounded and captured in that first battle, and 143 of its men were left upon the field, killed, wounded or missing. The story of their heroism, when it reached Brooklyn, fell on sympathetic ears. One public spirited citizen gave $10,000 to be distributed in sums of fifty dollars, as bounties to men who would enlist in the Fourteenth—the whole being thus promptly disbursed,—and when Colonel Wood, having been exchanged, returned home, a public reception was tendered him, while in the following year he was nominated and elected mayor by a large plurality.

Long Island did not rest with sending thousands of her sons to the field; her aid to the Union cause took other and no less effective forms. The *Monitor* whose fight with the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads revolutionized naval warfare was built in the Greenpoint ship-yard of A. J. Rowland, and with such dispatch that the vessel was ready for action in one hundred and one days after her keel was laid. Nor was this the end of the story. Rowland's yard within two years set afloat seven other monitors. One of these was the *Puritan,* a ship of 3,000 tons displacement, whose successor in the name at the present day maintains the tradition of the older one in being the largest and most formidable of her class.

Long Island during the first year of the war put nearly 15,000 men in the field, and when in August, 1862, President Lincoln called for 300,000 troops to serve for nine months, the new demand was met with spirit and energy. In Brooklyn alone over a thousand volunteered before the end of the first week. "The city," we are told, "presented a lively spectacle. Nine recruiting tents were standing in the triangular space in front of the City Hall, and many more were pitched in Fort Greene Park, at the navy yard, and in other available places. Before these tents the drums kept up a lively rattle all day, while squads of men, led by officers, were constantly passing from them to various headquarters in the city, so that from end

to end the otherwise quiet and sedate city, echoing only to the tread of men going or returning to business in the morning and in the afternoon—hearing nothing more vociferous at noon than the whistles of its numerous factories—now presented to eye and ear alike the stir and bustle of a military camp near the scene of battle."

The patriotic spirit which animated all classes and conditions of men is well illustrated in a story told by Dr. Stiles. "The Sunday after the second battle of Bull Run, the postmaster of Brooklyn, George B. Lincoln, while calling on Mayor Opdyke, of New York, was told by the latter that he had received a telegram from the Secretary of War, requesting aid in securing a number of physicians and surgeons as volunteers for service at the front,where the great number of wounded men made his presence very urgent. Opdyke threw out the suggestion that possibly the medical fraternity of Brooklyn might wish to respond to this call and share in the noble work. It at once fired Lincoln's civic pride, and he hastened back to place the matter before the physicians of Brooklyn. Going the rounds to their houses he found all but some ten or twelve away from home. These at once volunteered to go to the front, and Lincoln hastened back to New York to arrange for their transportation to Washington. Then the postmaster, weary with his day's work, returned to his own home, which he reached late in the afternoon.

"A strange sight met him as he entered his house. It was filled to overflowing with doctors! Old and young were there; men with a large practice and those with little or none, representing every grade and specialty of the profession; but all united as one man in their earnest, unqualified wish to be sent at once to the relief of the suffering and wounded at the front. Before their host's return they had organized a meeting, and when he appeared upon the scene he at once addressed the assembly, laying before its members the case as it had been put to him by Mayor Opdyke. The appeal was responded to *en masse*

by those present, and thus embarrassment arose from the excess rather than from deficiency in numbers, as only twenty could be accommodated. The favored ones left that evening for the seat of war, envied by their less fortunate fellows. Not until six months after did Mr. Lincoln discover how these medical patriots came to assemble at his house on that eventful Sabbath afternoon. An enthusiastic and public spirited citizen, who met him on his recruiting rounds during the morning, rushed to the police headquarters and made use of the police telegraph to direct the captains of the different precincts to notify all physicians within their districts to rendezvous at Postmaster Lincoln's on business of great importance. The result has been told."

A third call for troops came from the Governor of the State, in June, 1863, and twenty-four hours later six Long Island regiments were reported in readiness for duty. Before the end of June all had left the State, and a few days later several of them received their baptism of fire at Gettysburg. During the same period fell the Draft Riot in New York City. Brooklyn did not wholly escape the destroying hand of the disloyal mob. A band of ten score ruffians on July 15 fired two grain elevators at the Atlantic Basin, and they were burned to the ground with a loss of a little over $100,000. That Brooklyn was not a heavier sufferer during that trying week, was chiefly due to the fact that from the first extra precautions were taken to guard against attack, the police being called out to the last man, and no one being allowed to go off duty for an hour.

The citizens of Brooklyn at the same time hastened to render assistance to those of New York. A number, we are told, "assembled in Gothic Hall, on Adams Street, and resolved to offer themselves to the authorities of New York to aid in suppressing the rioters, whose excesses grew from day to day. They were advised in response to their offer that their services would be most needed in strengthening the hands of General Sanford at the arsenal at the corner of Seventh Avenue and

Thirty-fifth Street, where a handful of militia was seeking to protect valuable stores of arms and ammunition from the mob. The condition of affairs made it impossible for the Brooklyn volunteers to proceed to the arsenal in a body. They would have been cut to pieces had they attempted it. Instead, the men went over separately, as if with no ostensible object, and so reported themselves for duty one by one to the commanding officer. Guards had been skillfully disposed in the neighborhood, shutting off the approaches along the several streets leading to the building; but scanty numbers had made these lines of pickets dangerously thin, and the men from Brooklyn were warmly welcomed, and were at once employed to fill up the lines to more efficient quotas. Hence succeeding attacks were repulsed with more certainty of success. Meantime the regiments of New York troops had been hurried from the seat of war, and by July 18 the worst was over, and the Brooklyn contingent returned home from their praiseworthy errand."

No account of Long Island's part in the Civil War would be complete that failed to make generous reference to the labors of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, pastor of Plymouth Church. The latter from his first coming to Brooklyn proved himself the champion of the slave. He thundered from his pulpit denunciations of the traffic in human beings; and when, in 1850, the Clay Compromise was before Congress, he published in the New York "Independent" a series of articles known as the Star Papers, wherein he flung to the world this truism: "Slavery is right or slavery is wrong; slavery shall extend or slavery shall not extend; slavery shall live or slavery shall die." This cry, ringing throughout the country, became the keynote of the absolute abolitionist, and made its author known wherever the language was spoken as the friend of the slave. When, in all the vicinity of New York, no door was open to Wendell Phillips save the door of Plymouth, the prophet of liberty found a royal welcome in the Brooklyn church. Mr. Beecher's uncompromising stand made him an object of bitter

attack. "He was abused as a negro-worshipper," writes his widow; "he was threatened with personal violence; a mob was formed in New York to tear down the church in which he preached. I have known him to walk in the middle of the streets of Brooklyn with his hand on the revolver in his pocket, lest he should be suddenly attacked. Letters announcing the dispatch of infernal machines to our house were often received, in fact, they averaged one or two per week."

Yet Mr. Beecher never swerved from his course. Often during these years, when the light of impending war shone fiercely upon the nation, slaves stood upon the platform of Plymouth with the pastor. His appeals brought forth from the congregation the money which bought their freedom, nor did he hesitate, when opportunity offered, to afford his church and city a living illustration of slave dealing. The first slave auction in Plymouth Church was held on June 1, 1856; and an eye witness has thus described the scene:

That Sunday morning was a memorable one. Mr. Beecher's intention had been noised abroad, and at eight o'clock people began gathering by hundreds in front of the church, although the doors were not opened until ten and service did not begin until ten-thirty o'clock. When ten o'clock came the streets on both sides of the church were literally jammed with people, and carriages were compelled to discharge their occupants nearly a block distant. When Mr. Beecher arrived at the church entrance seemed impossible, and for fifteen or twenty minutes several policemen were kept busy making a passageway through the crowd so that he could reach the doors. The church was densely crowded; every available foot of space was occupied, and thousands were outside unable to gain admission. When Mr. Beecher appeared on the platform a deathlike stillness fell upon the entire auditorium.

For a few moments Mr. Beecher surveyed the wonderful assemblage before him, and then, closing his eyes in prayer for a single minute he arose. Every one of that congregation was instantly the embodiment of expectancy. He began the service by reading the beautiful Scriptural story of the man who was cured of a withered hand, especially emphasizing Christ's ques-

tion, "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath Day or to do evil, to save life or to kill?" Then he said: "About two weeks ago I had a letter from Washington, informing me that a young woman had been sold by her own father to be sent South—for what purpose you can imagine when you see her. She was bought by a slave-trader for $1,200, and he has offered to give you the opportunity of purchasing her freedom. She has given her word of honor to return to Richmond if the money be not raised, and, slave though she be called, she is a woman who will keep her word. Now, Sarah, come up here so that all may see you."

The solemn, impressive silence of that vast Plymouth assemblage was absolutely painful as a young woman slowly ascended the stairs leading to the pulpit and sank into a chair by Mr. Beecher's side. Instantly assuming the look and manner of a slave auctioneer he called for bids. "Look," he exclaimed, "at this marketable commodity—human flesh and blood, like yourselves. You see the white blood of her father in her regular features and high, thoughtful brow. Who bids? You will have to pay extra for that white blood, because it is supposed to give intelligence. Stand up, Sarah! Now, look at her trim figure and her wavy hair!—how much do you bid for them? She is sound in wind and limb—I'll warrant her! Who bids? Her feet and hands—hold them out, Sarah!—are small and finely formed. What do you bid for her? She is a Christian woman—I mean, a praying nigger—and that makes her more valuable, because it insures her docility and obedience to your wishes. 'Servants, obey your masters,' you know. Well, she believes in that doctrine. How much for her? Will you allow this praying woman to be sent back to Richmond to meet the fate for which her father sold her? If not, who bids?"

The impression produced by these words is indescribable. As every word rang out in Mr. Beecher's clear voice it seemed to enter into the heart of each of his hearers.. Every eye was fixed upon the slave woman on the platform. Mr. Beecher once told Robert Bonner that, if he had not been a preacher, he would have been an actor, and his acting as the auctioneer was perfect. His mellow voice was trasformed into hard, rasping tones; he glared at the girl and at the audience as if all he cared about was the money that she might bring. The people almost held their breath from excitement as Mr. Beecher proceeded:

"Come now! we are selling this woman, you know, and a fine specimen she is, too. Look at her. See for yourselves. Don't you want her? Now, then, pass the baskets and let us see."

The suggestion was made none too soon. The congregation was wrought up to the very highest pitch. Tears of pity and indignation streamed from eyes unused to weeping. Women became hysterical; men were almost beside themselves. Some one near the pulpit stepped forward and laid a banknote at Mr. Beecher's feet.

"Good," cried Mr. Beecher. "The first; now then!"

For a half hour money was heaped into the contribution boxes, while those to whom the baskets seemed too slow in coming threw coin and banknotes upon the pulpit. Women took off their jewelry and put it in the baskets. Rings, bracelets, brooches piled one upon the other. Men unfastened their watches and handed them to the ushers. Above all the bustle and confusion of the remarkable scene Mr. Beecher's powerful voice rang out:

"Shall this woman go back to Richmond, or be free?"

"Free!" said several men, as they emptied their pockets into the collection baskets.

"In the name of Christ, men and women, how much do you bid?"

Just at this point, when the scene was becoming hysterical in its intensity, Louis Tappan rose and shouted above the din:

"Mr. Beecher, there need be no more anxiety as several gentlemen have agreed to make up the deficiency, no matter what it may be."

"Then, Sarah, you are free!" cried Mr. Beecher, turning to the girl beside him.

This statement inspired the almost frenzied audience to wildest demonstrations of enthusiasm. The applause, mingled with exclamations of praise and prayer, fairly shook the walls of the great church. The assemblage lost control of itself in the exultation over its great triumph, and quiet was not restored for several minutes until Mr. Beecher raised his hand for silence. Obedience to his gesture was instantaneous. Then in his usual, mellow voice he fervently exclaimed:

"God bless Plymouth Church! When the ancient Jews went up to their solemn feasts they made the mountains round

THE WEST SHORE—HUNTINGTON HARBOR.

about Jerusalem ring with their shouts. I do not approve of unholy applause in the House of God; but, when a good deed is well done, it cannot be wrong to give an outward expression to our joy."

The collection left no deficiency to be made up. All of the $1,200 had been given for the purchase of Sarah's freedom, and there was money enough besides to buy for her a little home at Peekskill.

Other slaves were sold by Mr. Beecher in Plymouth Church, and not one had to be sent back to the slave-traders. During the summer of 1863 Mr. Beecher visited England. The spirit of that country was then bitterly hostile to the Union cause; and at first the great preacher's path was a thorny and troubled one. But in the face of angry auditors he fearlessly preached the gospel of human freedom, and cold hearts warmed under the influence of his burning appeals. His progress became a triumphal one, and when he came back to this country he had created among the sober, thinking portion of the British public a frame of mind distinctly favorable to the Union cause. The story of this wonderful campaign in England is best told in Mr. Beecher's own words:

I went on my own responsibility; and with no one behind me except my church. They told me they would pay my expenses and sent me off. When I reached England, and saw what was the condition of public feeling there, I refused to make any speech, and declined all invitations. I would not go under the roof of any man who was not a friend of the North in this struggle, and throughout the whole of my stay in England I refused to let any man pay one penny for me. I never would let any one pay my expenses on the road, nor my hotel bills, nor would I go as the guest to the house of any man, unless he had been forward to promote our cause. Everywhere my answer was: "My church pays my expenses, and I cannot afford to take any hospitality or money from the enemies of the North, and I won't take it."

I started from England, refusing to make any engagements, or say anything publicly. I was in a towering indignation. Almost every man in England who rode in a first-class car was our enemy. The great majority of professional men

were our enemies. Almost all the Quakers were against us. All the Congregational ministers in England—not in Wales—were either indifferent or lukewarm, or directly opposed. The government was our enemy. It was only the common people, and mostly the people that had no vote, that were on our side. Everywhere the atmosphere was adverse. In Manchester our American merchants, and men sent out to buy were afraid, and knuckled down to the public feeling. The storm in the air was so portentous that they did not dare to undertake to resist it. No man ever knows what his country is to him until he has gone abroad and heard it everywhere denounced and sneered at. I had ten men's wrath in me—and my own share is tolerably large—at the attitude assumed all around me against my country. . . .

I came over to England again, and was met in London by the same gentleman who had previously urged me to make addresses. I said: "No; I am going home in September. I don't want to have anything to do with England." But their statement made my resolution give way, and changed my program entirely. It was this: "Mr. Beecher, we have been counted as the off-scouring, because we have taken up the part of the North. We have sacrificed ourselves in your behalf, and now, if you go home, and show us no favor or help, they will overwhelm us. They will say, 'Even your friends in America despise you,' and we shall be nowhere, and we think it is rather a hard return. Besides," said they, "there is a movement on foot that is going to be very disastrous, if it is not headed off." To my amazement, I found that the unvoting English possessed great power in England; a great deal more power, in fact, than if they had had a vote. The aristocracy and the government felt: "These men feel that they have no political privileges, and we must administer with the strictest regard to their feelings, or there will be a revolution." And they were all the time under the influence of that feeling. Parliament would at any time for three years have voted for the South against the North, if it had not been for the fear of these common people who did not vote. A plan, therefore, was laid to hold great public meetings during all that autumn and early winter among the laboring masses, to change their feelings, and if that atmospheric change could be brought about, Parliament would very soon have done what it was afraid to do, but wanted to do all the time—declare for the Southern Confederacy. The

committee said: "If you can lecture for us you will head off this whole movement."

Those considerations were such that I finally yielded. I consented, at first, to speak at Manchester; and very soon it was arranged that I was to speak at Liverpool also, and out of that grew an arrangement for Glasgow and Edinburgh, and then for London. There was a plan for Birmingham that failed. I had been making the tour of Scotland, and came down to Manchester just one or two days in advance of the appointment. The two men that met me were John Escort and young Watts. His father was Sir Something Watts, and had the largest business house in Central England. He was a young man just recently married, and Escort was the very beau ideal of a sturdy Englishman, with very few words, but plucky enough for a backer against the whole world. They met me at the station, and I saw that there was something on their minds. Before I had walked with them twenty steps, Watts, I think it was said: "Of course, you see there is a great deal of excitement here." The streets were all placarded in blood-red letters, and my friends were very silent and seemed to be looking at me to see if I would flinch. I always feel happy when I hear of a storm, and I looked at them and said: "Well, are you going to back down?" "No," said they; "we didn't know how you would feel." "Well," said I, "you'll find out how I am going to feel. I'm going to be heard, and if not now I'm going to be by and by. I won't leave England until I have been heard!" You never saw two fellows' faces clear off so. They looked happy.

I went to my hotel, and when the day came on which I was to make my first speech, I struck out the notes of my speech in the morning, and then came up a kind of horror—I don't know whether I can do anything with an English audience; I have never had any experience with an English audience. My American ways, which were all well enough with Americans, may utterly fail here, and a failure in the cause of my country, now and here, is horrible beyond conception to me! I think I never went through such a struggle of darkness and suffering in all my life as I did that afternoon. It was about the going down of the sun that God brought me to the state in which I said: "Thy will be done. I am willing to be annihilated. I am willing to fail, if the Lord wants me to." I gave it all up into the hands of God, and rose up in a state of peace and of serenity

simply unspeakable, and when the coach came to take me down to Manchester Hall, I felt no disturbance nor dreamed of anything but success.

We reached the hall. The crowd was already beginning to be tumultuous, and I recollect thinking to myself, as I stood there looking at them: "I will control you! I came here for victory, and I will have it, by the help of God!" Well, I was introduced, and I must confess that the things that I had done and suffered in my own country, according to what the chairman who introduced me said, amazed me. The speaker was very English on the subject, and I learned that I belonged to an heroic band, and all that sort of thing, with abolitionism mixed in, and so on. By the way, I think it was here that I was introduced as Rev. Henry Ward Beecher Stowe. But as soon as I began to speak, the great audience began to show its teeth, and I had not gone on fifteen minutes before an unparalleled scene of confusion and interruption occurred. No American that has not seen an English mob can form any conception of one. I have seen all sorts of camp-meetings, and experienced all kinds of public speaking on the stump; I have seen the most disturbed meetings in New York City, and they were all of them as twilight to midnight compared with an English hostile audience.

I took the measure of the audience, and said to myself: "About one-fourth of this audience are opposed to me, and about one-fourth will be rather in sympathy, and my business now is not to appeal to that portion that is opposed to me, nor to those that are already on my side, but to bring over the middle section." How to do this was a problem. The question was: Who could hold out longest? There were five or six storm-centres, boiling and whirling at the same time; here some one pounding on a group with his umbrella, and shouting, "Sit down, there!"—over yonder, a row between two or three combatants; somewhere else, a group all yelling together at the top of their voice. It was like talking to a storm at sea. I threw my notes away, and entered on a discussion of the value of freedom as opposed to slavery in the manufacturing interest. I never was more self-possessed and never in more perfect good temper, and I never was more determined that my hearers should feel the curb before I got through with them. The uproar would come in on this side and on that, and they would put insulting questions and make all sorts of calls to me, and I

would wait until the noise had subsided and then get in about five minutes of talk. The reporters would get that down, and up would come another noise. Occasionally I would see things that amused me, and would laugh outright, and the crowd would stop to see what I was laughing at. Then I would sail in again with a sentence or two. A good many times the crowd threw up questions which I caught at and answered back. I may as well put in here one thing that amused me hugely. There were baize doors that opened both ways into side-alleys, and there was a huge, burly Englishman standing right in front of one of those doors, and roaring like a bull of Bashan: one of the policeman swung his elbow around him and hit him in the belly and knocked him through the doorway, so that the last part of the bawl was outside in the alley-way; it struck me so ludicrously to think how the fellow must have looked when he found himself "hollering" outside that I could not refrain from laughing outright. The audience immediately stopped its uproars, wondering what I was laughing at, and that gave me another chance, and I caught it. So we kept on for about an hour and a half before they got so far calmed down that I could go on peaceably with my speech.

They liked the pluck. Englishmen like a man that can stand on his feet and give and take, and so for the last hour I had pretty clear sailing. The next morning every great paper in England had the whole speech down. I think it was the design of the men there to break me down on that first speech, by fair means or foul, feeling that if they could do that it would be trumpeted all over the land. I said to them then and there: "Gentlemen, you may break me down now, but I have registered a vow that I will never return home until I have been heard in every country and principal town in the Kingdom of Great Britain. I am not going to be broken down nor put down. I am going to be heard, and my country shall be vindicated." And God was behind it all; I felt it and I knew it, and when I got through and the vote was called off you would have thought it was a tropical thunder-storm that swept through that hall as the ayes were thundered, while the noes were an insignificant and contemptible minority. It had all gone on our side, and such enthusiasm I never saw. I think it was there that when I started to go down into the rooms below to get an exit, that big, burly Englishman in the gallery wanted to shake hands with me, and I could not reach him, and he

called out "Shake my umbrella!" and he reached it over. I shook it, and, as I did so, he shouted: "By Jock, nobody shall touch that umbrella again!"

From there I went to Edinburgh, where I discussed the effect upon literature and learning and institutions of learning and general intelligence of the presence of slavery, on the basis again of the history of slavery in America, and the existing state of things. I thought I had seen a crowd before I went there, but when I went through the lower hall and tried to get into the assembly-room, the people were wedged in there so tight that you might just as well try to find a passage through the wall, and I was finally hoisted over their heads and passed on by friendly hands and up to the gallery, and down over the front of the gallery on to the platform, in order to get to the position where I was to speak. There I had less commotion than anywhere else.

I went from there to Liverpool. If I had supposed I had had a stormy time I found out my mistake when I got there. Liverpool was worse than all the rest put together. My life was threatened, and I had had communications to the effect that I had better not venture there. The streets were placarded with the most scurrilous and abusive cards, and I brought home some of them and they are in the Brooklyn Historical Society now. It so happened, I believe, that the Congregational Association of England and Wales was in session there, and pretty much all of the members were present on the platform. I suppose there were 500 people on the platform behind me. There were men in the galleries and boxes who came armed, and some bold men on our side went up into those boxes and drew their bowie-knives and pistols and said to these young bloods: "The first man that fires here will rue it." I heard a good many narratives of that kind afterward, but I knew nothing of it at the time. But of all confusions and turmoils and whirls I never saw the like. I got control of the meeting in about an hour and a half, and then I had a clear road the rest of the way. We carried the meeting, but it required a three hours' use of my voice at its utmost strength. I sometimes felt like a shipmaster attempting to preach on board of a shop through a speaking trumpet with a tornado on the sea and a mutiny among the men.

By this time my voice was pretty much all used up, and I had yet got to go to Exeter Hall, in London. . . . So I

plucked up courage and went to the hall that evening and the streets of London were crowded. I could not get near the hall except by the aid of a policeman. And when I got around to the back door, I felt a woman throw her arms around me—I saw they were the arms of a woman, and that she had me in her arms—and when I went through the door, she got through, too, and on turning around I found it was one of the members of my church. She had married, and gone to London, and she was determined to hear that speech, and so took this way to acomplish an apparently impossible task. She grasped and held me until I got her in. I suppose that is the way a great many sinners get into heaven finally. Well, I had less trouble and less tumult in London than anywhere else. The battle had been fought.

Such is Mr. Beecher's account of his remarkable mission. "After a few months' absence," wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes at the time, "he returns to America, having finished a more remarkable embassy than any envoy who has represented us in Europe since Franklin pleaded the cause of the young republic at the Court of Versailles. He kissed no royal hand, he talked with no courtly diplomatist, he was the guest of no titled legislator, he had no official existence. But through the heart of the people he reached nobles, ministers, courtiers, the throne itself." Brooklyn was not slow to acclaim her great preacher for his noble work, and now that he has passed from earth, his statue set in the very heart of the city's life bears beautiful and impressive witness to the service he rendered to his country in the days that tried men's souls.

What Long Island did for the sick and wounded soldier, and for those widowed and orphaned by the war furnishes the theme for another stirring story. There early came into being two important associations for this purpose—the War Fund Committee of Brooklyn and County of Kings, and the Woman's Relief Association of the City of Brooklyn, the latter the representative in Brooklyn of the United States Sanitary Commission. These two bodies during the fall of 1863, the women of Brooklyn leading the way, joined hands in a fair to raise funds for the

work of the Sanitary Commission. A public meeting called by the War Fund Committee was held on December 19 in the chapel of the Polytechnic Institute, and before the end of the month, $50,000 was pledged by generous citizens for the fair.

It was decided to hold it in the Academy of Music, but even that spacious building was soon found to be inadequate to its new purpose. Two temporary structures were accordingly erected, Knickerbocker Hall on an open lot adjoining the Academy on the west, and the Hall of Manufactures and New England Kitchen on the opposite side of Montague Street, where later arose the building of the Mercantile Library. The Taylor mansion, at the corner of Montague and Clinton streets, was also engaged and fitted up as a museum. The reception of goods to be offered for sale began on February 15, and one week later, on Washington's Birthday, the formal opening of the fair was celebrated by grand parades of volunteer troops and United States marines. "The main attraction," runs one account, "was the Academy of Music, where most of the goods were displayed in booths aranged in concentric circles. The decorations were superb, and at night thousands of gas jets lent brilliancy to the scene. Knickerbocker Hall was arranged into a vast restaurant, where 500 people could be served at once, while the New England Kitchen set forth a farm house of the olden times." And such was the success of the fair that when it closed, the managers were able to turn over to the Sanitary Commission more than $400,000.

Another twelve month brought the end of the war, and with it an incident that remains a pleasant memory with many an aging resident of Brooklyn. The day following Lee's surrender at Appomatox, upward of six score prominent citizens of Brooklyn sailed on the steamer *Oceanus* to witness the raising of the Union flag over the ramparts of Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor. This ceremony, set for the anniversary of the surrender four years before, was made doubly memorable by a noble oration delivered by Mr. Beecher, while another famous

OLD HOME OF RUFUS KING AT JAMAICA.

Brooklyn preacher, Dr. Storrs, offered the prayer at its close. When the hero of the surrender, now General Anderson, lifted the flag to its old position aloft, the whole assembly rose to their feet, and then for half an hour cannon boomed their salutes. It was a joyous occasion, but it had a tragic sequel in the death of President Lincoln. News of this event was brought to those aboard the *Oceanus* on their homeward voyage, and they returned to Brooklyn to find the city plunged into inconsolable grief. This was on April 18, and eight days later Brooklyn officials and associations joined in the procession that escorted the remains of Lincoln through the streets of New York on their way to their last resting place in Illinois. Meantime the War Fund Committee had named a sub-committee "to open a subscription for the erection of some suitable and permanent memorial in the city, of him for whom the nation is in mourning;" and so prompt and vigorous was the action of this sub-committee that Brooklyn's statue of Lincoln was the first erected in any city of the Union. It was unveiled on October 21, 1869, with appropriate exercises.

Twenty-three years to a day after Lincoln's statue was unveiled on the Plaza of Prospect Park, there was reared on the same site another monument to those who had died in the same cause. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Arch of Brooklyn, standing near enough to the entrance to Prospect Park to form a portal to it, is larger than any other in the world save the Arc de Triomphe at Paris, while in grace and majestic beauty it has no superior. Its only inscription is the simple yet eloquent one: "To the Defenders of the Union, 1861-65."

Making the Greater City

THE first years of peace were for Brooklyn years of prosperity and steady growth. Nearly 7,000 buildings were erected in 1867 and 1868, most of these in the outlying wards of the city, and by 1870 the population had grown to 400,000. With this growth came the completion of old projects and the birth of new ones. A bill had been passed by the legislature in April, 1860, creating Prospect Park, which as originally laid out was to be bounded on the east by Washington Avenue, on the west by Ninth Avenue, on the south by the Coney Island road, and by Douglass Street at its northern and narrowest end. Operations, however, were suspended when the war came to drive all other things from the thoughts of the people, and were not resumed until the return of peace. Then, under the direction of James S. T. Stranahan, who from the first had been at the head of the commission intrusted with the task, there was diligent application of the art and skill which it demanded, and in 1871 Prospect Park, beautiful by nature and beautified by art, was ready for public enjoyment. An area of 516 acres is included within the the park, and that the millions expended upon it bring returns in something better than gold is proved by the myriads who from year to year flock to it for exercise and enjoyment. The boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens, it should be added, now have twenty-six other parks and squares, and six noble boulevards.

Bridging the East River was a project early mooted by far-seeing residents of Brooklyn and New York. "It has been suggested," wrote General Jeremiah Johnson more than a hundred years ago, "that a bridge should be constructed from this village across the East River to New York. The idea has been

treated as chimerical, from the magnitude of the design; but whosoever takes it into their serious consideration will find more weight in the practicability of the scheme than at first is imagined. Every objection to the building of this bridge could be refuted, and there is only needed a combination of opinion to favor the attempt." Again in 1836, General Joseph G. Swift proposed to dam the East River with a dyke surmounted by a boulevard, and in 1849 we find the New York "Tribune" declaring that "the great project of municipal improvement now occupying public attention in this city and Brooklyn is the building of a splendid bridge connecting the two shores of the East River and thus making New York and Brooklyn emphatically one. The bridge is the great event of the day. New York and Brooklyn must be united, and there is no other means of doing it. The thing will certainly be achieved one of these days, and the sooner the better."

It was not, however, until 1868 that the enterprise took definite and practical shape. In that year Colonel Julius W. Adams, an eminent engineer residing in Brooklyn, matured a plan for a bridge, and succeeded in interesting William C. Kingsley, a contractor, in the project. Kingsley was a man of uncommon force and energy, and his efforts soon enlisted the support of a number of leading citizens. One of these was Henry C. Murphy, long president of the bridge commission, and the story of how he was won over to the enterprise, as told by Justice McCue deserves a place in this chronicle. Kingsley called on McCue one afternoon in 1866, and asked the justice to keep him company in a visit to Murphy at Bay Ridge. "After a while," writes the justice, "Mr. Kingsley brought up the subject of the bridge. Mr. Murphy listened to him with much attention. He listened as a man under a spell. Then, as if resenting the dominion of another, he began to interrogate and criticise and doubt. To everything he advanced Mr. Kingsley gave the most respectful consideration. No sooner would Mr. Murphy stop, however, than Mr. Kingsley

would meet him with arguments, illustrations, and rejoinders, which were persistent, comprehensive and unanswerable. The result was that Mr. Murphy avowed himself a convert to the feasibility of the proposition, and agreed to draw the enabling bill. It was far toward morning when he left Mr. Murphy's house, but, on that night, and in that talk, the bridge, as a fact, was born."

The bill drawn up by Murphy, then a member of the State senate, was duly passed by the legislature, and in April, 1867, became a law. It provided for the formation of a private corporation with the two cities the chief contributors to the capital stock, and this provision was promptly met by the common council of Brooklyn with a resolution to subscribe $3,000,000, conditional upon the subscription of $2,000,000, and with the added stipulation that the city should have a representation in the board of directors. The common council of New York followed with a subscription of $1,500,000 on condition that the mayor and two other city officials should be *ex-officio* members of the company. Private individuals subscribed to the remaining $500,000 of the capital stock. Meanwhile, John A. Roebling, constructor of the Niagara suspension bridge, had been appointed chief engineer. His plans for the proposed structure, which duplicated on an enlarged scale the one at Niagara, were completed in September, 1867, and the first borings and soundings were made before the end of the same year. A foundation of gneiss rock having been found ninety-six feet below high-water mark, the sites for the two towers were located, but while superintending the survey of the one on the Brooklyn side, in August, 1869, Chief Engineer Roebling met with an accident that a fortnight later caused his death.

Colonel Washington A. Roebling took in hand the dead man's task, and early in January, 1870, made his home on Columbia Heights, determined to complete the largest suspension bridge in the world as a monument to the memory of his father. The towers of the bridge, as is

well known, rest on huge caissons filled with concrete. While these were being sunk into the required positions, Colonel Roebling was never away for an hour, but visited the work day and night. Indeed, devotion to his task, joined with the fact that he spent more hours of the twenty-four in the compressed air of the caissons than any one else, wore out his strength. One afternoon in the spring of 1872 he was brought out of the New York caisson nearly insensible, and for many hours his death seemed a matter of minutes. He rallied and returned to the work, but was finally ordered by his physician to leave the country for a time.

Fearing that he might not live to finish the bridge, and knowing how incomplete the plans and instructions were, Colonel Roebling spent the winter writing and drawing, and the papers written while illness made it impossible for him to leave his room contained the most minute and exact directions for making the cables and for the erection of all the complicated parts which compose the superstructure. However, he finally completed the work. The Brooklyn tower was finished in the summer of 1875; another twelve-month brought the completion of the New York tower, and on August 14, 1876, the first wire of the cables was strung across from tower to tower, rising 270 feet into the air. Thereafter the work went slowly yet steadily forward, and the coming of the spring of 1883 saw the end of this splendid feat of mechanical daring and skill.

It was a noble task nobly wrought. "The extreme length of the passage over the bridge," to quote an expert description, "is a mile and a furlong. The curved approach on the Brooklyn side has a length of 971 feet, while on the New York side the straight line of the same kind of structure, looming high above neighboring buildings, has a length of more than 1,500 feet. The suspension bridge proper begins from the end of these approaches. Down from the top of the towers the four cables sweep to the anchorages at the termini, subtending with the part of the bridge they carry the busiest streets of both cities.

The length of each of these land spans is 930 feet. Between the towers the huge cables curve downward to the bridge path, which in turn curves upward, so that the centre of the arch is sixteen feet higher than its extremities at the towers. Thus the bridge-floor at the centre is 135 feet above high water and only the tallest sailing ships need take down their top-hampers before passing under it. And the length of this span—the crucial portion of the whole structure, the final conquest of the river—is 1600 feet. The diameter of each of the four cables which hold in mid-air the various parts or passageways is fifteen and three-quarter inches, making a circumference of nearly four feet; and each of them contains 5,296 parallel steel wires, not twisted, but welded together by transverse wires binding them fast into one solid whole. The permanent weight these four cables are called upon to sustain, before any other has entered upon the bridge to be upborne, is no less than 14,680 tons, but each cable can sustain 12,500 tons; and, thus the four together can easily manage 50,000 tons." The first cost of the bridge, formally opened to the public on May 24, 1883, was $15,000,000, and a sum nearly half as large has since been expended upon it.

Before passing to other matters, a word or two should be given to the other bridges across the East River provided for or in process of construction. These are three in number. The first, now nearing completion, will end at Norfolk Street in the borough of Manhattan, and just west of Havemeyer Street in the borough of Brooklyn. Its estimated cost is $12,000,000, and in many respects it will be one of the most remarkable structures of its kind in the world. According to its designer, "it will be four times as strong as the Brooklyn Bridge. Each of its four cables will be about twice as stout as those which support the span of the older structure, and in other respects its superiority will be maintained. Each of the cables will consist of thirty-seven strands, and each strand will have 282 single wires, a total of 10,434 wires in each cable.

The normal pull on each cable will be about 5,000 tons, and as each cable will be capable of supporting 200,000 pounds to the square inch, and will have 222 square inches net, the suspension power of the bridge will be four times greater than the maximum demand upon it. The width of the new structure will be 118 feet, as compared with the eighty-five feet of the Brooklyn Bridge, and the character and amount of its traffic accommodation will be proportionately greater. It will have six railroad tracks, two carriageways, each twenty feet wide, two footwalks, and as concessions to the growing tastes of the public, two bicycle paths. In actual channel span the two bridges will not present a great difference, merely a matter of four and a half feet, but in the total length of the span the new bridge will hold the record by 1,200 feet. The Brooklyn Bridge has a channel span of 1,600 feet, and a total length of 6,000. The figures of the new bridge are respectively 1,600 feet and 7,200 feet. The steel towers of the new bridge are about 59 feet taller than the masonry spires of the Brooklyn Bridge. The cap of the steel work from high water is 335 feet; similar measurements on the Brooklyn Bridge give a height of 276 feet. The minimum height of the bridge for 200 feet on either side of the centre above mean high water of spring tides is 135 feet; the Brooklyn Bridge has the same height, but only at the central point."

The second of the three bridges, with an estimated cost, including approaches, of $16,000,000, will extend from De Lancey Street in the borough of Manhattan to South Fifth Street in the borough of Brooklyn. It will have a total length of 9,335 feet, consisting of a main suspended span, 1,465 feet long, two flanking suspended spans each 850 feet long, a Manhattan approach of 1,940 feet, and a Brooklyn approach of 4,230 feet. The minimum height of the bridge above high water will be 135 feet, and its total width 120 feet. It will carry a central carriageway of thirty-eight feet between the inner pair of cables; and on each side of this, between the

inner and outer cables, will be a pair of trolley tracks on the same level as the roadway; that is, there will be four trolley tracks on the bridge, two one each side. Outside the trolley tracks will be the footways, and above them, between the stiffening trusses, two elevated railroad tracks, one on each side of the bridge. The third bridge will connect the sections of the city fronting Blackwell's Island from which it has already taken its name. It will have two cantilever spans, and will accommodate two elevated railroads, two double roads for trolley lines, paths for bicycle riders, footpaths, two roadways for heavy teams and also roadways for lighter vehicles. The estimated cost of the structure is $6,000,000, and it will have a total length of 8,200 feet.

With the building of the Brooklyn bridge came the solution of the problem of conveying the city's rapidly growing population with dispatch and in large numbers to its entrance. The first step in this direction was taken several years before the opening of the bridge. The Long Island Railroad Company, in August, 1877, began running trains of two cars each drawn by a small engine, which started at twenty minute intervals from the terminal at Flatbush Avenue, and stopped at open platforms placed at the intersections of several prominent streets on Atlantic Avenue. These trains at first ran only to East New York, but in time the run was extended, first to Woodhaven and later to Jamaica. This service, however, afforded only a partial and unsatisfactory solution of the problem of a rapid transit system adequate to the needs of all sections of the city. Another step forward was taken in May, 1875, when an act of the legislature created the Brooklyn Elevated Railway Company with power to construct and operate a railroad from the Brooklyn end of the bridge, to Woodhaven. This company later became the Kings County Elevated, and so frequent and protracted were the delays in the execution of its plans that not until 1889 was its road fully in operation. Its route follows Fulton Street to East New York, when it

runs southward for several blocks, and then again turns eastward to make its terminus near Jamaica.

During the same period another company, the Brooklyn Union, was building an elevated road which ran from Fulton Ferry, through York Street to Hudson Avenue, so to Park Avenue, through Park to Grand, through Grand to Lexington, and so to Broadway. Though the portion from Hudson to Grand along Park Avenue, and from Park to Myrtle along Grand, was afterward abandoned and the structure removed, the company pushed its line along Broadway to East New York with such vigor that in the fall of 1885 trains were running to Alabama Avenue, whence at a later time it was carried first to Van Siclen Avenue and then to Cypress Hills. Subsequent extensions of the Brooklyn Union system have been the line down Broadway to the Williamsburgh ferries; the line on Myrtle Avenue, running out toward Ridgewood; the Hudson Avenue extension to Myrtle Avenue; the branch from Myrtle through Hudson and Flatbush to Fifth Avenue, and along the latter as far as Thirty-sixth Street, where connection is made with the Brooklyn, Bath and Coney Island Railroad. This portion of the system, opened to the public in 1889, has since been carried upon a lofty curve down toward Third Avenue, and ancient Gowanus connected with the bridge as far as Sixty-fifth Street.

Twenty years ago Brooklyn embraced only what had once been the townships of Brooklyn and Bushwick, but the development of an adequate system of rapid transit was speedily followed by the corporate absorption of the remainder of the original Kings county. The first of the outlying towns to become a part of the city, was the eastern portion of old Flatbush, which in 1852 had been erected into the township of New Lots. So rapid was the growth of New Lots during the next three decades that by 1882 it had attained a population of 14,000. The imperfect control of a town government did not satisfy the needs of these thousands, and active agitation for annexation

to Brooklyn finally brought permission from the legislature to submit the question to a vote of the people. The majority was found to be in favor of such action; and on May 13, 1886, an annexation bill was signed by the governor and became law. It went into effect in August of the same year, and New Lots township became the Twenty-sixth Ward of Brooklyn.

Another decade brought the annexation of the rest of the Dutch towns of the first days. A movement looking to this end, set afoot in 1873, had come to nothing through the adverse action of the voters of the towns; but in 1894 bills for the annexation of the several towns, a separate bill for each town, were introduced in the State legislature and passed by that body. The governor signed the bill for the annexation of Flatbush on April 28, 1894, and that for New Utrecht and Gravesend on May 3, 1894, both acts going into effect in July of the same year. The act annexing Flatlands went into operation on January 1, 1896, and thus the whole of Kings county became identical with the City of Brooklyn, which could now boast an area of sixty-six square miles, and a population of more than a million.

Brooklyn, during this period of growth and expansion, maintained, as of old its right to be called the City of Churches. Many of the men who filled its pulpits were preachers of renown. These included the Rev. Abram N. Littlejohn, who in 1869 retired from the rectorship of Holy Trinity to become the first bishop of the Episcopal see of Long Island, and the Rev. Charles H. Hall who succeeded to the place thus made vacant. Two other preachers of uncommon force and eloquence were the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, founder and for nearly a generation pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, whose labors in the pulpit of the Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church are held in grateful remembrance by thousands.

The most widely known, however, of the preachers whose coming to Brooklyn fell within the period now under review

QUAKER MEETING HOUSE IN FLUSHING.

was the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, who, in 1869, was called to the pastorate of the Central Presbyterian Church in Schermerhorn Street. When he undertook his work there, his church had only a score of members. But Dr. Talmage at once succeeded in drawing many hearers to his old fashioned church. After fifteen months he persuaded the trustees to sell the edifice and to erect on lots adjacent a different type of structure—the first Brooklyn Tabernacle, in Schermerhorn Street. It was an immense auditorium in the shape of a horseshoe, the exterior of corrugated iron. While it was being completed Dr. Talmage made a visit to Europe. He at once filled the new church with eager hearers on its completion, and a career of prosperity was begun, to be cut short in the latter part of 1872 by the destruction of the edifice by fire. Dr. Talmage arranged to preach in the Academy of Music while the Tabernacle was rebuilt, and the new structure, on the same site, was opened early in 1874. It was said to be the largest church edifice at the time in this country, and for fifteen years Dr. Talmage preached to audiences which crowded it to the doors. He was also engaged in active editorial work, in publishing volumes of his sermons, the circulation of which from week to week in newspaper publications was enormous, and in lecturing in all parts of the country. One of the features of the services at the Tabernacle was having congregational singing instead of a choir. For years the seats were all free, sittings being assigned to regular attendants, but in 1883 the sale of the pews at auction was adopted. At that time a newspaper man asked Dr. Harrison A. Tucker, president of the board of trustees, how many the church would seat. Dr. Tucker replied:

"Well, we have had them counted and the pews will seat 2,650, but the domine (Dr. Talmage) always says 4,650. He sees things large."

There were repeated efforts to free the Tabernacle from debt, which at one time amounted to $72,500, and several times it was reported that this had been accomplished; but when the

second edifice, in Schermerhorn Street, was burned, in 1889, there was still a large indebtedness. Dr. Talmage had arranged to make a trip to the Holy Land, starting the day after this second fire, and he carried out his plans, sending sermons for publication during the trip. A movement to build a new church on another site, at Clinton and Greene Avenues, was successfully made, and there a much larger structure was put up, and after his return from his trip Dr. Talmage preached in the Academy of Music in both New York and Brooklyn for several months, until the third Tabernacle was completed in 1891. This was an immense structure, said to be capable of holding six thousand persons, and costing $410,000, but the success of the church organization was not great, despite the fact that large audiences assembled at the Sunday services. This building in its turn was burned on May 13, 1894. The congregation made no effort to rebuild and in November, 1894, Dr. Talmage announced his resignation of the Tabernacle pastorate. The church was scattered and nothing of the organization remained save the Sunday school, which lasted a few months. The following year Dr. Talmage took up his residence in Washington, where he became assistant to Dr. Sutherland in the First Presbyterian Church. Afterwards he was pastor of the same for a period, but later retired owing to differences which led to Dr. Sutherland's return to the pulpit. He died in Washington in April, 1902.

The doctrines preached by Dr. Talmage were of the old fashioned orthodox type. He used to say that he had long since "lived down" the frills and nonessentials of religion. "At twenty," he would explain, "I believed several hundred things; at fifty I believed about a score, but now, with clearer vision, as I grow older and come nearer the close of the journey, I hold only to three things as vital—that God our Father loves us far better than we know, that Jesus Christ, his son, is our Redeemer and Savior and that I am a sinner, enriched by his grace, though all unworthy."

Dr. Talmage was a thorough-going believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and many times during his career he came to the front as a defender of its integrity. He repudiated the "higher criticism" as a menace to the old religion, and denounced as impious the doubts concerning miracles and inspiration. Often he chose as a target the foibles and besetting sins of society, and he never spared his ammunition. He poured out broadsides on Wall Street, the saloons, gamblers, low politicians, and all who came within the range of his criticism. His forceful denunciation of popular vices was equaled only by his ability to move his audience to tears of sympathy when he chose to appeal to the emotions. No preacher of his time could describe in such moving language the charms of home, the mother's love for a wayward child, the delights of rural life or the simple faith of the believer in Christ and heaven. He was always at his best when facing a miscellaneous assemblage in the great cities, and he delighted also in an audience of farmers. Such gatherings failed not to comprehend his homely doctrines. Yet his finest work was not among the shallows. He could go deeply into the secrets of the heart and soul, and such was his rare gift that with a single sentence he could move a multitude.

Henry Ward Beecher died in March, 1887, and his passing was mourned as a national loss. The vacant pulpit of Plymouth Church was filled at the end of a year by the calling of Dr. Lyman Abbott, who in 1900 gave way to the present pastor, the Rev. Newell D. Hillis. To complete the record of church life in Broklyn, mention should be made of the men who, after fruitful service within its borders, have been called to fill higher places in other fields. Dr. Littlejohn, as we have seen, left the rectorship of Holy Trinity to become the first Episcopal bishop of Long Island, and the same post is now filled by Dr. Frederic Burgess, formerly a Brooklyn rector. Dr. George F. Seymour, long rector of old St. John's, was afterward called to the bishopric of western Illinois; Dr. William A. Leonard,

rector of the Church of the Redeemer, became bishop of Ohio; and Dr. Chauncey B. Brewster, for a time rector of Grace Church on the Heights, was later made bishop coadjutor of Connecticut. Among the Roman Catholic clergy, several who were once priests in Brooklyn have also become bishops. Father Bacon, of the Church of the Assumption, and founder of St. Mary of the Star of the Sea, became bishop of Portland, and the Very Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, who in 1892 succeeded to the bishopric of Brooklyn, was born and educated within the diocese now ruled by him.

Nor should reference be omitted to what Mr. Beecher was wont to call St. Children's Day—Brooklyn's Sunday-school parade, held on some day in May of each year. This gracious custom was inaugurated in 1861, and it has ever since been a unique and distinctive feature of the city's higher life. "It is a great day for the children, and a great day for the children of larger growth. Flags are out from every house possessing one, and the streets are gay with the white dresses and flowery adornments of the little ones. All classes take a holiday, and line the route of march in great multitudes. A band precedes each school, at the head of which is carried a handsome silk banner inscribed with its name and date of organization. A point is selected as a rule where a large number of the schools pass by in review before some person of distinction, and Presidents of the United States have more than once honored the occasion with their presence. In 1897, in view of the imminent consolidation, the mayor of the three cities involved occupied the reviewing stand in Prospect Park, while on another occasion the public school children also joined in the march, and as many as 60,000 persons were in line. It is a moving and impressive spectacle, and while there may be fluctuations in the number taking part there are always several thousand on the march from year to year. Brooklyn never grows tired of the event, and each year with fresh eagerness prepares to make it a success."

Brooklyn received a new charter in March, 1862, and in May 1873 yet another charter was granted it. Between these dates a paid fire department was substituted for the volunteer system, and a police department created, under a commission consisting of the mayor, *ex officio,* and two other members. The charter of 1873 provided that the mayor, auditor and comptroller of the city should be elective offices; that there should be one alderman for each ward; and that the mayor and alderman should appoint the heads of the thirteen departments which made up the city government. Divided responsibility, however, it was found made for confusion and corruption in municipal affairs. Accordingly, in January, 1880, a bill was laid before the legislature which gave the mayor power to appoint absolutely the heads of the several departments of the city government, a single head for each department; and on May 26, 1880, despite vigorous opposition, it was passed and became law.

The new charter was described a few years later by the one first entrusted with the execution of its provisions. "In Brooklyn," he said, "the executive side of the city government is represented by the mayor and the various heads of departments. The legislative side consists of a common council of nineteen members, twelve of whom are elected from three districts, each having four aldermen, the remaining seven being elected as aldermen-at-large by the whole city. The people elect three city offices besides the board of aldermen; the mayor, who is the real, as well as the nominal head of the city; the comptroller, who is practically the bookkeeper of the city, and the auditor, whose audit is necessary for the payment of every bill against the city, whether large or small. The mayor appoints absolutely, without confirmation by the common council, all the executive heads of departments. These in turn appoint their own subordinates, so that the principle of defined responsibility permeates the city government from top to bottom. The executive officers appointed by the mayor are ap-

pointed for a term similar to his own. Each one of the great departments is under the charge of a single head, the charter of the city conforming absolutely to the theory that where executive work is to be done it should be committed to the charge of one man."

Seth Low, whose words have just been quoted, was the first mayor elected under the new charter, and so well did he carry out its provisions that in 1883 he was renominated and re-elected for a second term. Indeed, in his hands, the "Brooklyn idea" in city government became a vital and uplifting force in politics, winning praise from the students of civil government in all lands. "This Brooklyn system," wrote the late John Fiske in 1886, "has great merits. It insures unity of administration, it encourages promptness and economy, it locates and defines responsibility, and it is so simple that everybody can understand it. The people having but few officers to elect are more likely to know something about them. Especially, since everybody understands that the success of the government depends upon the character of the mayor, extraordinary pains are taken to secure good mayors, and the increased interest in city politics is shown by the fact that in Brooklyn more people vote for mayor than for governor or president. The Brooklyn system seems to be a step toward lifting city government out of the mire of party politics." More recently the system has been adopted in modified form by other cities, and its basic principles, especially in the matter of the appointing power of the mayor, shaped the framing of the charter of the Greater New York.

During the past forty years, under Brooklyn's successive forms of government, the Democratic party has been the one most often in control of its affairs. The leader of the local Democracy during that period has been Hugh McLaughlin, now the oldest and in many respects the most remarkable political "boss" in America. He was born in Brooklyn, of Irish parentage, and has lived there during all of his seventy-five

years of life. He began life as a carpenter, and early drifted into politics. He once held a public office, that of registrar of Kings county, but only for a single term. For more than thirty years he has been content to remain in the background, and to act as the political clearing-house of his party, a role which he has filled with extraordinary and practically unbroken success. A recent pen sketch of him, drawn by a not unfriendly hand, ascribes his success to shrewdness united to caution and backed by a sense of strict honor. He has never been known to fail in his word or willingly to have disappointed the hope of those who have placed their trust in him. His word is always literally as good as his bond.

McLaughlin's methods are at once simple and effective. He sits all day in an auction shop in which he has no interest, a gentle, soft-spoken man, who finds enjoyment in smoking, but none in drink and profanity. All sorts and conditions of men find their way to this singular shrine of democracy, and often wait hours for an audience. These audiences are usually short and to the point. The veteran leader listens to everybody on all sides of every disturbing question, and at the end lets fall a word or a sentence that settles each question in its turn. "I would'nt if I were you," or "I don't think so," becomes a command against a proposed course of action. "All right," or "Go ahead," serves as an order to move. He never dictates, is secretive and tactful and listens rather than talks. He is often able to manage so that troublesome matters settle themselves without his interference. When several men want a nomination that can go to but one, he says to each "Go out and make your case." Of course they stir the town, and the Democracy, and, before the "boss" decides, the applicants themselves perceive which is the strongest if not the best among them.

McLaughlin has also the faculty of forgiveness; and men now close to him were once his bitterest enemies. This lack of the implacable in his character has proved an inestimable

benefit to him in the course of his long career. His policy has always been to conciliate a powerful foe rather than to exasperate him, and with this end in view he has at times made concessions which were thought to be ruinous by his colleagues, but in the end have never failed to vindicate his judgment. It should be added that he is held in high esteem by the clergy of his church. He is a practical Catholic himself and his family has from the beginning of his career been intimately associated with the charitable enterprises of his religion. Most of the pastors of Brooklyn are personally, and some are intimately acquainted with the noted politician. It is very often through the intercession of clergymen that political favors are obtained. Appeals of this kind made to the "boss" are understood to have a special efficacy, for, however, brusque he may be in his intercourse with the majority of those who come in contact with him, he always shows marked courtesy to the priests of his Church. The result of this consideration is seen in the almost universal esteem which he enjoys among the Roman Catholic clergy. He has contributed generously to the support of his Church and is a familiar and prominent figure at the various fairs, lawn parties and enterprises of like nature. He has little taste for society, and the only social function which he attends, and has never missed, is the annual ball of the Emerald Society, given for the benefit of the Brooklyn orphans. A curious illustration, however, of his power as it affects the social organization of Brooklyn was given upon the marriage of his daughter some years ago. Everybody with political aspirations felt constrained to send a present. The gifts ranged from diamond necklaces down, and were so numerous that the house literally could not hold them. Their value was estimated at two hundred thousand dollars. When they were removed to the bride's new home they filled twelve big furniture vans. The event, in the attention it created within the boundaries of McLaughlin's domain, resembled the marriage of a princess of a royal line.

THE YOUNGS HOMESTEAD AT OYSTER BAY.

Historic Long Island

Two memorable events in the later history of Brooklyn as a city were the Moody and Sankey revival meetings in the fall and winter of 1875, and the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre in the following year. It was in October, 1875, that Moody and Sankey, fresh from labors in England that had given them international fame, began their first American campaign in Brooklyn. Their meetings were held in the Clermont Avenue rink in which were placed chairs for 5,000 people. Soon this was filled, and then, by the help of the local clergymen and laymen, the overflow meetings and special services were accommodated in the different churches. Moody was not a finished speaker, and he did not even let a lapse in grammar bother him at all, but his direct words, ready illustrations, his earnestness and his emotional intensity made great crowds listen to him with rapt attention. He persuaded those emotionally susceptible to go to the penitent bench. If his listeners were already in the church, he filled them with desire to do something more than they had been doing. A nervous vibrancy in his voice accentuated this power. He spoke rapidly, more than two hundred words a minute sometimes, yet he never seemed to be talking fast, and he changed his subject, or the phases of it, and followed exhortation with incident, so abruptly and so frequently, that he kept his auditors constantly on the alert. Once an emotional chord was struck in the audience he seemed to know it at once, and while keeping up the play of his quick changes he never ceased to play directly upon that chord until women sometimes wept and men were shaken. The unbelieving sometimes succumbed and sometimes rose and left the hall. He did not seek to expound doctrine. He sought to show that Christianity was the best thing on earth and that the people he was talking to ought to have it. He held out heaven as the greatest thing to come, and reasoned backward that there must be its opposite.

"A young man came to me after one of the meetings in Brooklyn and said he believed the Christian way was best, but

he couldn't come out and take it," Moody said, "because his roommate would laugh at him. He came to me two or three times and finally promised to go home and talk to his roommate. He found him reading the Bible. The roommate had been to the meetings, too. That man is a happy man now and knows he did right. Isn't it worth while to be courageous?" Moody would not push the point, but would turn to some other illustration or incident. "Heaven is a city like Brooklyn. I believe that. And if there is a heaven there must be an opposite place—call it hell, or perdition or whatever you like. There's no road without two ends. If heaven is one end, where is the other? If I see a man doing wrong I know he's not going the same way I'm going. It's settled in my mind that heaven is a place of joy. And do you think that a carnal man is going to heaven? Can death change him? Oh, no! It is only those who will now follow the right path that will enter heaven. We shall see our friends there and we'll have the angels and cherubim and seraphim. Oh, we'll have select company in heaven."

Such was the evangelist's familiar talk at the big meetings he addressed. Once in a while he would be epigrammatic.

"I'll wait till Thanksgiving before telling whether these meetings are successful. Then if there are plenty of turkeys traveling from the homes of the rich to the homes of the very poor, and if there is charity and love in abundance, I will say that they have been successful." Their success, as a matter-of-fact, was extraordinary. They continued for four weeks, and those who at first criticised the meetings expressed profound respect in the end, for Moody's methods, and for the results that attended them.

The burning of the Brooklyn Theatre was a calamity whose tragic consequences give it an abiding place in the minds of men. This playhouse, built in 1871 at the corner of Washington and Johnson streets, was then the handsomest theatre in Brooklyn. There on the night of December 5, 1876, an audi-

ence of more than 1,000 persons gathered to witness the play of "The Two Orphans," with Kate Claxton in the principal role. The last act was in progress, when it was discovered that the theatre was on fire, and that the stage was already enveloped in flames. The actors, with rare presence of mind, went on with the performance, but when the audience, nearly one-half of whom were seated in the upper gallery, became aware of the danger, a mad rush was made for the stairs. There was ample time under ordinary conditions for all to escape before the flames reached the body of the house, but in the panic bred by fear the human mass became immovably jammed in the passageways and on the staircase, and were there engulfed in flame or choked with smoke. Two hundred and ninety-five was the number of those who thus met their death. A hundred of the victims could not be identified, and four days later were buried in a common grave at Greenwood. The building of the "Eagle" newspaper now occupies the site of the Brooklyn Theatre.

Brooklyn's history during its last decade of independent existence was one of steady growth, a growth which in 1890 gave it 10,560 manufacturing establishments in 229 lines of industry; and these employed more than 100,000 toilers. The list included very large hat, chemical and iron-works, candy factories, coffee and spice mills, and boot and shoe factories. Then as now, however, the most important of Brooklyn industries was the refining of sugar and the manufacture of molasses and syrup. There are now upward of a dozen refineries in the Williamsburg section, and Brooklyn manufactures five-eighths of the entire production of sugars and syrups in the United States. Two other features of Brooklyn business enterprise in recent years have been the erection of a large number of many-storied fire-proof storage houses for the safe keeping of furniture and other valuables, and the evolution of the Wallabout Market to its present mammoth proportions. The site of this market, was purchased by the city in 1891 at a

cost of $700,000. The portion at present in operation abuts, on the east side, the lands of the navy yard reservation, and is bounded on the west by Washington Avenue, on the south by Flushing Avenue, and on the north by the Wallabout Canal. Thus, it is approachable on one-half its area by wide avenues, upon each of which is a double tracked railroad, while on a third of its remaining boundary line the bulkhead of the canal affords a landing place for every description of produce sent to it by vessel. There are now more than 200 buildings in the market erected by lessees for the sale of produce, meat, fish and poultry. The market square is 900 feet long by 240 feet in width, and the contents of nearly 600 wagons have been disposed of therein during a single day.

The application of electricity to street railway propulsion in Brooklyn dates from January, 1892, when an ordinance granting the needed permission was passed by the city council. The Brooklyn City Railroad Company, in June of the same year doubled its capital in order to make the change from horses to electricity, and with such dispatch was this change effected that by the end of 1894 not a horse car was to be seen on any of the street railroads of Brooklyn. Four years later, in the spring of 1898, trolley-tracks were laid over the roadways of the bridge, and passengers carried from its New York entrance to any part of Brooklyn for one fare of five cents. In June of the same year the tracks of the elevated railroad companies were connected with those of the bridge cable-cars, and passengers carried to New York without change. This period of rapid transit development brought the organization in 1895 of the Brooklyn Wharf and Warehouse Company which, by absorbing all the warehouses and docks along the East River from Catherine Street Ferry to Gowanus Bay, assured unified control of the whole water-front of Brooklyn. And this consolidation was followed by the building of a wharf railroad, in 1896, along the two and a half miles of water front, with numerous freight stations, so that each "merchant and manufac-

turer of Brooklyn has been placed on an equal footing with his competitor across the river. Instead of carting his product to and from the railroad and freight stations in New York, as theretofore, the goods are now received and delivered at these stations on the water front."

Meantime Brooklyn was making ready for the last and greatest of her consolidations. The long mooted welding of Brooklyn and New York into one city took definite shape in 1890, when a commission of eleven members, headed by Andrew H. Green, was appointed to inquire into and report upon the expediency of including in one great municipality. Manhattan Island, Brooklyn, part of Queens county, Staten Island or Richmond county, and the southern portion of Westchester county. The findings of this commission were embodied in a bill passed by the legislature in 1894, which provided for the submission of the question to a vote of the people of the cities, towns and villages included in the proposed consolidation. The people gave their vote in November of the same year, and only the residents of Mount Vernon and the town of Westchester failed to record their approval. Westchester township's vote against consolidation, however, was speedily rendered ineffective by an act of the legislature which, in June, 1895, annexed West Chester, East Chester, Pelham, and Wakefield (or South Mount Vernon) to New York City.

This carried the city line to the limit in Westchester county recommended by Commissioner Green and his associates, and in January following a bill was passed by the legislature which made Kings county, a portion of Queens, and all of Richmond integral parts of Greater New York. The constitution adopted by the State in 1894 gives to the mayors of the several cities the right to veto bills dealing with their affairs. The mayors of New York and Brooklyn objected to the consolidation bill when it was laid before them, while the mayor of Long Island City approved it. The measure was, however, again passed over the veto of the mayors, and on May 11,

1896, with the approval of the governor, it became law. Then a commission of nine members was appointed by the governor to frame a charter for the new municipality, and report the same to the legislature; and their labors had issue in a bill which on May 5, 1897, received the signature of the governor. This measure, which took effect January 1, 1898, but has since undergone material amendment, divides the city into five boroughs,—Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond,—embracing an area of a little less than 318 square miles, and counting a population in 1902 of three and a half millions. The settlements planted by the Dutch pioneers, fulfilling their imperial destiny, have now become the second city of the world.

The Higher Life of Brooklyn

BROOKLYN is essentially a city of homes, and for that reason an impelling enthusiasm for education has been from the first a distinguishing feature of its higher life. The beginnings of its public school system has been traced in earlier chapters. When in 1843 an act of the legislature established the board of education, there were eight schools in the city. Nine years later there were fifteen schools. Thereafter, from year to year, they grew steadily in number and in efficiency, until now there are upward of six score grammar, intermediate and primary schools, most of them housed in modern buildings admirably adapted to their purpose. There are also seven high schools, and these include the largest girls' high school under one roof in America, and the most beautiful of all the boys' high schools of the land.

Aside from its public schools, Brooklyn has good cause to be proud of its other educational institutions. First among the latter are the Packer Collegiate Institute for girls, and the Polytechnic Institute for boys. Both are thoroughly modern schools with a large attendance, and both have a history that may be traced to a common source. The Brooklyn Female Academy, established in 1845, had but fairly entered upon a successful career, when, in January, 1853, its two school buildings were destroyed by fire. Three days after the fire a note came to the trustees from Mrs. Harriet L. Packer saying that it had always been the intention of her deceased husband, William S. Packer, to give a sum of money for founding some institution of learning, and that she was now resolved to execute his wishes. "What I contemplate," she wrote, "is to apply $65,000 of Mr. Packer's property to the erection of an institution for the education of my own sex in the higher

branches of literature in lieu of that now known as the Brooklyn Female Academy."

The trustees made haste to accept this generous gift; the female academy was dissolved as a corporation, and a new institution was incorporated under the name of the Packer Collegiate Institute. After this Mrs. Packer made a second donation of $20,000, and in November, 1854, the institute began its work in the building which, with a later addition, yet stands on Joralemon Street, between Court and Clinton, and reaching back to Livingston. Dr. Alonzo Crittenden, its first principal, served in that capacity until 1883, when he was succeeded by Dr. Truman J. Backus, formerly professor of English at Vassar College. The Packer Institute began with 300 pupils, and their number has been more than doubled in recent years. A high standard has been maintained from the first, and a certificate from the Packer secures admission to Smith, Vassar or Wellesley.

When the Brooklyn Female Academy went out of existence in 1853 its trustees at once incorporated a school of a similar character for boys. Thus the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute came into being in 1855, and, growing with the years, now gives instruction to more than 800 pupils. In 1869 the Polytechnic was allowed to confer the degree of Bachelor of Science, and since 1890 all of its four courses of instruction have led to collegiate degrees. Another Brooklyn school with a celebrity that has grown out of long and good standing is the Adelphi Academy, later Adelphi College. This institution, which admits pupils of both sexes, takes its name from a private school established in 1863 at 336 Adelphi Street. Within four years, so rapid was its growth, its pupils numbered 300, and in 1868 the present building was erected on Lafayette Avenue. Eighteen years later a gift of $160,000 by Charles Pratt permitted the erection of a second building at the corner of St. James Place and Clifton Place, and about the same time all the powers of a college were conferred upon the institution,

which previously had confined its labors to preparing young people for other colleges.

A later comer in the Brooklyn educational field is the Pratt Institute, the most important school of its kind in the United States, if not in the world. Behind its founding lies the life story of a remarkable man, a man whose traits were as typical of as his successes were peculiar to our western civilization. Charles Pratt was born in Watertown, Massachusetts, October 2, 1830, and his parents are said to have been so poor that necessity compelled him, at the age of ten, to leave home and seek work on a farm, where he labored three years, attending school in the winter months. He next became a grocery clerk in Boston, and there, as on the farm, received no compensation but his board; for not until he began to learn the machinists' trade in Newton, Massachusetts, did he earn his first dollar, of which he always spoke with pride as having been made at the work-bench. With the savings of his first year in the machine-shop he entered Wilbraham Academy, where he diligently studied twelve months, subsisting on about a dollar a week. He then became clerk in an oil store in Boston, and in his leisure hours availed himself of the privileges of the Mercantile Library for self-improvement.

Pratt came to New York in 1851, and was engaged successively as clerk in Appleton's publishing house and in the paints and oil establishment of Schenck & Darling. In 1854 he joined C. T. Raynolds and F. W. Devoe in the paints and oil business. Later, on Mr. Devoe's retirement, the firm became Raynolds, Pratt & Co. In 1867 arrangements were made whereby C. T. Raynolds and certain partners should take control of the business in paints, and Charles Pratt & Co. conduct the oil trade. The success of the latter firm as oil-refiners was extraordinary. Astral oil was in demand everywhere; and the works in Brooklyn, continuous and surprising as was their expansion, found it difficult to keep pace with the consumption. When the Standard Company resolved virtually

to monopolize the traffic in oil, Pratt entered into business association with it, his relation to the vast trust being as president of the Charles Pratt Manufacturing Company. Thereafter his wealth grew by leaps and bounds, and the value of his possessions were estimated by himself a short time before his death in 1891 at $20,000,000.

During the last years of his life Pratt devoted much of his time to the philanthropies in which he delighted, and which perpetuate his name. Adelphi College received from him sums aggregating $500,000; and to the Emanuel Baptist Church, of which he was a member, he was always generous, giving dollar for dollar subscribed by its people towards improvements, and for benevolence. The chief object of his thought and gifts, however, was the Pratt Institute, in Ryerson Street, founded in 1887 "to make the way open to as many young people as possible to intelligently enter upon the technical high-school course of instruction, and to establish for other schools a type of what kindergarten and primary education should be"; in a word, to make a school which should be complete, from the primary to the graduating courses, and for fitting the youth of both sexes to gain their livelihoods at skilled manual labor. Pratt dealt with this offspring of his philanthropy in a spirit of royal liberality. Apart from its buildings, their equipment, and those adjuncts which yield a part of its revenue, he endowed it with $2,000,000. The following extract from a recent report shows how much he bestowed upon it:

Endowment fund	$2,000,000 00
Real estate, buildings and equipment fund, to be used as required	835,000 00
Cost of present Institute buildings, equipment, and grounds	523,337 61
Cost of Astral, Inwood, and Studio buildings	332,437 07
	$3,690,774 68

THE VANDERVEER HOMESTEAD IN FLATBUSH.

Income from endowment fund, rents, leases, etc.	$182,136 23
Less deficit (expenses and receipts of the Institute)	120,462 90
	$61,673 33

The Institute buildings are models of their kind. They are built of brick and stone, and are notable for their strength, simplicity, plentiful illumination by windows, and the neatness and cleanliness that distinguish all parts—even the engine-room, foundry, and machine and plumbing shops. In the rooms of the department of science and technology boys and young men are to be seen at work as carpenters, as wood-workers, at moulding and forge-work, at painting, sign-writing, frescoing, and wall-papering, and in the studies that are pursued in a well-equipped machine-shop. The visitor also sees boys and girls and men and women studying in complete chemical laboratories and at wood-carving. Classes of girls learn dress-making, millinery, plain sewing, art needle-work, biology, cookery, laundry-work, and what is called "home-nursing," which is a science including and going beyond what is known as "first aid to the injured." Other classes study drawing (including mechanical and architectural drawing), clay-modeling, designing, and painting. There are music classes, and classes in phonography, typewriting, and bookkeeping, and the foundation includes a kindergarten, a large circulating library, an excellent technical museum with a wide range of exhibits, a class in agriculture studying in a country district on Long Island, a play-ground for ball and tennis, and a class in "thrift," taught by means of a savings-bank managed upon the system of a building and loan association.

The high-school department, which includes physics, chemistry, and the technical courses, also gives instruction in English literature and languages, mathematics, natural science, political economy, French, Spanish, Latin, elocution, and physical culture, forming all together a three years' course for both

sexes. The circulating library has a branch in the Astral model tenements in Greenpoint, the rents from which are part of the Institute's revenue, as is the income from the Studio building, which is separate from the Institute and at a distance, and in which a number of artist graduates have work-rooms. Though some of the trades are taught, Pratt Institute with its thousands of pupils, is not a "trade school." Its departments of science and technology recall the English technical schools, but in some of the courses of study it is purely professional, such as the training of teachers in the arts, domestic science, and kindergarten departments. No higher grade in these lines is reached in the country, while in the high school, allied since 1891 with the Froebel Academy of Brooklyn, there is carried on a complete course from the kindergarten to the college. The books of its library have a circulation surpassing that of any library in Brooklyn; and in connection with this branch are classes in library training and economy for the instruction of library workers. Though variety in its scope has come with development, it has well been said by an acute observer that the conception of the founder of Pratt Institute underlies all its many lines of educational work, and binds them into unity.

Brooklyn also has cause to be proud of another of its institutions, the like of which exists in no other American city. Thompson tells us that the Apprentices' Library Association was formed in 1824, and that Lafayette, then on a visit to the nation, laid the corner stone of its building. That event took place on July 4, 1825, and one of those who witnessed it was the poet Whitman, then but six years of age, who long afterward placed on record an account of the affair. "The greater part of the show," writes Whitman, "consisted of the Sunday and other schools. The day was a remarkably beautiful one. The boys and girls of Brooklyn were marshaled at the old ferry in two lines, with a wide space between. Lafayette came over in a carriage from New York and passed slowly through the lines. The whole thing was old-fashioned, quiet, natural, and with-

out cost, or at the expense of a few dollars only. After Lafayette had passed throug the lines, the people who had congregated in large numbers (women and girls as numerous as men), proceeded in groups to the site of the new building. The children and some of the citizens formed a procession and marched from the ferry to the same spot. Arriving there we recollect there was some delay in placing the children where they could see and hear the performances. Heaps of building materials and stone obstructed the place. Several gentlemen helped in handing the children down to stand on convenient spots, in the lately excavated basement, among the rest Lafayette. The writer well recollects the pride he felt in being one of those who happened to be taken in Lafayette's hands and passed down."

The building thus begun stood at the corner of Henry and Cranberry streets. It was sold to the city in 1836, and the books and classes of the association transferred to the building of the Brooklyn Lyceum, on Washington Street near Concord. The Lyceum, organized in 1833, had been able in 1841 to erect a substantial structure of granite, but it failed to prosper, and in 1843 the Apprentice's Association purchased the building. The same year the charter of the association was amended to enlarge its scope, and its named changed to the now familiar title —the Brooklyn Institute. In 1848, Augustus Graham, one of the founders, freed from debt the building of the institute, and dying soon after bequeathed to it $27,000 for lectures, collections, and apparatus illustrating the sciences, toward a school of design and a gallery of fine arts, and for maintaining Sunday evening religious lectures. Thus the institute became and for many years remained "a most important factor in the social, literary, scientific and educational life of Brooklyn. Its library had a large circulation; its public hall was the scene of many social and historic gatherings; and from its platform were heard such eminent scientific men as Agassiz, Dana, Gray, Henry, Morse, Mitchell, Torrey, Guyot and Cooke; such learned divines as McCosh, Hitchcock, Storrs, and Buddington; and

such defenders of the liberties of the people as Phillips, Sumner, Garrison, Emerson, Everett, King, Bellows and Beecher."

After this came a period of weakened vitality. The institute building was remodelled in 1867, at an expense of $30,000, and a portion of this took the form of a mortgage indebtedness, which was not wiped out until 1887. Thus handicapped, the activity of the institute for a score of years was only moderate; its membership numbered less than a hundred; and its work was limited to the circulation of its library, the maintenance of its drawing classes, and an annual address. The final extinguishment of the mortgage, however, brought fresh life to the institute. A new policy was adopted in 1887, and, under the direction of Professor Franklin W. Hooper, who had become secretary of the institute, its plan and scope were so broadened as to give the greatest possible encouragement to the advancement of knowledge along literary, art and scientific lines. The Brooklyn Microscopical Society, yielded to Professor Hooper's overtures, joined the institute in a body, and became the department of microscopy. A little later the American Astronomical Society became the department of astronomy. The Brooklyn Entomological Society followed, becoming the department of entomology, and the Linden Camera Club became the department of photography. The leading existing societies with scientific proclivities having been brought into line with the institute work and made factors of it, departments of physics, chemistry, botany, mineralogy, geology, zoology, and archaeology were created and established in connection with the institute, each of which dozen departments began to hold monthly meetings with lecture and demonstration features. Stereopticon illustrations were extensively used, and popular interest in the institute work developed not only locally, but throughout the United States and foreign countries. New departments were formed as opportunity was presented, and architecture, electricity, geography, mathematics, painting, philology, political and economic science, and psychology had subsequent repre-

sentation among the departments of the institute. The library was largely augmented, and its circulation reached about 55,000 per annum.

Such was the record of growth between 1887 and 1890. The new name, Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, was adopted in 1890, and in the same year a movement supported by citizens to secure museums in connection with the institute bore fruit in legislation at Albany, authorizing the city to expend $300,000 in the erection of museum buildings for the institute whenever the institute should become possessed of $200,000 with which to maintain them. A fire on September 12, 1890, partially destroyed the institute building on Washington Street, rendering it unavailable for institute uses, besides destroying some of the collections belonging to the institute and its members. The work of the institute while thus hampered was not suspended, but through the hospitality of other Brooklyn institutions was carried on with only slight interruption. The Young Men's Christian Association, the Union for Christian Work, the Packer Collegiate Institute, the Brooklyn Library, the Polytechnic Institute, the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, the Church of the Saviour, the Adelphi Academy, and the Brooklyn Art Association, contributed the use of rooms for institute lecture purposes, so that even while the work was scattered progress continued.

Nor was there any break in the record of wonderful growth. During 1891-2 632 new members came in, one-third of the number being teachers in the public and private schools. The architectural department established a school for junior architects and draughtsmen; the department of painting established the Brooklyn School of Fine Arts; departments of music and pedagogy were formed; the photographic section housed itself advantageously; one summer school of painting was established by the sea on Long Island, and another was started in the Adirondacks. The lectures and meetings numbered 405, and more than 100,000 persons attended them. Ex-

hibitions of collections were given by several departments. Meanwhile the institute sold its old building, and from that and other sources raised more than the needed $200,000. A little later designs for the museum building were obtained, by competition, and on December 14, 1895, the cornerstone was laid by Charles A, Schieren, then mayor of Brooklyn. The first section, the northwest wing, was opened to the public on June 2, 1897, but the plan of the whole, to be carried out in the fulness of time, demands a building 550 feet in length on each of four sides, three stories high and basement. The site of the museum upon Prospect Hill is the most desirable one in the whole city and comprises nearly twelve acres. The collections in the museum cover a wide scientific and artistic field, and are being constantly increased by gift, purchase and exchange. Loan exhibitions in various departments are frequent, and opportunities for seeing the choice and selected specimens from the private collections of the institute members and others which are not usually available are thus provided. Annual exhibitions are also held by many of the departments like the microscopical and photographical departments which always attract many visitors.

There is another institute museum, which is an interesting and valuable experiment—the Children's Museum in Bedford Park, established for the especial benefit of young people between six and twenty. The idea has been to bring together collections in every branch of local natural history that could interest children, and to illustrate in every possible attractive way the most important subjects of a child's education and daily life. In the zoölogical cases are exhibits illustrating insect metamorphosis, large dissectible models of typical animal forms, such as snails and bees, that can be taken apart down to the very smallest detail of their structure, collections of specimens illustrating the life histories of various insects and small animals. The botanical department shows dissectible models of flowers and plants, leaves and blossoms and roots and stems

that come to pieces in a fashion to delight any child's heart, and yet can be put together again, which is more than can be done with real flowers, and makes the models doubly fascinating. There are charts, too, and collections of flowers and fungi. The geological cases show children all the interesting features of the rocks and soil around their homes, of the pavements and the yards and the parks. The great human industries are illustrated —the raw product, the processes of manufacture, and the completed product being shown. Geography is made a delight by the way it is illustrated.

The annual income of the institute has grown in fifteen years from less than $4,500 to more than $200,000, the permanent funds from $37,000 to $256,000, the number of institute members from eighty-two to 6,836, and the annual attendance from 6,900 to 542,000. There were eighteen meetings and classes open to all members in 1887; now there are 600 while the sixty special classes of an earlier time have multiplied as many fold. New departments have been added to the list from year to year to meet the needs expressed by the public until now they number twenty-seven. They include anthropology, archaeology, architecture, astronomy, botany, chemistry, domestic science, electricity, engineering, entomology, fine arts, geography, geology, law, mathematics, microscopy, mineralogy, music, painting, pedagogy, philology, photography, physics, political science, psychology, sculpture and zoölogy. Each of these sections holds meetings and is making collections, but the educational work of the institute is conducted chiefly by lectures, of which perhaps a dozen are given each season under the auspices of the institute as a whole. The others are provided by the several departments, acting in co-operation with Professor Hooper. From October 1 to June 1 there are, on an average, 500 lectures, to which admission is free to all members of the institute. Besides there are upwards of 2,500 other meetings, either held by sections of a department for informal addresses and conference or else possessing the character of a concert.

dramatic reading or other entertainment, for which an extra charge is made. Even for such attractive specialties as George Riddle or Garrett P. Serviss or Commander Peary a member is seldom asked to pay over twenty-five cents; but for a Philharmonic concert, which is not given exclusively under the management of the institute, it is necessary to pay more. And yet one may be so lucky as to hear not only scores of talented men and women who are residents of Brooklyn, but also eminent people from all over the country, with an occasional foreigner, within the limits of a single season, and without any expense beyond the annual dues of five dollars, and incidental carfare. Joining the institute entitles a person to become an active member of three or four departments, and to enjoy any slight exclusive privileges which may be granted only to those who identify themselves especially with one of the subordinate organizations; but the weekly ticket which is issued to members admits them to all the meetings, lectures and exhibitions of the other departments for which there is no pecuniary charge. As these are more than 500 in number, the member gets generous return for his money, if he only takes advantage of it.

It is the policy of the institute to as far as possible popularize scientific topics. Archæology, for instance, is made a pretext for admirably illustrated talks on ancient sculpture and ruins. Geography is the head under which popular heroes and favorites recount their thrilling adventures or fascinate by their charming descriptions. Philology, as pursued by the institute, is really literature and elocution, inasmuch as the exercises given under this title are almost without exception either lectures on the authors and writings of various times and lands, or else dramatic readings. Even zoölogy (which affords an excuse for talks about birds), botany, astronomy, chemistry, electricity and microscopy have their picturesque phases, of which advantage is often taken by their exponents.

The largest and most notable of the purely scientific departments of the institute are those of pedagogy and political

VIEW BETWEEN MANHANSET AND ROSLYN

science. The former includes a large number of school teachers of every grade, and is admirably organized, having a dozen or fifteen committees on different branches of school work and half a dozen reading circles. This department practically attained its full development last year, and now ranks fifth in size in the whole institute. The department of political science stands third on the list. This subdivision of the institute covers a great deal of ground in the way of history, politics and economics, and studies not only great movements of the past but also such modern issues as the trust question and the government of cities. The department of philology, to which reference has been made, has a membership of 1,100, and has not grown any of late. But the department of music, now numbering 1,439 members, is not only the largest in the institute, but has grown most rapidly, having added no less than 500 names to its list in the last four years. Fine arts comes fourth, with 687 members. Photography ranks sixth, and botany seventh, their respective memberships being 329 and 304. It should be remarked, however, that while in a general way the number of names on the roll of a department gives some indication of the interest taken in its work, yet there are exceptions to the rule. A striking example of this sort is afforded by the department of geography, which has less than 200 members but offers such numerous and powerful attractions in the way of lectures as to secure an aggregate attendance of 15,000 to 20,000 in the course of a season. It thus proves a close rival of the departments of music and philology, with from six to eight times the membership. There are other divisions of the institute in which, perhaps, only eight monthly lectures are given each season, with an average attendance of less than 100.

Several special schools are conducted by the departments of painting, architecture, political science and zoölogy. That first mentioned affords instruction in drawing and painting from life and still life, in decorative design and modelling. The school of biology, at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, affords

fine advantages in the way of laboratory apparatus and instruction to students of elementary zoölogy, cryptogamic or phænogamic botany and bacteriology. Exhibitions, lasting several days at a time, are given every year by the art school and the departments of photography, architecture and microscopy, and occasional displays are made by other departments. The departments of archæology, architecture, botany, zoölogy, entomology, geology, geography, mineralogy and chemistry, as we have seen also have permanent collections of no little value and interest. Excursions are organized every season for outdoor work and research by some of the members who are interested in botany, geology and photography. The department of music, whose phenomenal development has already been referred to, provides courses of piano and song recitals, chamber concerts and symphony concerts every season, and arranges for interesting and instructive expositions of symphony programmes and kindred topics. All in all the work done by the institute is a great and wonderful work, and has been the result, or else the creator, of a revolution in Brooklyn.

The Mercantile Library Association of Brooklyn had its birth in November, 1857, and for the first five years housed its books in temporary quarters at the corner of Atlantic and Clinton streets. Its collection, however, grew rapidly, and in 1864 ground for a building of its own was bought on Montague Street. The structure erected on this site was opened to the public in 1869, and now contains a library of 130,000 volumes. This institution, known since 1870 as the Brooklyn Library, has been absorbed during the last few years by the Brooklyn Public Library, and, with the Carnegie bequest for branches, the borough of Brooklyn is now assured of a free library system adequate to its growing needs and population. Another institution which bears witness to Brooklyn's interest in intellectual pursuits is the Long Island Historical Society, founded in the spring of 1863 under the enthusiastic leadership of Henry C. Murphy, in order "to discover, procure, and preserve whatever

may relate to general history, to the national, civil, ecclesiastical and literary history of the United States, the State of New York, and more particularly of the counties, cities, towns and villages of Long Island." The career of this society was from the first a most successful one, and in 1880 it was able to build at the corner of Clinton and Pierrepont streets a handsome building which houses a museum of historical curiosities, and a library of 50,000 volumes, many of them books of great value. Among its important publications have been the journal of the Labadist missionaries, Dankers and Sluyter, discovered by Mr. Murphy while serving as American Minister at The Hague; and yet another remarkable discovery made by Mr. Murphy, a letter written in 1628 by the Rev. Jonas Michaelius, the first minister of the Reformed Church in New Netherland. The original of the Michaelius letter, which gives a graphic description of the beginnings of the Dutch colony, is now in the Lenox Library. A translation of it is given in an appendix to the present volume.

Though club life has been of comparatively slow development in Brooklyn, the borough now supports several clubs, such as the Brooklyn and the Hamilton, in old Brooklyn; the Lincoln, Oxford and Union League, on the Hill; the Montauk, on the Park Slope; the Hanover, in the Eastern District; the Algonquin, of South Brooklyn; and the Crescent, an organization of a large number of young men with country quarters and a fondness for out-of-door life. The favorite club of the old residents is the Brooklyn, and the Hamilton Club is of the same class, though of more recent origin. The latter is an outgrowth of an earlier organization known as the Hamilton Literary Association. In 1880, ninety-two members of the old association incorporated the Hamilton Club, and after four years in hired quarters erected a handsome building of their own at the corner of Clinton and Remsen streets. The Hamilton possesses a fine art gallery, and in front of its building stands a bronze statue of Alexander Hamilton, the "patron

saint" of the club. The Union League Club, incorporated in 1889, also has its own club-house at the corner of Bedford Avenue and Dean Street, fronted by an equestrian statue of General Grant erected by subscription of a number of the members of the club. The fine house of the Montauk Club, established in 1889 and with purposes purely social, is on Eighth Avenue, Lincoln Place, and the Plaza Cirlce. The limit to its membership, set at 500, was reached a few months after its organization.

An account of the higher life of Brooklyn may well close with reference to its devotion to music, a fact of which we have already had striking proof in the work of the Brooklyn Institute. The Philharmonic Society, organized in 1857, led in the erection of the Academy of Music, and long yearly employed one orchestra or another to give concerts. Theodore Thomas played for it for many years; but since his orchestra could no longer be had, the plan of the Philharmonic has been changed, and in inducing the Boston Symphony Orchestra to play in Brooklyn, it gives only its moral support to the venture. The Brooklyn Choral Society of 300 voices gives winter concerts similar to those of the Handel-Haydn Society of Boston; and a number of concerts and rehearsals are also given every year by the Apollo Club, of three or four score voices, forming a male chorus. The Amphion Society renders a like service to the people of the Eastern District, while the Euterpe Society maintains a male chorus, and an orchestra of men and women. The Arion Society and the Saengerbund hold first place among a great number of German musical organizations.

It was, however, the labors of the late Anton Seidl which in recent years most effectively contributed to the education of Brooklyn's people in the taste for music. This gifted man, backed by the brilliant reputation he had won in Europe, came to this country in 1881 to take the place of Leopold Damrosch as director of the Metropolitan Opera House of New York. Seidl's American career was from the first a most successful one, and

in 1889 a large number of Brooklyn ladies organized a society which took his name. The great conductor, under the auspices of this society, each summer gave concerts in the Pavilion at Brighton Beach, which furnished a regular education in classical music, and in the winter season brought his orchestra to Brooklyn for a course of concerts at the Academy of Music. Both at Brighton Beach and in Brooklyn, lectures on music, with interpretation of masterpieces, were given at regular intervals, and Seidl's great popularity was skillfully employed by him to arouse the interest of the public in the works of the masters. No one has yet appeared to fill the place left vacant by his sudden and untimely death.

Some Island Landmarks

PREVIOUS chapters have told the story of Long Island from the coming of the white settler until the close of the last century. The writer's present purpose is to describe the island's most notable landmarks, and this, perhaps, can be best fulfilled in a series of rambles along its shores, turnpikes and cross-roads. Let the first of these rambles be along the north shore. A ferry from the foot of East Ninety-ninth Street, New York, passing through Hell Gate and across Bowery Bay, lands one at Sanford's Point, whence a road threading the silvery stretch of sand known as North Beach leads to Flushing past one of the oldest landmarks on the island—Jackson's tide-mill on the shores of the creek of the same name. Flushing, to-day a town of handsome modern homes, is haunted by the spirit of its Puritan founders and of the Huguenots and Quakers who followed after them. It was in 1672 that the immortal zealot, George Fox, came to Flushing, sent by Penn, who saw among the Long Islanders, many of them, for conscience' sake self-exiled from England, a promising field for the simple faith of the Friends. John Bowne, a well-to-do tradesman, was his first convert. Fox made Bowne's house his home during his stay in Flushing, and in one corner of it is still shown the lounge on which he rested after his empassioned outpourings in the open air. Later Bowne's indiscreet hospitality led to his banishment to Holland, but he turned his punishment to good effect by pleading the cause of the Quakers, and returning with an order for the tolerance of the persecuted people.

The house, whose doors Bowne opened to the apostle of his new found creed, still holds the site its builder selected for it in 1661, and though built of wood has remained unaltered

to the present day. Nor through all of the changes of more than two hundred years has it ever left the possession of its first owner's family, being now the property of a descendant of John Bowne. After serving as a meeting-place for the Friends for more than a generation, Bowne's house was relinquished for the occupancy of a more substantial building erected in 1696, now the oldest Quaker meeting-house in the State, and perhaps in the country. This structure was the home of the brethren for upward of a century and is yet standing practically unchanged on its original site. Flushing has also its memorials of the Revolutionary era. The Garretson house, built, tradition has it, in 1642, and still standing in Main Street, was used during the Hessian occupation as a hospital for soldiers, while old St. George's Church across the way served as a stable for the horses of the detachment quartered in the neighborhood. Thus does the past touch elbows with the present in shady, leafy and delightful Flushing.

The main-travelled road from Flushing to Oyster Bay leads through Bayside, Manhanset, Roslyn, Glenwood, Sea Cliff and Locust Valley. Roslyn, besides its memories of Bryant, boasts an ancient paper-mill, the first one established in the State, and Locust Valley has an old academy of the Friends, erected more than six score years ago, while just beyond the latter hamlet is Mill Hill, where British fortifications were built during the Revolution. A short detour northward from Locust Valley also takes one to Dosoris, long the country home of the late Charles A. Dana. The island of Dosoris is distant from the mainland of Long Island about 100 yards and is a portion of an old estate which has borne that name for nearly two hundred years. The original title was derived from the Matinecock tribe of Indians, and in 1668, under a patent granted by Richard Nicolls, the first English Governor of the province, it passed into private hands, and in 1693 "it was owned," says the record, "by John Taylor, who died seized thereof, leaving his surviving daughter and heir-at-law, Abigail, who subse-

quently intermarried with the Reverend Benjamin Woolsey, and the title was, therefore, by deed of lease and release, conveyed to him, and the trust from that circumstance acquired the name of Dosoris—dos uxoris." Some thirty years ago the island was bought by Mr. Dana, who at once began the systematic planting which, continued by his heirs, has made it one of the most interesting gardens in the country. The entire island, about forty-five acres in extent, is now one garden, and is maintained throughout as a garden, the pastures and forage lands being on the neighboring mainland.

The collection of trees and shrubs and herbaceous plants has grown year by year, until it rivals in richness the most complete private collections of the world, and yet the island is much more than an arboretum or a plant museum, for the planting has been disposed with reference to some fine old trees which already stood about the house, and to the belt of forest which already fringed the island, so as to bring out and emphasize the natural beauties of the place. The house, with broad, hospitable, vine-shaded piazzas, stands on high ground, and from one side the prospect is over a stretch of perfect lawn, with glimpses of the open waters of the sound between the trees, to give life and light to the picture. On the other side the most attractive view is down a long slope and through a vista of rich foliage toward the bridge which unites the island to the mainland. A seawall is built all around the island, and it is draped and festooned with matrimony-vine, our native bitter-sweet, a Japanese species of the same genus (Celastrus articulatus) and Periploca Graeca, which are planted on the top, and relieved by an upright growth behind them of Eleagnus, Tamarix and some species of Prunus. On the banks, exposed to the lashing of the storms, are set such sturdy trees as locust and red cedar, while the waxberry and beach plum have proved perfect shrubs for such a position, extending down to high-water-mark, and hiding the dry sand and gravel of the bank with a mantle of luxuriant leafage. Within this trim

circumference, in every shrub-border and group of trees and flower-bed, the universal health and vigor of the vegetation bear witness to the skill and intelligence with which the garden is cultivated and cared for, and over all is the charm of perfect neatness and of order that is absolute.

Oyster Bay has won fame in recent years as the home of President Roosevelt, but one of the things which give it interest for the lover of the past is the Youngs homestead, probably the oldest house on the north shore. Captain Daniel Youngs was the occupant of this house, when President Washington made his famous tour of Long Island, and halted for a night at Oyster Bay. The bedroom in which Washington slept, together with different articles of furniture which he used at the time, have been kept exactly as they were 112 years ago. Part of the silver tea set used on the occasion of his visit has passed out of the possession of the Youngs family, having been given many years ago to branches of the family which now bear another name. The mirror, table, bed and curtains, and a part of the table silver still remain in the quaint old bedroom in the Youngs homestead, and are treasured as the most valuable relics.

The original owner of the old house was Thomas Youngs, a son of the Rev. John Youngs, who settled in Southold, Suffolk County, having come to America from a town of the same name in England. The English lineage of the family runs back to 1364. Thomas Youngs built the old house in Oyster Bay Cove in 1652, and nearly twenty years later he leased his lands at Oyster Bay to his sons, Thomas and Richard. The lease is in the possession of the family of William J. Youngs. The personal effects which went with the farm, and which are mentioned in the lease were "four cows, one two-year-old heifer, one two-year-old bull, four yearlings and the principals engage to make good at the term and time of three years and a half all of these creatures." Another paragraph in the lease reads as follows: "Then for the sheep. There are thirty, and they

are to deliver to me thirty pounds of wool each year—that is, one pound for each sheep—and there are nine lambs, and at the end of three years and a half they are to deliver to me thirty sheep and nine lambs, and they are to tan my hides for one-third, and they are to have six bushels of oats, two bushels and a half of peas, two bushels of barley and one bushel and a half of flaxseed."

Since the time of Captain Daniel Youngs the house has been handed down from father to son, and is now owned by Thomas Youngs, Susan M. Youngs and William J. Youngs, the last-named inheriting the share of Daniel K. Youngs. The old house has been repaired in some of its minor features, but the frame is in a first-class state of preservation, and on the north side of the house the shingles are those which were put on when the house was built. There was a time during the Revolution when the Hessians and British were quartered on the premises, and when they departed they left as mementos of their stay a handsome horn punch ladle fashioned into a whistle, a pipe of antique design and workmanship, a sergeant's sword and a hat brush.

Oyster Bay, in truth, saw stirring days during the Revolution, days of confusion, bustle and of shrewd blows, the memory of which contrasts sharply with its sleepy, uneventful present. The old Townsend homestead, which dates from 1740, and stands amid a thick growth of trees in the centre of the village, was during the British occupation of the island the head-quarters of Colonel Simcoe and his band of Queen's Rangers, who danced and flirted with the handsome daughters of the master of the house, and carved their names and those of the girls on the window panes. These panes of glass are among the relics cherished by the present occupants of the Townsend homestead, built in such enduring fashion that it promises to outlive another century. It should be added that the hill from which Oyster Bay borrows its name was the scene of a stirring naval fight in November, 1779, between two

THE PYRAMIDS—MONTAUK.

American privateers and a large, well-armed British brig, in which the latter was badly worsted.

A few miles to the east of Oyster Bay is Huntington Harbor, reputed scene of the capture of Nathan Hale, and thence a short journey takes one to Lloyd's Neck, where during the Revolution the British built a stockade that can still be traced. The fort was called Fort Franklin, in honor of the Tory governor of New Jersey. He was at the head of the detested Board of Associated Loyalists, composed of lukewarm partisans of the king, of refugees, and of wood-choppers. Their headquarters were at Fort Franklin. They had quite a fleet of small boats, that plundered along the Sound and made Oyster Bay their rendezvous. Their operations were directed chiefly against individual Whigs of either shore of the sound, and were generally petty affairs of cruelty and robbery. The atrocities, indeed, roused in the patriots a spirit of retaliation that often forgot all claims of common humanity; and their freebooting at last produced such manifest injury to both parties that the British dissolved the association of their own accord, and evacuated the fort on Lloyd's Neck. This whaleboat warfare was a peculiar feature of the Revolutionary struggle on the waters about New York. When the British were firmly settled in New York and its neighborhood, they tempted the Americans of both parties with the profits of bartering products of the soil for the luxuries coming from Europe. A brisk business was established; in fact, "London trading," as it was called, became even a dangerous element in the contest, by giving the English very necessary supplies. From almost every inlet along the sound light boats, freighted with provisions, darted back and forth between the shores and the British ships in the channels.

These boats, like those used by whalers, were long, sharp, and light; they were manned by from four to twenty oars, and were perfectly arranged for quick and silent work. This trade became so profitable that honest means of supply did not meet

the demand. Then many of these whale-boats became armed pirates. They plundered friend and foe—for both parties had representatives in this disgraceful practice. So expert and daring were these boatmen, that they and their methods were often employed by both armies for perilous but legitimate military purposes. Thus the bays about New York, Staten Island, and along the sound sometimes witnessed stirring and honorable adventures as well as desperate crimes. The inhabitants meantime lived in daily fear of their lives and in uncertain possession of their property. The dread of robbery led them to the most varied experiments in concealment, for there were no banks to keep their money, nor safe investments for securing it. The people buried their coin under the hearth-stone or under the roots of a tree, hid it in a hollow bed-post, even under a pile of rubbish, stored it behind a rafter or a beam, or in a hole in the great stone chimney. When the robbers came, they tortured the men with beating and burning to make them reveal the hiding-place. They whipped the women and even murdered the children, and, very often, they succeeded thus in getting a part or all of the hidden treasures. But some of the money lay so long in its hole that it was forgotten. Even at this late day, some of these little piles of English coin are discovered when old buildings are torn down, old fence posts dug up, and old pear-trees removed from the garden.

Sometimes their expeditions were bent on quite considerable captures. In July, 1781, two whale-boats from Fort Franklin crossed the sound and landed thirty-eight men near Norwalk. When the good people of Darien were assembled for worship, these whale-boat men surrounded the church, robber the congregation, and brought away fifty men and forty horses. The prisoners were then taken to Oyster Bay; and there on the village green, where the liberty pole stands, they were ironed together in pairs by riveting hoop-iron around their wrists. This was but the beginning of their sufferings, for they were then marched to the provost in New York.

The pilgrimage which led us to Lloyd's Neck ended at Northport, whose dilapidated mill and ancient shipyards are favorite subjects for the artist, and thence the return trip to New York was made by boat. The rambles of a later day led the writer to the old Cortelyou house in New Utrecht; to the Bergen and Vanderveer homesteads in Flatbush, to yet another old homestead at Flatlands Neck, and to Greenwood Cemetery. The Cortelyou house, which stands on the Shore Road, adjoining the military reservation at Fort Hamilton, was erected in 1699 by Simon Cortelyou, a French Huguenot who had been banished from his native land. The building was occupied by American officers at the time of the arrival of Lord Howe and his fleet in Gravesend Bay, on August 12, 1776. On this day, as has been told in another place, the American troops to the number of three hundred, including two hundred Pennsylvania riflemen, opposed the landing of Lord Howe's men and picked the Britishers off in rapid succession as they marched up the beach in front of the house. The fight lasted for several hours, and the Americans only retreated when heavy pieces from the warship were brought ashore and fired upon them.

When the Hessians gained possession of the field Howe and his staff made the building their headquarters for nearly a month, and it was then that Catherine Cortelyou, a daughter of Simon, fell in love with one of the young British officers. The officer's suit was not regarded with favor by Simon, and when the former asked for his daughter's hand he refused the request. Not to be daunted by the objections of Simon, the young couple planned to elope. This they did one fine moonlight night on horseback. On their return to the Cortelyou house Simon upbraided his newly-made son-in-law and a stormy scene followed. The officer took the matter so much to heart that on the morrow of his marriage he went down to the beach fronting the house and put a bullet through his head. Catharine Cortelyou, according to the history in the Cortelyou family, went insane. At the close of the Revolution Simon Cortelyou

was imprisoned for his inhuman treatment of American prisoners, he being one of the many Tories who infested Long Island.

Following Simon's death the house fell into the possession of one Napier, who turned it into a tavern. During Napier's ownership the place was the home of the sporting men of that period, and many noted prize fights, cocking mains, dog fights, badger fights and bullbaiting took place there. When Napier died the house again passed into the hands of the Cortelyous, Simon, a son of the elder Simon, becoming owner. Young Simon by his marriage had three children, a daughter, Catherine, and two sons, Garret and Van Wyck. Catherine married Simon Garretson, of Gravesend. The wife of the second Simon was a Vanderveer, of Flatbush, and by this marriage he came into possession of a large tract of land in that town. On this property now stands the handsome Cortelyou Club house, built a few years ago. When the Cortelyous left this historic structure a family by the name of Stillwell took it, and after their departure it remained vacant until 1892, when it was purchased by the federal government. The house has changed little since it was erected. It is built of stone with a gable roof, and the flooring is of hand-hewn pine, which is said to be in as good condition today as when it was put in. There are no nails in the flooring, wooden pegs being used. Behind the house, until a few years ago, was the old burial plot of the Cortelyou family.

The Bergen homestead stands at the corner of Flatbush Avenue and Albermarle Road, but no one knows when it was erected, nor does local history shed any definite light on the subject. It was there before the Revolution, and was occupied during that conflict by David Clarkson, then its owner and one of the wealthiest of the Flatbush patriots. It was the theatre of stirring scenes just before and during the battle of Long Island, and was sacked by the British troops and afterwards utilized, with the old Dutch church, as a prison for captured

Americans. David Clarkson had removed his family to New Jersey before the British entered Flatbush, and when the invaders came they found only servants in charge. One of these, who manifested a marked leaning toward the royal troops, revealed to an officer the fact that a large quantity of excellent wines and liquors was concealed in an upper room of the house, the entrance to which had been boarded up. The room was broken open, and during the orgy that followed Clarkson's furniture was smashed and the house itself was greatly damaged The house is, its great age considered, remarkably well preserved. It is much larger and more roomy than it seems from the outside, and is a splendid example of Dutch colonial architecture. It is two and one-half stories high on the Flatbush Avenue side, and the L on the Albemarle Road side is a story and a half in height. The lower back walls of the chimneys at the two ends of the main building are exposed and plastered.

The Vanderveer homestead, which in 1798 replaced an earlier house on the same site, stands near the crossing of Avenue C and Flatbush Avenue. The land on which it is situated, granted by the Dutch governor of the New Netherland in 1660, has never passed save by inheritance, and the present owners are direct descendants of the original patentee. The owner of the house during the Revolution was Cornelius Vanderveer, captain of the Flatbush militia. When the British landed on the island, Captain Vanderveer conveyed his family to New Jersey, but returned at night to get his arms and uniform, which he had concealed in the woods near his house. He found the British in possession of Flatbush and was compelled to follow a circuitous route to reach the hiding place. Attended by one slave he succeeded, and in order not to have to carry anything he put on his uniform and shouldered his rifle. In trying to regain the American lines he ran into a Hessian sentinel and was captured. He was taken before the officer of the guard, who was for hanging him on the spot. No defence was possible under the circumstances, and the militia captain said his

prayers. They had a rope around his neck and were preparing to swing him up on a neighboring tree, when some one in authority interfered. He was taken before Lord Cornwallis, who sent him to New Utrecht. There a royalist friend secured his release. He went before Captain Cuyler, one of General Howe's aids, who asked:

"Will you take a 'protection' and go back to your farm?"

"If you don't ask me to fight against my country," said Vanderveer. "That I will never do."

"That need not worry you," said the British officer. "We have fighting men enough without you. You may go to the rebels or to the devil, for all I care." But he wrote out an order to the effect that Vanderveer was under Lord Cornwallis's protection, and was not to be disturbed.

The house at Flatlands Neck to which pilgrimage was made though erected in 1664, is practically the same now as when built, and seems good for another century of comfortable habitation. The bricks for the chimneys, fireplaces, and side lining, and the shingles, of best white cedar, for the roofs and siding, were imported from Holland. The shingle siding on the south side of the house has never been changed. As to the roof, the family say it was never touched until twelve years ago, when a tin roof was put on. In 1819 some repairs were made on the north side in shortening the overhang of the roof, which extended so far out and so low down that a person could safely jump to the ground from it. The north and east sides of the house were then reshingled, and a few rooms were lathed and plastered for the first time. The rooms are low-studded, the oak beams and flooring being the only ceiling. In the dining room this ceiling was never painted, and from long wear and smoke from log fires and Dutch pipes it long since assumed the color of walnut. The great fireplaces are suggestive of brass handled andirons and fenders, with great log fires roaring and crackling, and the family board groaning with a weight of Dutch comfort and hospitality. Many heirlooms of the

family date back over 250 years. There are reminders of the time when pewter mugs for tea drinking, and great pewter plates, measuring eighteen inches across and weighing several pounds, were among the few table dishes in common use. Great numbers of them were melted up and cast into bullets for the army in the time of the Revolution. There are also relics, ploughed up on the farm, of the time when the redcoats and Hessians overran the land. Four rods south of the house some trees indicate the spot where two English spies were hanged before the American army was driven off Long Island. According to family tradition and other evidence Pieter Wyckoff, a Holland emigrant, located at Flatlands Neck about 1630. The land he purchased of the Canarsie Indians has been handed down in the family from generation to generation for over 270 years. The house, nearly 240 years old, was built the year Dutch was superseded by British rule in exchange for Surinam. The property of fifty-six acres belongs to the estate of the late John Wyckoff, who died ten years ago, and is only a part of that formerly owned by his ancestors.

Though a host of famous men and women take their rest in Greenwood, to most Americans the name of Henry Ward Beecher come first to mind as one of the cemetery's celebrated dead. The body of the great orator lies in a simple sarcophagus that is visited by a host of people every year. Two other reformers who were known the world over were Peter Cooper and Henry George. It is an interesting coincidence that the graves of these men are not marked by a stone. A monument will soon be erected on the grave of George, it is understood, but the cemetery authorities say that the founder of Cooper Institute left a request that no stone should mark his grave. It is nearly always covered with flowers, and it will probably be many generations until it is forgotten. Students of New York State history are always interested in the grave of De Witt Clinton. By order of the family the body was removed from Albany to Greenwood in 1844. Of soldiers there are

Generals Henry W. Slocum, Francis B. Spinola, Halleck and George W. Cullom, and of those who were pioneers or founders of great business enterprises there are Elias Howe, of sewing-machine fame; John Roach, the shipbuilder; William Steinway, the piano man; Theodore A. Havemeyer, of the American Sugar Refining Company; James Gordon Bennett, the elder; John Anderson, the tobacco man, and Hoe, of printing-press fame.

William J. Florence and many another famous actor of other days sleep in Greenwood. The Florence family plot is one of the most beautiful in the great city of the dead. There the actor's father and mother are at rest, and some day his widow will be buried by the side of him whose love for her never failed, and whose gentleness and loving kindness to her was one of his most marked characteristics. It is a beautiful mound, on one of the broad avenues that leads directly into the town of Flatbush. In the summer days flowers grow luxuriantly, birds sing sweetly, and a gardener daily keeps the ground in order and free of weeds. A huge granite monument, surmounted by a cross, makes the tomb noticeable even in the silent city, where there are hundreds of splendid and tasteful monuments to those gone before.

Only a short distance away is the last resting place of the great impersonator of "Toodles"—William E. Burton. Rotund, and to the outer world jolly, this accomplished actor was for years a sufferer from an incurable ailment. Many and many a time, while an audience was roaring with laughter at the comicalities of poor "Billy" Burton, the actor was suffering excruciating pain. English by birth, but American by adoption, he did much to elevate and improve the stage. He was once lessee of Burton's Theatre, on Chambers Street, the present site of the American News Company's building. Later he was lessee of a second Burton's Theatre, on Broadway, directly opposite Bond Street. This theatre was afterwards known as the Winter Garden Theatre, on whose stage Edwin Booth achieved

his first great triumphs. A stone's throw from Burton's monument and in sight of that of William J. Florence, sleep Frederic B. Conway and his wife. Conway was also an Englishman who was extremely popular at the Broadway Theatre on Broadway, near Pearl Street. His wife was Sarah Crocker, one of a family of actors. Lillian, now dead; Minnie, once the wife of Levy the cornetist and now known as Mrs. Osmond Tearle, and Frederic, an actor, were the children of Mr. and Mrs. Conway. The latter was for many years managress of the old Park Theatre and also of the Brooklyn Theatre, in which so many people met their fate one eventful night when "The Two Orphans" was the attraction.

Over on the other side of the cemetery, on Battle Hill, from which the bay and the city can be viewed, sleeps Barney Williams, almost the first actor in the line of Irish comedy. His monument is a rich and costly one, of the Gothic order. It is adorned with a marble bust of the comedian. On the base of the monument is the name "Bernard Flaherty," which was the real name of Barney Williams. This plot is kept in splendid order by the actor's widow, still a handsome woman, whose snowy hair seems like a crown upon her shapely head. Among the other actors of a period long passed away, who sleep in Greenwood, are Harry Placide, William Rufus Blake and John Brougham, all comedians of high degree. For years Harry Placide and his brother Tom were considered the ideal Dromios. Blake was for years a favorite in this city. He came here a dashing young man and here he remained until he died, passing successively from light comedian to leading man and finally to "old man" parts. Placide and Blake rest in adjacent plots. Brougham's grave on Sassafras Avenue near Mistletoe Path has over it a square monument of Scotch granite.

Close by, not a hundred feet away, sleeps Charles M. Walcot, the best Bob Acres of his time. The grave of Harry Montague is near that of Henry Ward Beecher. It is in the Wallack burying plot, and alongside of Montague rest Lester Wallack,

and Wallack's famous actor-father, James William Wallack. Under an imposing sarcophagus Harry Montague awaits the resurrection morn. The sarcophagus is made of white marble. On the front in large gold letters is the single word "Montague." Laura Keene, beautiful and gifted, who was on the stage at Ford's Theatre, in Washington, in the play of "Our American Cousin," when Lincoln was murdered, is also interred in Greenwood. An evergreen hedge completely shuts in her grave, but the base of the monument which covers it has been chipped by relic hunters. Lola Montez, beautiful and wayward, rests in a plot in an abandoned driveway, under the name of Mrs. Eliza Gilbert.

The list of Greenwood's author dead is also a long one. There are the graves of George Arnold and Fitz-James O'Brien; of the sister's Alice and Phœbe Cary, who lie side by side; and of McDonald Clarke, the hapless hero, of Halleck's "Discarded," and himself the author of much graceful and tender verse. Clarke first appeared in New York when a youth of twenty-one, and he remained until his death a melancholy and unmistakable figure in the life of the town,—made so by his poetic genius, his sharp wit and the vagaries of an unbalanced mind. Broadway was his chosen haunt, and for a score of years his tall form, in blue coat and cloth cap, was one of the familiar objects of that thoroughfare. No one knew aught of his antecedents or his means of support, aside from the sale of his books of verse, but the sequel proved that he was often in need of food and lodging. On a stormy night in March, 1842, a policeman came upon him wandering about the streets, destitute and demented, and took him to the city prison for warmth and shelter. The following morning he was found dead, having drowned himself in his cell. Friends provided a tomb and burial, and he sleeps now in the poet's mound on the margin of Sylvan Lake in Greenwood.

Clarke's grave has many visitors, but it is probable that there are not a dozen literary people who chance to know that in

Greenwood also reposes all that remains of James K. Paulding. Nor could any one find his resting-place, even if the knowledge was theirs, unless specially directed. Although on an eminence overlooking the entire cemetery, the place is almost inaccessible. It is one of the underground vaults now in disuse in the cemetery—dismal, damp and cold. A fragrant honeysuckle climbs over the only entrance to the tomb, almost hiding it from view. There is no indication of the author's burial save the name "Paulding," cut in small letters on a granite gatepost of the plot. For many years the vault has not been opened, and no visitor would ever dream of searching in this mouldy and tunneled chamber of death for the resting-place of the once brilliant Paulding. He was one of Washington Irving's most valued friends, and to Paulding's entertaining books, "The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan," and his "John Bull in America," may be traced subsequently published books.

Another day than that of his visit to Greenwood, found the writer at Point o'Woods on the Great South Beach, where nearly three score years ago Margaret Fuller met her tragic death. This once famous and now almost forgotten woman was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1810, the daughter of Timothy Fuller, a lawyer and member of Congress who died in his prime, leaving a large family to struggle for themselves. Margaret was for a short time a teacher in Bronson Alcott's school, but soon began to attract attention by her writings. Later her famous "Conversations" made her widely known. She was associated with Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and other leading men of letters in the publication of "The Dial," of which she finally became the editor. This was a period in which all sorts of reforms were widely discussed, but Miss Fuller's interest in most of them was merely that of the observer. The one advance in which she did sympathize and which she warmly urged was that American writers should cease to ape the English and find charms in the things of this

country. "Let us write of the woodthrush and the bluebird rather than of the skylark and the nightingale" was one of her utterances. Her first book was "A Summer at the Lakes," written after a trip through Ohio and Michigan. Later "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" appeared and found many readers and warm admirers.

An important change in her life was her removal to New York and her association with Horace Greeley as an editorial writer on the New York "Tribune." Her contributions were signed by a star, and while her personality was thus concealed, the articles attracted wide attention. In 1846 she went to Europe, and after a brief trip through England and France, reached Italy, where the struggle for Italian liberty was at its height under the leadership of Mazzini. Margaret was deeply interested in this attempt to establish a Roman republic and devoted herself to aiding the patriots and the care of the wounded. It was in this way that she met the Marquis Giovanni Ossoli, an enthusiastic republican who had been cut off by his family because of his devotion to the cause of freedom, and an attachment sprang up which soon led to marriage. The American minister at Rome, Lewis Cass, and a Boston friend, Mrs. William Story, were informed of the fact, which was for a time withheld from the world at large. The heroic struggle failed, and the Marquis found himself without means of support, Margaret was cut off from sufficient means of earning money in this land of strangers, and they decided to go to America. They sailed in a small freight-carrying ship, the *Elizabeth*, with their little son, Angelo. When the tedious voyage was over and they were in sight of the shores of home, a violent storm arose and the boat was driven on the treacherous sands off Fire Island beach. Some of the stoutest of the sailors reached the land, but the doomed family hung for two days in the rigging hoping for succor which never came. Then the wreck went to pieces and Margaret, her husband, and child were dashed to their death in the wild surges. The body of the

little boy drifted ashore, but the others were never recovered.

One other literary shrine of Long Island calls for a word: the village of Patchogue is dear to the sentimental pilgrim as the last home and burial-place of Seba Smith, a fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancy, the friend and welcome comrade of Lincoln, and, under the *nom de plume* of Major Jack Downing, the best-known humorist of his time. Smith spent the closing years of his life in Patchogue, and died there in 1868 at the age of seventy-six. His grave is in an abandoned burial ground near the edge of a wood at the back of the village. The storm-worn marble slab above it tells the passer-by that he was the author of "Way Down East" and many other works, and that "he was well beloved," but no stone marks the grave beside his own, where ten years ago the body of his wife, the once famous and beloved Eliza Oakes Smith, was laid to rest. Yet in the literary circles of New York sixty years ago no woman was counted more brilliant or beautiful. She was the central figure of coteries that had for their spirits such men as Irving, Bryant, Willis, Poe and Ripley, while women like Mrs. Sigourney, Anna Estelle Lewis (Stella), Anna Cora Mowatt, and the sisters Cary regarded Eliza Oakes Smith as their most talented fellow worker. She was the soul and life of every great literary gathering in those times, and the brilliant salon of Madame Vincenza Botta had not a more charming figure. Sixty years ago her fame was at its zenith, and her book, "The Sinless Child," carried her name to other lands. But men pass away and tastes with them, and long before her husband's death she had disappeared from public view. After that she lived for a time in a small and secluded cottage at Patchogue. Then she moved to North Carolina, and her death in 1892 was notable chiefly because it reminded a busy and careless world that such a woman as Eliza Oakes Smith had ever lived.

And so, pondering over the fickle thing call fame, the writer left Patchogue behind him, and made his way by wheel to Med-

ford and thence by rail through Riverhead and Jamesport to Southold, which, as we know, boasts the highest age of any English town on Long Island. Riverhead evidences a growing prosperity which deprives it of all picturesque interest, but Jamesport, which once promised to be an important seaport, has now sunk into a fishing hamlet and pleasant summer refuge from city dust, while more than one house in antique Southold, stretching for a mile along a broad and shady street, claims its two centuries of age. The most noted of these is the Horton house, which is still inhabited, and was the homestead of Barnabas Horton, one of the first settlers of the town. All the timbers and most of the planking for this house were hewn or split out of live-oak, and mortised together in the most solid manner, while not only the roof but the whole exterior was shingled, the shingles being split out of red cedar, and many of them lasting in fair condition to the present time. Small wonder that the Horton homestead has stood for two hundred years, and has the promise of other centuries still before it.

From Southold it is a short journey eastward to what was once the farm of the Webbs. In 1820 this farm was sold by auction for $2,300 to some persons who lived on the shore opposite Shelter Island. The tract was cut up into lots, a town laid out, and the wisdom of the investment proved by the growth on that spot of Greenport, the terminus of the Long Island Railway, and the most important business point east of Riverhead. The historian of Greenport tells us that sixty years ago "the settlement was called Sterling; and in Sterling Basin, an inlet of the bay eastward of the town, used to lie the fleet of whalers whose cargoes made the business of the town, and caused its rapid growth. The first whale-ship, bought and fitted out in 1830, fared so well that the fleet soon increased to twenty. They went to St. Helena and the Westwards Islands, to the Arctic Ocean, and round the Horn into Pacific cruising grounds. But the trade dwindled, and the pursuits of the monstrous whale, yielding his barrels of oil, gave

way to the siening of moss-bunkers, from which could be squeezed half as many thimblefuls. Long before this, when no village was there at all, great ships used to anchor in Sterling Basin to load up for the West India trade. The farmers would bring produce and cattle, taking as pay part money, and part sugar and coffee, molasses and rum. Returning the ships would bring tropical goods to New York, sell them, and then sail out to Sterling for a fresh load of Long Island produce. The main owner and merchant in this trade was Captain Orange Webb, who had many illustrious descendants, among them Ledyard, the oriental traveller. He was celebrated as a man of the world, and in 1763, was visited by the Rev. George Whitefield, still more celebrated as a man of God. The great evangelist wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass in his host's living-room, 'One thing is needful," and left it as a suggestive reminder of his visit. This is the story, and the glass is said to have been in existence in the middle years of the last century."

Eastward from Greenport runs the highway to Orient and Orient Point, the northern of the capes which terminate Long Island and enclose Gardiner's Bay. This road is shaded almost continuously with patriarchal cherry-trees, so that in May a snow-storm seems always to be travelling just ahead of you, so white are the masses of tree-tops on either side, and a ride along it is an experience to be remembered for a life-time. Fruitful also in delightful memories is a visit to beautiful Shelter Island, which fills the entrance of Peconic Bay, looming up like an opposite mainland as you look across the mile of water from Greenport. There are many old farms on the island; and as you ride along its winding roads you every now and then come suddenly upon a house so antique in design that you find it hard to believe yourself on the new side of the Atlantic. The best known of these ancient structures is the house known as the Sylvester Manor which was built in 1737, and is now owned by the widow and the daughters of Professor Eben N. Horsford,

the lineal descendants of Nathaniel Sylvester, first resident proprietor of Shelter Island, who occupy it as their country-seat. Sylvester Manor, a white, two-storied and dormer-windowed house, is rich in rare and striking relics of the past, and a visit to it affords fit conclusion to these rambles around Historic Long Island.

(The End.)

Appendix A.

Reverend Jonas Michaelius to Reverend Adrianus Smoutius

DE VREDE CHRISTI.

Honorable Sir, Well-beloved Brother in Christ, Kind Friend!

The favorable opportunity which now presents itself of writing to you, Right Reverend Sir, I cannot let pass, without embracing it, according to my promise. And I first unburden myself in this communication of a sorrowful circumstance. It has pleased the Lord, seven weeks after we arrive in this country, to take from me my good partner, who has been to me for more than sixteen years, a virtuous, faithful, and in every respect amiable yoke-fellow; and I find myself with three children very much discommoded, without her society and assistance. But what have I to say? The Lord himself has done this, in which no one can oppose Him. Wherefore I should also be willing, knowing that all things must work together for good to those who love God. I hope, therefore, to bear my cross patiently, and by the grace and help of the Lord, not to let the courage fail me which I stand in need of in my particular duties.

The voyage continued long, namely, from the 24th of January till the 7th of April, when we first set our foot upon this land. Of storm and tempest we have had no lack, particularly about the Bermudas and the rough coasts of this country, the which fell hard upon the good wife and children, but they bore it better as regards sea-sickness and fear, than I had expected. Our fare in the ship was very poor and scanty, so that my blessed wife and children, not eating with us in the cabin, on account of the little room in it, had a worse lot than the sailors themselves; and that by reason of a wicked cook who annoyed them in every way; but especially by reason of the captain himself, who, although I frequently complained of it in the most courteous manner, did not concern himself in the least about correcting the rascal: nor did he, even when they were all sick, give them anything which could do them any good, although there was enough in the ship; though he himself very well knew where to find it in order, out of meal-times, to fill his own belly. All the relief which he gave us consisted merely in liberal promises, with a drunken head which promises nothing followed when he was sober, but a sour

face, and thus has he played the brute against the officers, and kept himself constantly to the wine, both at sea and especially here in the (North) river; so that he has navigated the ship daily with a wet sail and an empty head, coming ashore seldom to the Council and never to the public Divine service. We bore all with silence on board the ship; but it grieves me, when I think of it, on account of my wife; the more, because she was placed as she was—not knowing whether she was pregnant, and because the time was so short which she had yet to live. In my first voyage I travelled much with him, yea, lodged in the same hut, but never knew that he was such a brute and drunkard. But he was then under the direction of Mr. Lam, and now he had the principal direction himself. I have also written to Mr. Godyn about it, considering it necessary that it should be known.

Our coming here was agreeable to all, and I hope, by the grace of the Lord, that my services will not be unfruitful. The people, for the most part, are all free, somewhat rough, and loose, but I find in most of them both love and respect toward me; two things with which hitherto the Lord has everywhere graciously blessed my labors, and which will produce us fruit in our special calling, as your Right Reverend yourself well knows and finds.

We have first established the form of a church (gemeente), and, as brother Bastiaen Crol very seldom comes down from Fort Orange, because the directorship of that fort and the trade there is committed to him, it has been thought best to choose two elders for my assistance and for the proper consideration of all such ecclesiastical matters as might occur, intending the coming year, if the Lord permit, to let one of them retire, and to choose another in his place from a double number first lawfully presented by the congregation. One of those whom we have now chosen is the Honorable Director himself, and the other is the storekeeper of the company, Jan Huyghen, his brother-in-law, persons of very good character, as far as I have been able to learn; having both been formerly in office in the church, the one as deacon, and the other as elder in the Dutch and French churches, respectively, at Wesel.

We have had at the first administration of the Lord's supper full fifty communicants—not without great joy and comfort for so many—Walloons and Dutch; of whom, a portion made their first confession of faith before us, and others exhibited their church certificates. Others had forgotten to bring their certificates with them, not thinking that a church would be formed and established here; and some, who brought them, had lost them unfortunately in a general conflagration, but they were admitted upon the satisfactory testimony of others to whom they were known, and also upon their daily good deportment, since we cannot

observe strictly all the usual formalities in making a beginning under such circumstances.

We administer the Holy Sacrament of the Lord once in four months, provisionally, until a larger number of people shall otherwise require. The Walloons and French have no service on Sundays, otherwise than in the Dutch language, of which they understand very little. A portion of the Walloons are going back to the fatherland, either because their years here are expired, or also because some are not very serviceable to the Company. Some of them live far away, and could not come on account of the heavy rains and storms, so that it was neither advisable nor was it possible to appoint any special service for so small a number with so much uncertainty. Nevertheless, the Lord's Supper was administered to them in the French language, and according to the French mode, with the preceding discourse, which I had before me in writing, as I could not trust myself extemporaneously. If, in this and in other matters, your Right Reverend, and the Reverend Brothers of the Consistories, who have special superintendence over us here, deem it necessary to bestow upon us any correction, instruction, or good advice, it will be agreeable to us, and we will thank your Right Reverend therefor; since we must have no other object than the glory of God in the building up of his kingdom, and the salvation of many souls. I keep myself as far as practicable within the pale of my calling, wherein I find myself sufficiently occupied. And, although our small Consistory embraces at the most—when Brother Crol is down here—not more than four persons, all of whom, myself alone excepted, have also public business to attend to, I still hope to separate carefully the ecclesiastical from the civil matters which occur so that each one will be occupied with his own subject. And, though many things are *mixti generis,* and political and ecclesiastical persons can greatly assist each other, nevertheless, the matters and offices tending together must not be mixed but kept separate, in order to prevent all confusion and disorder. As the council of this place consists of good people, who are, however, for the most part simple, and have little experience in public affairs, I would have little objection to serve them in any serious or dubious affair with good advice, provided I considered myself capable, and my advice should be asked; in which case I suppose that I would not do amiss, or be suspected by any one of being a busybody, or meddler in other people's affairs.

In my opinion it is very expedient that the Lords Managers of this place should furnish plain and precise instructions to their Governors, that they may distinctly know how to regulate themselves in all difficult occurrences and events in public matters; and at the same time that I should have all such Acta Synodalia, as are adopted in the Synods of

Holland, both the special ones relating to this region, and those which are provincial and national, in relation to ecclesiastical points of difficulty, or at least such of them as, in the judgment of the Reverend Brothers at Amsterdam, would be most likely to present themselves to us here. In the meantime, I hope matters will go well here, if only on both sides we do the best in all sincerity and honest zeal; whereto I have from the first entirely devoted myself, and wherein I have also hitherto, by the grace of God, had no just cause to complain of any one. And if any dubious matters of importance happen to me, and especially if they will admit of any delay, I will apply to the Reverend Brothers for good and prudent advice, to which I have already wholly commended myself.

As to the natives of this country, I find them entirely savage and wild, strangers to all decency, yea, uncivil and stupid as posts, proficient in all wickedness and godlessness; devilish men, who serve nobody but the devil, that is, the spirit, which, in their language, they call *manetto;* under which title they comprehend everything that is subtle and crafty, and beyond human skill and power. They have so much witchcraft, divination, sorcery and wicked tricks, that they cannot be held in by any bands or locks. They are as thievish and treacherous as they are tall; and in cruelty they are more inhuman than the people of Barbary, and far exceed the Africans. I have written concerning these things to several persons elsewhere, not doubting that Brother Crol will have written sufficient to your Right Reverend, or to the Lords Managers thereof; as also of the base treachery, and the murders which the Mohicans, at the upper part of this river, against Fort Orange, had committed; but their misfortune is, by the gracious interposition of the Lord, for our good, who, when it pleases him, knows how to pour unexpectedly natural impulses into these unnatural men, in order to hinder their designs. How these people can best be led to the true knowledge of God and of the Mediator Christ, is hard to say. I cannot myself wonder enough who it is who has imposed so much upon your Right Reverend and many others in the Fatherland, concerning the docility of these people and their good nature, the proper *principia religionis* and *vestigia legis naturae* which should be among them; in whom I have as yet been able to discover hardly a single good point, except that they do not speak so jeeringly and so scoffingly of the godlike and glorious majesty of their Creator, as the Africans dare to do. But it is because they have no certain knowledge of him, or scarcely any. If we speak to them of God, it appears to them like a dream; and we are compelled to speak of Him, not under the name of Menotto, whom they know and serve—for that would be blasphemy—but under that of some great persons, yea, of the Chiefs Sackiema; by which name they—living without a king—call those who have the command over any hundreds

among them, and who by our people are called Sackemakers, the which their people hearing, some will begin to mutter and shake their heads as of a silly fable, and others, in order to express regard and friendship to such a proposition, will say *orith,* that is, *good.* Now, by what means are we to make an inroad or practicable breach for the salvation of this people? I take the liberty on this point of enlarging somewhat to your Right Reverend.

Their language, which is first thing to be employed with them, methinks is entirely peculiar. Many of our common people call it an easy language, which is soon learned, but I am of a contrary opinion. For those who can understand their words to some extent and repeat them, fail greatly in the pronunciation, and speak a broken language, like the language of Ashdod. For these people have difficult aspirates and many guttural letters, which are formed more in the throat than by the mouth, teeth, and lips, which our people not being accustomed to, guess at by means of their signs, and then imagine that they have accomplished something wonderful. It is true, one can learn as much as is sufficient for the purposes of trading, but this occurs almost as much by signs with the thumb and fingers as by speaking, which could not be done in religious matters. It also seems to us that they rather design to conceal their language from us than to properly communicate it, except in things which happen in daily trade; saying that it is sufficient for us to understand them in those; and then they speak only half their reasons with shortened words; and frequently call a dozen things and even more by one name; and all things which have only a rude resemblance to each other they frequently call by the same name. In truth it is a made up childish language; so that even those who can best of all speak with the Indians, and get along well in trade, are nevertheless wholly in the dark and bewildered, when they hear the Indians speaking with each other by themselves.

Let us then leave the parents in their condition, and begin with the children who are still young. So it should be. But they must be separated in youth from their parents; yea, from their whole nation. For, without this, they would be as much given as their parents to heathenish tricks and deviltries, which are kneaded naturally in their hearts by themselves through a just judgment of God; so that having once obtained deep root, by habit, they can with difficulty be wholly eradicated therefrom. But this separation is hard to effect; for the parents have a strong affection for their children, and are very loth to part with them; and, when they are separated from them, as we have already had proof, the parents are never contented, but take them away stealthily, or induce them to run away themselves. Nevertheless, we must, although it would

be attended with some expense, obtain the children through a sense of gratitude on the part of their parents, and with their consent, by means of presents and promises; in order to place them under the instruction of some experienced and godly schoolmaster, where they may be instructed not only to speak, read, and write in our language, but also especially in the fundamentals of our Christian religion, and where, besides, they will see nothing but good examples and virtuous lives; but they must speak their native tongue sometimes among themselves, in order not to forget it, as being evidently a principal means of spreading the knowledge of religion through the whole nation. In the meantime it must not be forgotten to pray to the Lord, with ardent and continual prayers, for his blessing, who can make things which are unseen to be quickly and conveniently seen, who gives life to the dead, calls as nothing that which is, and being rich in mercy has pity on whom he will: as he has compassionated our people to be his people, when we before were not pitied, and were not his people; and has washed us clean, sanctified us and justified us, when we were covered all over with all manner of corruption, calling us to the blessed knowledge of his Son, and from the power of darkness to his marvellous light. And this I regard so much the more necessary as the wrath and malediction of God, which have been found to rest upon this miserable people hitherto, are the more severe. May God have mercy upon them finally, that the fullness of the heathen may be gradually accomplished, and the salvation of our God may be here also seen among these wild and savage men. I hope to keep a watchul eye over these people, and to learn as much of their language as will be practicable, and to seek better opportunities for their instruction than hitherto it has been possible to find.

As to what concerns myself and my household. I find myself, by the loss of my good and helping partner, very much hindered and distressed—for my two little daughters are yet small; maid servants are not here to be had, at least none whom they advise me to take; and the Angola slaves are thievish, lazy, and useless trash. The young man whom I took with me, I discharged after Whitsuntide, for the reason that I could not employ him out of doors at any working of the land, and in doors he was a burden to me instead of an assistance. He is now elsewhere at service with the boers.

The promises which the Lords Masters of the Company had made me of some acres of surveyed lands for me to make myself a home, instead of a free table which otherwise belonged to me, is wholly of no avail. For their Honors well know that there are no horses, cows, or laborers to be obtained here for money. Every one is short in these particulars and wants more. The expense would not trouble me, if an op-

portunity only offered; as it would be for our own accommodation, although there were no profit from it (save that the Honorable Managers owe me as much as the value of a free table); for there is here no refreshment of butter, milk, etc., to be obtained, although a very high price be offered for them; for the people who bring them and bespeak them are suspicious of each other. So I will be compelled to pass through the winter without butter and other necessaries, which the ships did not bring with them to be sold here. The rations, which are given out and charged for high enough, are all hard, stale food, as they are used to on board ship, and frequently this is not very good, and there cannot be obtained as much of it as may be desired. I began to get some strength through the grace of the Lord, but in consequence of this hard fare of beans and grey peas, which are hard enough, barley, stockfish, etc., without much change, I cannot become well as I otherwise would. The summer yields something, but what of that for any one who has no strength? The Indians also bring some things, but one who has no wares, such as knives, beads, and the like, or seewan, cannot have any good of them. Though the people trade such things for proper wares, I know not whether it is permitted by the laws of the Company. I have now ordered from Holland most all necessaries; but expect to pass through the winter with hard and scanty food.

The country yields many good things for the support of life, but they are all to be gathered in an uncultivated and wild state. It is necessary that there should be better regulations established, and people who have the knowledge and the implements for gathering things in their season, should collect them together, as undoubtedly will gradually be the case. In the meanwhile, I wish the Lords Managers to be courteously inquired of, how I can have the opportunity to possess a portion of land, and at my own expense to support myself upon it. For as long as there is no more accommodation to be obtained here from the country people, I would be compelled to order everything from the fatherland at great expense, and with much risk and trouble, or else live here upon these poor and hard rations alone, which would badly suit me and my children. We want ten or twelve farmers with horses, cows and laborers in proportion, to furnish us with bread and fresh butter, milk and cheese. There are convenient places which can be easily protected, and very suitable; which can be bought from the Indians for trifling toys, or could be occupied without risk; because we have more than enough shares which have never been cleared, but have been always reserved for that purpose. The business of furs is dull on account of a new war of the *Maechibaeys* (Mohawks) against the Mohicans at the upper end of this river. There have occurred cruel murders on both sides. The Mohicans

have fled, and their lands are unoccupied, and are very fertile and pleasant. It gieves us that there are no people, and that there is no regulation of the Lord's managers to occupy the same. They fell much wood here to carry to the fatherland, but the vessels are too few to take much of it. They are making a windmill to saw the wood, and we also have a grist-mill. They bake brick here, but it is very poor. There is good material for burning lime, namely, oyster-shells, in large quantities. The burning of potash has not succeeded; the master and his laborers are all greatly disappointed. We are busy now in building a fort of good quarry stone, which is to be found not far from here in abundance. May the Lord only build and watch over our walls. There is a good means for making salt; for there are convenient places, the water is salt enough, and there is no want of heat in summer. Besides, as to the waters, both of the sea and rivers, they yield all kinds of fish; and as to the land, it abounds in all kinds of game, wild and in the groves, with vegetables, fruits, herbs, and plants, both for eating and medicinal purposes, working wonderful cures, which are too long to relate, and which, were it ever so pertinent, I could not tell. Your Right Reverend has already obtained some knowledge thereof in part, and will be able to obtain from others further information. The country is good and pleasant; the climate is healthy, notwithstanding the sudden changes of cold and heat. The sun is very warm; the winter strong and severe, and continues full as long as in our country. The best remedy is not to spare the wood—of which there is enough —and to cover oneself well with rough skins, which can also easily be obtained.

The harvest, God be praised, is in the barns, and is better gathered than ever before. The ground is fertile enough to reward labor, but they must clean it well, and manure and cultivate it the same as our lands require. It has hitherto happened much worse, because many of the people are not very laborious, or could not obtain their proper necessaries for want of bread. But it now begins to go on better, and it would be entirely different now if the masters would only send good laborers, and make regulations of all matters, in order, with what the land itself produces, to do for the best.

I had promised (to write) to the Honorable Brothers, Rudolphus Petri, Joannes Sylvius, and Dom. Cloppenburg, who with your Honor were charged with the superintendence of these regions; but as this would take long, and the time is short, and my occupations at the present time many, will your Right Reverend be pleased to give my friendly and kind regards to their Reverends, and to excuse me, on condition that I remain their debtor to fulfill my promise—God willing—by the next voyage. Will you, also, give my sincere respects to the Reverend Dom.

Triglandius, and to all the brothers of the Consistory besides, to all of whom I have not thought it necessary to write particularly at this time, as they are made by me participants in these tidings, and are content to be fed from the hand of your Right Reverend. If it shall be convenient for your Honor, or any of the Reverend Brothers, to write hither to me a letter concerning matters which might be important in any degree to me, it would be very interesting to me, living here in a savage land without any society of our order, and would be a spur to write more assiduously to the Reverend Brothers concerning what might happen here. And especially do not forget my hearty salutation to the beloved wife and brother-in-law of your Right Reverend, who have shown me nothing but friendship and kindness above my deserts. If there is anything in which I can in return serve or gratify your Right Reverend, I will be glad to do so, and will not be behindhand in anything. Concluding then herewith, and commending myself in your Right Reverend's favorable and holy prayers to the Lord,

Honored and learned Sir, Beloved Brother in Christ and Kind Friend;

Commending your Right Reverend and all of you to Almighty God, by his Grace, to continued health and prosperity, and to eternal salvation of heart.

From the island of Manhatas in New Netherland, this 11th August, anno 1628, by me your Right Reverend's obedient in Christ.

Jonas Michaelius.

(Indorsed.) The honorable, learned and pious Mr. Adrian Smoutius, faithful minister of the holy gospel of Christ in his church, dwelling upon the Heerengracht, not far from the house of the West India Company, Amsterdam. By the care of a friend whom God preserve.

(Sealed with a wafered signet not discernible.)

Appendix B.

The True Story of Captain Kidd as Told by George Parsons Lathrop.

Great numbers of people have searched for what is called "Kidd's Treasure" in many places along our shores. Yet there is only one spot in which Captain Kidd is known, by official and credible records, to have buried valuables. That was on Gardiner's Island, a famous old manorial estate still owned by the Gardiner's, a few miles to the eastward of Long Island, within the arm of Montauk promontory.

The deposit was duly unearthed and turned over to the representatives of the Crown soon after it was placed there. Yet in the manuscript family records of the manor I have read, among the notes of John Lyon Gardiner (1770 to 1815), this memorandum: "For a whole century people from adjacent parts of the continent have been digging for money on this island. * * * Not a year passes without their digging in vain for hidden treasure."

Almost as mysterious as his mythical treasure is the matter of Kidd's reputation, and the question whether he wholly deserved the stain of darkness and ferocity as a marauder of the sea which has long rested upon his innocent-sounding name. Was he an innocent Kidd, or a guilty one? Was he a whole, out-and-out pirate, or only a part of a pirate? And if the latter be the true case, how much of a pirate was he, or how little? Was he an unmitigated wrongdoer, or may he have been to some extent a victim of other men in high places, who had become entangled in his misdeeds and found it needful to make him a scapegoat?

The old anonymous ballad about him makes him say, or howl, mournfully:

> My name was Robert Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed,
> My name was Robert Kidd, as I sailed,
> My name was Robert Kidd, God's law I did forbid,
> And much wickedness I did, as I sailed.

But his name was not Robert as he sailed, or at any other time. It was William; and he was born at Greenock, Scotland, in 1650. From his youth he "followed the sea," and about 1690 he did gallant service as

a fighter in the West Indies, in what we know as the old French or King William's war. Colonel Hewson testified for him: "He was a mighty man. He served under my command. He was with me in two engagements against the French, and fought as well as any man I ever saw, according to the proportion of his men. We had six Frenchmen to deal with, and we had only mine and his ship." And Thomas Cooper said: "Captain Kidd brought his ship from a place that belonged to the Dutch, and brought her into the King's service at the beginning of the war; and we fought Monsieur du Cass a whole day, and I thank God we got the better of it; and Captain Kidd behaved himself very well in the face of his enemies."

At forty-one he was married in New York under a license recorded at the Surrogate's office the 16th of May, 1691, as "Capt. William Kidd, Gentl., of the one part," to Sarah Oort, widow of a New York merchant, John Oort. He had been running a packet ship called the *Antigua* between London, the West Indies and New York, but seems to have prepared to settle down on an extensive and comfortable scale. His widow bride owned a good house on Hanover Square, and Kidd bought a lot on Teinhoven (now Liberty) Street, near Nassau, and built another dwelling there. He stood well, and there was no smirch upon him.

The business of piracy and of trade with pirates was then very flourishing in New York. What the Dutch called the Krommegou, or "Crooked District," at the east end of Long Island, made a good lurking place for these counterfeit merchant ships, with its many bays and coves, and was "crooked" morally as well as geographically. Moreover, the pirates were not only fitted out from New York, but came openly into port with their stolen goods.

The Earl of Bellomont, who became royal Governor here in 1698 and was also Governor of Massachusetts, wrote to the home Government the next year that Long Island was "a receptacle of pirates." And as to New York, he said: "The pirates are so cherished by the inhabitants that not a man of them is taken up."

This was natural enough, because the inhabitants made enormous profits from the business. They sent out rum at two shillings a gallon, and sold it at the piratical rendezvous in Madagascar for fifty shillings. Madiera wine costing £19 a pipe in New York sold over there for £300! The booty of the pirates also was brought to New York and disposed of at a great gain. Bellomont reported that at the time he was writing his despatch eight or nine pirate ships had entered the harbor of the infant metropolis with half a million dollars' worth of goods, but dared not land them because of his presence. "It is the most beneficial trade that ever was heard of," Bellomont wrote to the Lords of Trade.

Very respectable people were concerned in these more than dubious enterprises. The reason was simple. Piracy grew up easily from the unsettled condition of sea commerce at that time, and from the system of privateering or reprisals upon the merchant marine during wars. The line between authorized privateering and plunder for personal benefit was sometimes difficult to draw. At any rate, people were not always scrupulous about drawing lines when they could draw fat dividends instead.

Now the curious part of all this is that, while Lord Bellomont was writing this indignant despatch to his Government in July, 1699, he was himself a heavy stockholder in what soon became, and has remained, the most notorious of all the piratical companies of that period. He had come out to this country with a firm purpose to suppress piracy, and it does not appear that he looked upon the company of which he was a member as being itself piratical. Yet it is hard to discover any radical difference between the purpose of that association and the purposes of the citizens here who had fitted out pirate ships.

Depredations upon marine commerce had become so serious, that in January, 1695, King William III., of England, Lord Chancellor Somers, the Duke of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Bellomont and others formed a syndicate to fit out a ship that should cruise against pirates by royal commission, under command of the reputable Captain William Kidd. They all contributed money for the purchase of this vessel, the *Adventure Galley,* and her armament; all except the King, who actually paid in nothing but his name and authority. Kidd was recommended for the command by Colonel Robert Livingston of New York, then in London. Kidd took shares to the amount of $6,000, Livingston signing his bond for one-half that sum. On his trial, six years later, a witness for Kidd, Colonel Hewson, deposed that the Captain had been very loath to have Livingston go upon his bond; that he did not want to go into the enterprise at all, but said that Lord Bellomont told him there were great men and they would stop his brigantine, the *Antigua,* in the river (meaning the Thames) if he did not accede.

This would mean arbitrary interference with his peaceable trading trips. If the assertion was true, it would seem that Kidd was literally dragged away from his legitimate business and "impressed" into this new service, which turned out to be so disastrous for him.

The proceeds from seizures of pirate ships, to be made by the *Adventure Galley,* were to be divided among the members of the syndicate. King William, who although a stockholder, never advanced the money for his share, was to get one-tenth of the gains. The actual investors were to have proportions according to the amount they

contributed. In all this there was absolutely no provision for the public good, except in so far as a single armed ship might be expected to exterminate a horde of pirates infesting many parts of the high seas. To the cool and relentless modern eye, the whole thing looks very much like an attempt to make "public office" a "private snap," though no doubt King William would have been fastidiously shocked by the word "snap;" and it might not altogether have suited Lord Bellomont's taste either. If we are cynically inclined, we may suspect that Bellomont's irritation against the prosperous pirates in New York, in 1699, was partly owing to the fact the *Adventure Galley* had then been out scouring the sea for three years, and so far as we actually know had not brought the high-titled investors the profits they expected. Moreover, painful rumors had by that time come from distant quarters of the ocean that Kidd had engaged actively in piratical work on his own account, and had absorbed the returns therefrom. So very painful had these rumors become, that King William, in December, 1698, had issued a proclamation offering pardon to all pirates who should surrender before July, 1699, but expressly excepting "Henry Every, alias Bridgman, and William Kidd."

To the sting of pecuniary loss there was thus added, for Bellomont, a motive of official zeal against successful pirates. The expedition to which Kidd had been assigned was thoroughly vicious in scope and principle, notwithstanding that the soverign of Great Britain had attempted to cast around it the glamour of a high moral purpose. It was really the sending out under royal authority, a new official pirate to prey upon the unofficial pirates.

Kidd received two royal commissions, one empowering him to seize all pirates on the high seas, whether subjects of England or of other nations, and to take all merchandise or money found on board of them. If they would not yield to him without fighting then he was to compel them to yield by force. The other commission authorized him to "set forth in warlike manner the ship called the *Adventure Galley,* under his own command, and therewith by force of arms to apprehend, seize, and take the ships, vessels, and goods belonging to the French King and his subjects, * * * and such other ships, vessels and goods as are or shall be liable to confiscation," and bring them to port to be adjudged and condemned by the High Court of Admiralty. It was in fact a letter of marque and reprisal, and was issued in December, 1695, nearly a year after his commission against piracy had been granted in January. Apparently the owners of the *Adventure* had come to the conclusion that they could not make enough out of the pirates alone; perhaps because pirates were not always easy to identify. The broad terms of this letter

offered a dangerous opening for Kidd; an attempt to bar which was made by clauses providing always that he should keep an exact journal of his proceedings, and note therein all his prizes and the circumstances of their capture; also that nothing should be done by him or his "mariners or company contrary to the true meaning of our aforesaid instructions." The document likewise stated that he would be held personally answerable for any breach of the conditions named, as to bringing prizes into port and having them formally condemned before selling them or their contents. In so far, then, William Kidd could not well complain that he had not received warning of the fate in store for him if he should lapse from the letter of his instructions.

Finally, at the end of April, 1696, he sailed from Plymouth, England, in the *Adventure Galley*, 287 tons, with an armament of thirty guns and a crew of fifty men, "designing for New York," where he arrived in July, having on the way fallen in with and captured a French "banker," which was duly convoyed to port and there disposed of. This was a fine and lawful beginning. Kidd's initial performance seems to have made a great impression, and the Provincial Assembly of New York, with feverish haste, voted him a gratuity of £250 for his services, present or prospective in protecting commerce, although, in fact, he was working for a syndicate with due provision for his reward.

Flushed with popularity and high hopes, and feeling that he needed a stronger force to cope with French vessels and Red Sea and East India robbers, he set up "articles" publicly in New York, calling for recruits and promising every man a share in the proceeds of his captures. By this means he quickly brought the number of his crew up to 155. His enemies and his prosecutors afterward represented that he was planning to turn pirate, and desired an increase of strength for that purpose.

One account says he cruised for a while on the American coast; but the chief witnesses at his piracy trial said that he sailed from New York to the Madeiras (where presumably he laid in a supply of wine), and thence to Bonavist, where he purchased salt. From Bonavist, or Boavist, he went to St. Jago, and then set his course for Madagascar. On the way, near the Cape of Good Hope, he met Captain Warren of the British navy, cruising with the *Tiger,* the *Kingfisher,* and two other men-of war, and kept company with him for three or four days. This was the same Warren who, three years afterward, was sent out with a small squadron to apprehend all unrepentant pirates. It appears little to the credit of King William that the task was not intrusted to him then, instead of to Kidd's syndicated privateer. The great island of Madagascar was the lair, the mart, and the pleasure ground of the pirates

where they revelled in luxuries that were made very costly to them, and, after seasons of active crime, spent their leisure and their money in wild vice and drunken riot. This was Kidd's main objective point; but there is no record of his having accomplished anything there in the line of the errand upon which he had been sent. Arriving in February, 1697, he watered and victualled at Madagascar, and then started off for Joanna and visited Mahala, where "he graved his ship." Here also there was much sickness on board, four or five men dying sometimes in a single day. And now he wandered back to Joanna once more, where sundry Frenchmen and English who had lost their own ship came aboard and lent the captain some money "to mend his ship." Thence he put forth again, and in June or July "came to a place called Mabbee, in the Red Sea," where he seized from the natives a stock of Guinea corn and took in water.

Up to this point his voyaging, since clearing from New York, seems to have been curiously ineffective, and no explanations of these rovings was given at the trial by either side. It is possible, though, that the *Adventure Galley* had entered into piratical operations some time before this. For, later on, in 1701, there was presented to Parliament a petition of Cogi-Baba, "on behalf of himself and other Armenians, inhabitants of Chulfa, the suburb of Spahan, and subjects of the King of Persia," setting forth that they freighted a ship called the *Karry Merchant,* and that Captain Kidd seized and carried her away, with her lading to the value of 400,000 rupees, the ship herself being worth 40,000 rupees. This, they said, was in February, 1697, between Bengal and Surat. The case of the *Karry Merchant* did not come up on trial. If the robbery actually occurred, we must suppose that freebooting began about the time of Kidd's visit to Madagascar; which would certainly look very bad for him. But; if he made such a large haul as 440,000 rupees' worth in February, how shall we account for his having to borrow money to repair his ship so short a time after that? May it have been that he had secretly sent home these spoils to the share holders? This period of his voyage remains mysterious.

The first attested marauding move charged against him was not made until July, 1697; that is, nearly a year after he left New York. It was at this time that he went from Mabbee to Bab's Key, in the Red Sea, there to lie in wait for a kind of ocean caravan of merchantmen, which was known as "the Mocca fleet." The whole of his checkered and finally disastrous cruise extended only over three years; and one-third of his time had now passed without evidence of piracy, if we regard simply the Old Bailey court records.

At Bab's Key he remained a fortnight, sending out boats to recon-

noitre, and men upon the highlands of the shore, so as to ascertain the movements of the merchantmen. As Robert Bradinham, the ship's surgeon, testified, Kidd did not wait for any "French effects" in that fleet, but only for the Moorish vessels, "the natives of India, the Mahometans." There were some fourten or fifteen ships under English and Moorish colors, and at last they set sail. "When Captain Kidd fetched them up (at night) he found they were under convoy, and so he left them." He fired a gun after a Moorish ship, but the two escorting men-of-war fired back and made the situation too hot for him. Steering then for Malabar, he ran across a separate Moorish vessel commanded by an English captain, Parker, and having on board also one Don Antonio, a Portuguese. These two men he took out of, or purloined from, their ship, intending to use the Portuguese as "a Linguister," that is, interpreter. He likewise took out of her a bale of coffee, a bale of pepper, and twenty pieces of Arabian gold. hoisting up a number of the Moors by their arms, whom he caused to be drubbed with a naked cutlass to make them confess what money they had. Things were now getting decidedly lively .

Soon afterward he met a Portugues man-of-war, which opened fire upon him as he came up; which fire Kidd returned from so many of his thirty guns as he could bring to bear. They fought hard for four or five hours, and Kidd had ten men wounded; but the encounter was apparently a drawn battle, since nothing is reported as to its close. Kidd sailed away to one of the Malabar islands for wood and water. There according to Surgeon Brandinham, he went ashore with several men, plundered some of the native boats, burned several houses, and then had one of the natives tied to a tree, and made one of his men shoot him. The general and pervasive unfairness of Kidd's trial is shown by the way in which this circumstance was presented on the witness stand. It was offered, plainly, to give the jury an impression that Kidd was wantonly ferocious and brutal. But further questioning brought out the fact that the ship's cooper had been ashore, and some of the natives had cut his throat; "and that was the reason he (Kidd) ordered his men to serve this man so," *i. e.,* to shoot the native.

These incidents had passed away the time until October. In November the *Adventure* took a Moorish ship belonging to Surat. There were two Dutchmen aboard, evidently commanding and navigating her. "Captain Kidd," said Brandinham, "chased this ship under French colors, and when the Dutchman saw that, he put out French colors, too. And Captain Kidd came up with them, and commanded them on board, and he ordered a Frenchman to come up on deck and to pretend himself Captain. And so this commander comes aboard, and comes to this Monsieur

Le Roy, that was to pass for the captain; and he shows him a paper, and said it was a French pass." A French pass it may be explained, was a document attesting that a vessel sailed under the protection of France.

"And Captain Kidd said, 'By God, have I catched you? You are a free prize to England.' "

The booty was not much, only two horses, ten bales of cotton, and some quilts. But Kidd also took the ship, which he rechristened the *November,* from the month of her capture; put men aboard, and carried her to Madagascar.

In December the *Adventure* met a Moorish ketch and sent out a boat which boarded and took possession of her without other casualty than the wounding of one of his men. Running her ashore, Kidd and his men transferred from her thirty tubs of sugar and a bale of coffee and then turned her adrift. On the 20th of January, 1698, they captured a Portuguese vessel that had come from Bengal, which yielded them two chests of opium, more butter, some wax, bags of rice, and sundry East India goods. This vessel they kept for a week, until they were chased by seven or eight sail of Dutch, and then they were obliged to let her go.

The next, and apparently the most important capture of all, was that of the *Quedagh Merchant,* which occurred some time in this same January. She was a large vessel, with a cargo that proved to be very remunerative. Bradinham and one Joseph Palmer, who had been a member of the *Adventure's* crew bore witness that Kidd chased her under French colors, and, coming up with her, ordered the master to come aboard him. Thereupon the *Quedagh* people attempted *finesse,* and sent over in their boat an old Frenchman. But after he had been for awhile in conference with Kidd, he was obliged to confess that he was not the captain, but the gunner of the other vessel. Kidd then dispatched a boat for the veritable captain, and brought him on board. He proved to be, like most of the skippers apparently, who traded in those parts, an Englishman, Wright by name. He had with him two Dutchmen and the French gunner, the rest of the ship's company being Moors; but the craft and her contents were owned by some Armenians, and they were also sailing with her. Kidd made Captain Wright a prisoner, and took the *Quedagh* in charge. The Armenians came to him weeping, and begged him to let her go for a ransom, offering him 20,000 and even 30,000 rupees. But Kidd is reported to have answered that this was but a small portion of the value represented, and Palmer says he pretended his men would not give up the vessel, although "there was not a quarter part of the men concerned in it."

Nevertheless, all the men, according to the same evidence, received shares of the booty; which certainly made them accessories after the fact. Some of the goods from this prize were disposed of, that is, sold to traders, on the India coast; and here Kidd seems to have loitered for a while. He boarded several ships, "and took out of them what was for his turn;" peacefully carrying on the sale of goods in the intervals of these more vigorous transactions. It was with the Mohammedans that he dealt; and when he was about to sail away, he effected a new stroke of business in respect of them, which could hardly have been to their taste. Some of them had come on board prepared to make purchases as usual. But, instead of letting them have any goods, he plundered them of their money and sent them ashore empty handed, retaining in his own hands some 500 pieces of eight which he had stripped from them.

He then made sail for Madagascar, with both the *Quedagh* and the *Adventure;* overhauling on the way another Moorish vessel, from which he seized a few supplies. Arrived at Madagascar again, he had all the remaining goods from the *Quedagh* put ashore; and the money and the merchandise were now divided on a basis of 160 acres, of which Kidd took forty for himself. Some of the men received a half share of money and a whole share of goods. These were the "landsmen" and servants. The able-bodied seamen received a whole share. The total amount of the booty from the *Quedagh* was variously and loosely estimated at from £8,000 to £12,000. A curious and picturesque little incident was sketched by the witnesses as having occurred during this stay at Madagascar, and was intended to have a damning effect on Kidd's integrity. Robert Culliford, a well known pirate, as to whose character and occupation there was no sort of doubt, lay there with his ship, the *Resolution,* and sent to Kidd a "canoo" manned by several Englishmen, who told him they had heard that he was going to seize and hang them. Whereupon "he assured them it was no such thing, and afterward went aboard and swore to be true to them, and he took a cup of bomboo, and swore to be true to them and assist them; and he assisted this Captain Culliford with guns and an anchor to fit him to sea again." Or, as Joseph Palmer put it, with greater spiciness: "They made some bomboo, and drank together, and Captain Kidd said, 'Before I would do you any harm I would have my soul fry in hell fire,' and wished damnation to himself several times if he did." Bomboo, as innocently defined by the witness, was a mixture of water, sugar and limes, but we may safely conjecture that there was some rum in it.

Being questioned as to the truth of this accusation by one of the judges, Kidd, it must be owned, did not indignantly deny it, but replied: "This is only what these witnesses say." Perhaps by the time that point

was reached in the proceedings he had become thoroughly dejected and disheartened, and had no spirit left for denial. He had already, on the previous day, been tried for murder, and had been condemned with vindictive swiftness; so that the whole of his piracy trial was for him, a superfluity, and could have no very vital interest.

The manner of these trials we shall come to presently. First let us finish the story of his cruise and of his home-coming. It must be remembered, though, that this entire account of his alleged piracies comes from treacherous former members of his ship's company, who had shared in all the booty, but had now turned against him to secure their own safety.

The *Adventure Galley* had become so leaky from her long voyaging, and probably from the insufficiency of repairs, that she had two pumps going all the time on the return to Madagascar, and Kidd no longer considered her seaworthy. He therefore abandoned her, and transferred himself and his forces to the *Scuddee Merchant* (as the *Quedagh* was also called). Some ninety-five of his men also deserted him here, which gives color to his assertion that it was they who made away with the greater part of the spoils and distributed it among themselves, and that he was unable to control them. He seems now to have recruited men, a few at a time, to take their places, and to have started by a devious route homeward. But there is no very clear or satisfactory account of his wanderings and adventures, from this time on, until his reappearance off the Delaware coast and in Long Island Sound. As he took the *Quedagh* in January, 1698, lingered along the Indian coast for some time after that, and then made a dozen or more captures, it may easily have been well on in the summer of that year before he reached Madagascar and abandoned the *Adventure* there. By December 8th of the same year, 1698, the rumor of his alleged piracies had caused such a commotion in England that William III. issued his proclamation against Kidd and Every (or Avery), already mentioned, but granting pardon to all other pirates who should surrender to certain specified Commissioners before the end of the following July, and he also then sent out the squadron of search under Captain Thomas Warren.

It would seem probable that Kidd must have taken wing from Madagascar long before this. Yet he did not touch the American shore until June of the next year, 1699. Whether he waylaid any more unlawful prizes or was forced to let his men do so does not appear authentically. During this long interval the mystery surrounding him deepened into myth, and the fables of his secreted treasures date from this time.

At Anguilla, the most northerly of the Carribee Islands, in the spring of 1699, Kidd learned that he had been outlawed. Not daring,

therefore, at once to make any port under English control, he contrived to charter a Philadelphia sloop called the *Antonio,* belonging to a man named Bolton, which he sent to Curaçoa for much needed supplies. When she returned he bought her, mounted her with six guns, and transferred himself and a selection of his choicest valuables to her, with a small crew. According to some accounts he ran the *Quedagh* into a river in Hispaniola, leaving her there in charge of Bolton, with a complement of twenty-two men, her armament of thirty guns and twenty more in the hold; and a cargo of great price, comprising 150 bales of the finest silks, 80 tons of sugar, 10 tons of junk iron, 15 large anchors, 40 tons of saltpetre, and abundant ammunition. This done he steered in the *Antonio* for Delaware Bay, and made a brief landing at Cape May, where a few more of his men deserted him, hoping by prompt surrender to get the benefit of the King's pardon.

Sailing northward and east again, Kidd avoided New York, although it is evident that in some way he communicated with his friends there, and suddenly appeared in Gardiner's Bay near the end of June. The manorial estate of Gardiner's Island (or as it was then still called, the Isle of Wight) carried with it an informal though authorized title of lordship; and John Gardiner, the owner at that time, was known as the "Lord of the Isle of Wight." One evening he noticed this mysterious six-gun sloop riding at anchor off the island, but giving no sign. A Mr. Emot that same day had come to him and asked for a boat to go to New York, which Gardiner lent him. Was Mr. Emot (or perhaps Emmet) the messenger who bore tidings to New York of Kidd's presence? Lord John waited patiently two days, and on the second evening rowed out to visit the stranger sloop, which he then discovered to be Kidd's last vessel, the *Antonio,* with the outlawed captain in command.

The celebrated sea rover, whom he had never met before treated Lord John, according to his account, very courteously. He said he was going to Lord Bellomont, at Boston, and, meanwhile, wished Gardiner to take two negro boys and a negro girl ashore and keep them until he came or sent for them. The next day he demanded a tribute of six sheep and a barrel of cider, which was cheerfully rendered. The captain, however, gave Gardiner two pieces of Bengal muslin for his wife, handed Gardiner's men four pieces of gold for their trouble, and offered to pay for the cider. Some of Kidd's men also presented the island men with muslin for neck cloths. After this interchange of civilities the rover fired a salute of four guns and stood for Block Island, some twenty miles away, where he was joined by a New York sloop commanded by Cornelius Quick and having on board Mrs. Kidd and Kidd's daughter, with Thomas Clarke of Setauket.

Three days later Kidd came back to the manor island, and sending the master of the other sloop and Whisking Clarke ashore to fetch Gardiner, commanded the latter to take and keep for him or order a chest and a box of gold, a bundle of quilts, and four bales of goods, saying that the box of gold was intended for Lord Bellomont. The chests were buried in a swamp by Cherry Harbor, near the manor house, and Kidd with a timely touch of ferocity, told Lord John that if he called for the treasure and it were missing he would take his head or his son's. At the same time two of the *Antonio's* men—one of them, Hugh Parrot, afterward sentenced with his captain, deposited with Lord John small bags of silver and gold dust. Before departing, Kidd presented him with a bag of sugar.

There can be no suspicion of complicity on the part of the worthy and honorable proprietor of Gardiner's Island. He was made Kidd's trustee under duress, on account of the safe seclusion of his demesne. But, in order to clear himself from all possible doubt, he afterward formally stated that "he knew nothing of Kidd's being proclaimed a pirate, and if he had he durst not have acted otherwise, having no force to oppose them, and that he hath formerly been threatened to be killed by privateers if he should carry unkindly to them." It is supposed to have been on this occasion, also, that Kidd requested Mrs. Gardiner to roast a pig for him, and was so pleased with the result that he gave her a piece of cloth of gold, a fragment of which is still kept at the manor.

Then Kidd set sail for Boston. But Gardiner deposed that during his visit to this then remote, secluded bay, two other New York sloops had come alongside and taken off goods; and much of the *Antonio's* clandestine freight was also transferred to Quick's sloop at Block Island. From the latter place, as well as Gardiner's Bay, Kidd had sent letters to Bellomont, earnestly declaring that all the piracies which had occurred had been done by his men in a state of mutiny, and never with his connivance; that, indeed, they had set aside his positive commands, and had locked him up in his cabin while committing their crimes.

There is a pathetic contrast between Kidd's glorious departure from New York, three years earlier, with the thanks and substantial reward of the Assembly and a new, well-equipped thirty-gun ship, and this furtive, hovering return in a little six-gun sloop, to meet the menace of death held forth in the King's proclamation. Yet it seems clear that he would never have gone to Boston had he not counted on immunity at the hands of Bellomont. With the treasure amassed on the *Quedagh,* he could easily have found refuge and comfort in some foreign country, where his wife and child might have come to him. That he did not do so makes in his favor, as showing that he believed in his own essential

innocence; however, he may have yielded to circumstances and consented to accept the lion's share in the profits of crime.

It is conceivable that he may have fallen into this line of consent, on the excuse to his conscience that he might eventually bring home to his partners a considerable return for their investment, and then explain the course he had been driven to. But with a capital danger now threatening him, he evidently determined to put all this wealth where it could not be seized by the authorities before presenting himself and his case to them. From Block Island he had also despatched a present of jewels to Lady Bellomont, and it is a somewhat curious fact that she kept this gift for some time; finally explaining through her husband, the Earl, that this was done in order to encourage Kidd to make confidences, on the theory that if his present were returned he might refuse to tell anything about his actions or the repositories of his booty.

The same plea was made in extenuation of the fact that he was not arrested until the sixth day after he landed in Boston. Mrs. Kidd went at once to the boarding house of a Mr. Duncan Campbell, while the captain stayed aboard his sloop and was allowed to pass freely to and fro, although he was an outlawed person, and although immediately on his arrival the Earl had summoned him to a long parley, held carefully in the presence of witnesses.

The explanation of the delay in apprehending him may have been perfectly true; yet the motives and asseverations on the Earl's side are not free from suspicion. It appears that Kidd had offered to share with Bellomont or the syndicate goods to the amount of £40,000. The political feeling stirred up in England by the Kidd episode made it difficult to treat with such an offer. A sharp debate in Parliament on the subject led to the attempted impeachment later of the Earl of Oxford and Lord Somers for their alleged unlawful association with the pirate or privateer, and to most unpleasant rumors of the King's having participated in his profits. Still, it is possible that Bellomont may have thought that by temporizing he could find some way of adjusting things and recovering this large sum of $200,000. Kidd resolutely refused to disclose the whereabouts of the *Quedagh* unless the authorities would first discharge Colonel Livingston from the bond for $3,000, on which he had gone surety. This showed certainly a fine loyalty toward his friend. But when it was found that Kidd would not reveal his places of deposit he was arrested.

Soon afterward, July 17, 1699, Captain Nicholas Evertse came into Boston harbor with a positive statement that the man Bolton had stolen all the goods of the *Quedagh Merchant* at Hispaniola, had set fire to her and gone off on another vessel, and that he, Evertse, had seen the flames

of the burning vessel in sailing by. No one ever ascertained positively what became of the *Quedagh,* but she was Kidd's chief bank, and, whether her disappearance had anything to do with it or not, his doom was now evidently sealed. The attempt of one of his men, on the day of his arrest, to hire a sloop for $150 to run down to Gardiner's Island, disclosed the hiding of his treasure there. His papers which were seized, showed that another large bulk had been secreted by Whisking Clarke and Harrison of Jamaica in a house in New York. The Earl of Bellomont and his commissioners at once required Lord John Gardiner to render up the goods in his charge, to the amount of $22,500, and what they collected elsewhere came to $47,500 more; in all, about $70,000 worth out of the $200,000 which Kidd had mentioned. The rest was probably on the *Quedagh.*

In the treasure recovered from Gardiner's Island there were bags of coined gold and silver, a bag of silver rings and unpolished gems, agates amethysts, bags containing silver buttons and lamps, broken silver, gold bars and silver bars, and sixty-nine diamonds or other precious stones. This telltale assortment of things could hardly all have been received in exchange for the commonplace spoils of baled goods and the like, mentioned in the subsequent trials. They hint apparently at dazzling robberies which never came out at all in the public investigation, deeds which even the State's evidence, or King's evidence, men thought it best to pass over in silence. This glitter of gems and silver lamps rekindles our belief in the mystery of romance of the career of Kidd's men, as having been something rather wilder than any of them would admit, something that would account for the powerful hold which their history and the tradition of their Captain took upon the popular imagination.

Kidd and his fellow prisoners were kept in Boston for some months, and the delay in removing him to England for judgment greatly intensified the excitement there, caused by his partnership with the King and Ministers; so that when at last he was transported to London early in 1700 by Admiral Benbow, in a man-of-war sent out for the purpose, has case had become one of great political importance. Owing to the high tension of public feeling, the House of Commons in March, 1770, petitioned the King that "Capt. Kidd may not be tried, discharged, or pardoned until the next session of Parliament." This was partly for the sake of fair play; more perhaps for the protection of the Ministry, to give time for popular opinion or passion to cool, and the reference to discharge or pardon suggests a tendency toward mercy. April 8, Mr. Secretary Vernon announced that Kidd had arrived in the Downs, and that "a yatch" would be sent to bring him up in custody of the Marshal

of the Admiralty. He was then kept in Newgate prison for a year, during which all the papers relating to him were transmitted over from Lord Bellomont. It is not clear why they were not sent with him. During this time, also, the opposition party were waxing hotter on the subject, and rumors that he had actually been pardoned were set afloat.

Finally, the case came up again, March 16, 1701. The papers were laid before the House, read and sealed up again. Then Kidd's private examination before the Commissioners of the Lord High Admiral were read, and Kidd himself was twice examined before the House, and remanded to Newgate. Near the end of March a motion was made that the grant given to Bellomont and others, under the great seal, of all the booty to be seized by Kidd was illegal and void. This was a direct blow at the King. Yet the motion was defeated by only eleven votes. The King and his Ministry must now have become thoroughly alarmed at the aspect of the affair. Only four days later, April 1, his Majesty decided that the Captain's trial should proceed; and it had evidently by this time come to appear to the Ministers and the Whig party a measure of necessity to destroy Kidd at all hazards, in order to clear their own reputation.

This is made plain by the conduct of the trials and by the fact that he was first brought to the bar of the Old Bailey on a charge of murder and piracy, not of piracy alone, and was convicted on the murder charge primarily, as though to "finish" him at the start and to avoid all risks upon the other accounts, as well as possible later reproach for hanging him as a pirate, when perhaps he was only a privateer.

The trial took place May 8, 1701. The bill which the Grand Jury found against him accused him of murdering his gunner, William Moore, on the *Adventure Galley* near the coast of Malabar, October 30, 1697, and also of piracy with nine other men, viz., Nicholas Churchill, James Howe, Robert Lamley, William Jenkins, Gabriel Loffe, Hugh Parrot, Richard Barlicorn, Abel Owens, and Darby Mullins.

Kidd asked for counsel, but was told that he must plead before counsel could be assigned.

"I beg your lordships I may have counsel admitted," said he, "and that my trial may be put off. I am not really prepared for it."

Whereupon the Recorder, Sir Salathiel Lovell, made the hostile remark: "Nor ever will be if you can help it."

But Kidd was in fact, not prepared; he had had no one to help him with his case; and, moreover, he seems to have been rather thick-witted and ignorant as well as timorous regarding the procedure of pleading. Apparently he feared that if he once made any kind of a plea he would be lost, which, indeed, turned out to be not far from the

truth. But after much haggling, on being told firmly that if he did not enter a plea judgment would be pronouncel against him, he pleaded not guilty. Forthwith the first indictment for murder was read. It recited "that William Kidd, late of London, mariner, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, * * * did make an assault in and upon one William Moore, in the peace of God and of our said sovereign lord the King, * * * with a certain wooden bucket bound with iron hoops, of the value of eightpence." Whether this curious detail of the small value of the bucket was considered an aggravating circumstance is not specified; and its pecuniary phase was not again alluded to. The main point was that Kidd, with this bucket, did violently, feloniously, voluntarily, and of his malice aforethought, beat and strike Moore a little above his right ear; and that Moore died of the wound the next day, October 31. Now the Crown officers did not succeed in proving at all that this act was done with malice aforethought; but they got poor Kidd convicted, just the same.

He asked to have Dr. Oldish and Mr. Lemmon for his counsel, and this was granted. They said a few words for him at the outset, but after that they lapsed into nullity, and the forlorn Captain was left to the mercy of the Solicitor-General, the Prosecuting Attorney, the hostile witnesses, and his own notions of defence. The Judges pounced upon him like hawks at every opportunity. The prosecution was permitted to harangue the court and jury against him after the evidence was in; but there was absolutely no summing up for the prisoner. Dr. Oldish declared it was "very fit his trial should be delayed," because the ships in which piracies were charged had French passes—a fact that made them lawful prizes—and these passes could not be found. "The passes were seized by my Lord Bellomont, that we will prove as clear as the day," Kidd declared. Mr. Lemmon added that the prisoner "was doing his King and country service, instead of being a pirate," and that the *Quedagh* in particular, which was the occasion of the chief piracy indictment, carried a French pass, seized by Bellomont. "And there was a letter writ to testify it," said Mr. Lemmon, "which was produced before the Parliament; and that letter has been transmitted from hand to hand, so that we cannot at present come by it."

Oldish and Kidd also complained that only a fortnight's notice of trial had been given and no attention had been paid to their petition for counsel fees until the very night before coming into court, when £50 were received. After this preliminary discussion of the piracy indictment the charge of murder was proceeded with, and Oldish and Lemmon became dumb.

There was no doubt or denial of Kidd's having killed the gunner, Moore. But he contended that it was done in a fit of anger and because the man was mutinous. The witnesses against him were two of his company who had turned King's evidence, and were plainly resolved to swear away the Captain's life in payment for their own freedom. The first, Joseph Palmer, said: "About a fortnight before this accident fell out Capt. Kidd met with a ship on that coast that was called the *Loyal Captain.* And about a fortnight after this the gunner was grinding a chisel aboard the *Adventure.* Capt. Kidd came and walked on the deck, and walks by this Moore; and when he came to him says, 'Which way could you have put me in a way to have taken this ship and been clear?' 'Sir,' says William Moore, 'I never spoke such a word, nor ever thought such a thing.' Upon which Capt. Kidd called him a 'lousy dog.' And says William Moore, 'If I am a lousy dog, you have made me so; you have brought me to ruin and many more.' Upon his saying this, says Capt. Kidd, 'Have I ruined you, ye dog?' and took a bucket, bound with iron hoops, and struck him," etc.

Mr. Cowper—Did he give him the blow immediately after he gave him that answer?

Palmer—He walked two or three times backward and forward upon the deck before he struck the blow. [This answer was perhaps intended to prove deliberation and malice.]

Mr. Couiers (for the prosecution)—Tell my lord what passed next after the blow.

Palmer—He [Moore] was let down the gunroom; and the gunner said, "Farewel, farewel, Capt. Kidd has given me my last." And Capt. Kidd stood on the deck and said, "You're a villain."

To understand the above, we have to sift out from the whole mass of oddly vague and conflicting testimony and of question and answer the point that Kidd insisted that he was talking to the gunner about a ship then in sight, which the gunner wanted him to attack and capture. The Crown witnesses, on the contrary, maintained that the talk was about a ship which had been sighted and left behind a fortnight before. Kidd, cross-examining Palmer, asked: "Was there no other ship?"

Palmer—Yes, a Dutch ship.

Kidd—What were you doing with the ship? [Evidently now referring to the *Adventure,* which Palmer was navigating.]

Palmer—She was becalmed.

Kidd—the ship [*i. e.,* the Dutch ship] was a league from us, and some of the men would have taken her, and I would not consent to it, and this Moore said I always hindered them making their fortunes. Was not that the reason I struck him? Was there a mutiny aboard?

Palmer—No; you chased this Dutchman, and in the way took a Malabar boat and chased this ship all the whole night; and they showed their colors and you put up your colors.

Kidd—This is nothing to the point; was there no mutiny aboard?

Palmer—There was no mutiny; all was quiet.

Here the jury asked the cause, then, of Kidd's striking the blow. Palmer reiterated that it was solely the episode of the *Loyal Captain,* commanded by Capt. Hoar, which they had met a fortnight earlier. Capt. Hoar came on board Capt. Kidd's ship, and Capt. Kidd went on board his, and then Capt. Kidd let the ship go. Nevertheless, Palmer admitted that when Hoar came aboard the *Adventure* "there were eight or nine men that had muskets or other arms, and they were for taking the ship; and Capt. Kidd was against it; and so it was not done." This really seems to confirm Kidd's contention that his dispute with Moore related to the proposal by the men then under arms to capture Hoar's ship and make him prisoner while he was on the *Adventure.* On the other hand, it seemed impossible to ascertain from any of the witnesses whether it was Capt. Hoar's ship or a Dutch vessel that was in sight at the time of the quarrel, or whether the discussion referred to a ship that had been passed two weeks previously.

Richard Barlicorn, who had been Kidd's servant on board, decidedly sustained his master's assertion when put on the stand, but weakened under questioning and compromised by saying that the other ship had been met one week before the killing of Moore. Barlicorn was himself under indictment for piracy and was anxious to save his own neck, although desirous of helping Kidd so far as he could. But even the hostile Palmer's testimony seems to reveal that Kidd's statement was true. The unfortunate Captain declared to Baron Ward:

"My lord, I will tell you what the case was. I was coming up within a league of the Dutchman, and some of my men were making a mutiny about taking her, and my gunner told the people he could put the Captain in a way to take the ship and be safe. Says I, 'How will you do that?' The gunner answered, 'We will get the Captain and men aboard.' 'And what then?' 'We will go aboard the ship and plunder her, and we will have it under their hands that we did not take her.' Says I, 'This is Judas like; I dare not do such a thing.' Says he, 'We may do it; we are beggars already.' 'Why,' says I, 'may we take this ship because we are poor?' Upon that a mutiny arose, so I took up a bucket and just throwed it at him, and said, 'You are a rogue to make such a motion.'"

But he could not prove his story. The motives of the other men on board were too complicated to leave any of them free to stand by him

throughout. Kidd's final defence was: "I had all the provocation in the world given me; I had no design to kill him; I had no malice or spleen against him. It was not designedly done, but in my passion, for which I am heartily sorry." Nothing availed, however, Baron Ward's charge to the jury was such as almost to insure conviction. After being out an hour they came in with a verdict of guilty.

The next day, with great briskness, Kidd was subjected to three several trials for piracy and robbery—one based on the Quedagh affair, another on four more indictments, and a third on two additional indictments. He was convicted on all.

In one of these trials he stoutly denied having gone aboard the pirate Culliford's ship and hobnobbed with him, as Palmer and Bradinham had so vividly narrated; though he afterward met the reassertion with that despondent answer already noted. It is a striking circumstance that on the same day, in the same court, this out-and-out pirate, Culliford, with several of Kidd's former sailors, was tried for another act of piracy; and after pleading not guilty, and then guilty, and claiming that he came in on the King's pardon, "his judgment was respited and he set aside."

Several times Kidd burst forth in vehement protest against the testimony offered. Once he exclaimed: "Because I would not turn pirate, you rogues you would make me one!" Again, he asked Surgeon Bradinham: "Are you not promised your life to take away mine?" At other moments despair seems to have overtaken him, and he refused to question the witness, Bradinham, further. "No. no; so long as he swears it, our words or oaths cannot be taken."

Mr. Say, "from the prison," an official perhaps, testified in support of Kidd, that this very witness Bradinham, now so unqualified and unrelenting in his assertions of Kidd's guilt, had shortly before the trial declared to Say: "I believe he has done but what he can answer, or that cannot do him any hurt." Upon which, one of the judges cut in promptly with a defence of Bradinham, saying it was quite natural he should not have wished to say anything against Kidd then. The inference is that the surgeon, after receiving assurance of pardon for himself, underwent a great change as to his view of facts, and was willing to swear to whatever might insure Kidd's death.

In a burst of appeal to his old-time friend, Col. Hewson, who had vouched for his bravery in the wars, Kidd exclaimed: "Do you think I was a pirate?"

"I know," replied Hewson, "his men would have gone a-pirateering, and he refused it, and his men seized upon his ship;" which apparently referred to the war period in the West Indies. The Colonel likewise

testified that, before the *Adventure's* voyage, he had talked with Kidd about the possible danger of his starting out as a privateer and then becoming a pirate, and Kidd "said he would be shot to death before he would do any such thing."

The accused man affirmed positively that he did not divide the captured goods from the *Quedagh;* that it was done by his men. "They lay in wait for me to kill me. They took what they pleased, and went to the island." And when reproached by the presiding Judge, Ward, that if this or other vessels taken had French passes he should have condemned them in due order, he declared that the crew mutinied and would not let him do so. His final word before sentence was: "I have nothing to say but that I have been sworn against by perjured and wicked people." After Dr. Oxendale, for the court, had pronounced his doom, he said again: "My lord, it is a very hard sentence. For my part, I am the innocentest person of them all, only I have been sworn against by perjured persons."

Sentence having been given, May 9, he was hanged in chains at Execution Dock, only three days afterward, May 12, 1701.

He insisted to the last that his commission would bear him out in all that he had done, if only he could produce the papers which would prove this, but which were withheld from him. At best the enterprise into which he had been lured or compelled was a risky one, conceived upon a false basis by persons much above him in station, with whom the wrong seems to lie, rather than with him. At the worst, also, he appears more a victim than a deliberate criminal; and even with regard to the tragedy of William Moore, murder was not proved. The probabilities are that it was manslaughter, or it may be, justifiable homicide, if mutiny was threatening at the time.

Had Kidd been wholly a pirate, or a reckless trader on the chances of his high associations, he might, as I have said, have escaped easily and enjoyed his gains. He was able to approach close to New York, to communicate with his friends there, and to have his wife and child join him at Block Island, without detection. What, then, was to prevent his flying to a distance with his little family and his considerable wealth? Nothing. His wife, it is true, brought with her to Block Island some plate and a few hundred dollars, as though prepared for escape; but all his previous moves show that he was resolved to land openly, in face of the king's outlawing proclamation. By so doing, he risked his life and further companionship with his wife and child. He must, then, have held that there was one thing still more important, both to them and to him—namely, his reputation. And he must have believed that he could vindicate this by appearing in Boston.

If this view of him takes away something of the luridness and blue light with which he has so long been surrounded and suffused, it adds a degree of sturdy humanity and a good deal of pathos. I don't suppose it ever occurred to Kidd to regard himself as pathetic, even at the end. He was a thorough seafaring man; an able fighter, as we know; doubtless rough and bluff, with a capacity for strong language and strong waters, even "bomboo;" fierce at times, and liable to kill a gunner on provocation. No attempt is made here to rehabilitate him as a peaceful, upright, wholly respectable, and injured citizen. Yet perhaps this sketch may present him as a still more interesting enigma than he was to the general mind before.

350